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The ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

1905





Photo by Albert

ST. GEORGE.

After Andrea Mantegna.
Academy of Fine Arts, Venice.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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THE English Illustrated Magazine

APRIL, 1905

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

By HONORA TWYLCROSS



“ENGLAND'S DAY” is celebrated on the twenty-third of this month, the anniversary of the martyrdom of our Tutelary Saint. Considering the reputation we have gained for patriotism, it is, to many, a matter of surprise that not more attention is paid to the observance of the Festival.

Scotland, Ireland, and Wales do not fail to keep *their* national festivals, and in the same way we must assert *our* claim to a similar right, and commemorate St. George's Day. THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE sympathises with all efforts to revive the old custom, as evidence of the free expression of patriotic emotion. It is true that the celebration of England's Day has been so long neglected that we are in some danger of forgetting the respect that was paid to it by our forefathers.

As the special Champion and protector of the military profession St. George has won great popularity. In England his day has always been observed with much enthusiasm by the Northumberland Fusiliers. On the 23rd of April they celebrate it by Trooping the Colours, wearing the red and white roses in their busbies, and decorating the drums, the drum major's staff, and practically everything that can be so decorated, with our national emblem. Dinners and dances are the order of the day—or rather of the night—sports are

generally held for the men of the regiment, and the festival is celebrated with a generosity and fitness worthy of the traditions of the “Fighting Fifth.” The regimental badge is St. George and the Dragon—a badge that may well be the envy of all regiments. They love to honour their Patron Saint, both in times of peace and war; it has been truly said that wherever the Fifth Fusiliers meet on St. George's Day, there the day is observed and honoured. The dragon slayer is constantly in their memories, and the Officers of the regiment have brought to light examples of St. George in art that must ever prove valuable to students of the subject. Through the kindness of Major Malet, Editor of *St. George's Gazette*, (the regimental paper of the 5th Fusiliers) I am here enabled to reproduce pictures of our Champion that would otherwise have remained hidden from the general public. The very fact that they are not so well known as popular paintings of the subject, reproduced again and again, lends to them additional interest. My sincere thanks are due to Major Malet for this and much other kind assistance.

While the Northumberland Fusiliers have from time immemorial thus delighted to honour their Patron Saint, among the general public the revival to-day is to a large extent due to the patriotic efforts of the Royal Society of St. George, which numbers among its members leading statesmen, military men, and nobility of the day.

Having for its object the encouragement of true patriotism, the fostering of our best national characteristics, it has not

failed to find warm supporters at home and in our Colonies.

Branches have been formed both here and in the outlying portions of the Empire, and they are yearly gaining in strength and solidarity. The chief aim of the society is to awaken the inherent love of country that lies but too dormant in the hearts of so many of our fellow citizens. Writing to the Royal Society of St. George, Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, makes the following remarks, full of interest as coming from his pen:—

"I have observed with the keenest satisfaction the growth of that patriotic sentiment which I can truthfully say I myself have felt, cherished, and from time to time expressed, however inadequately, for the better part of half a century. Pride of country and of Empire, if not aggressive in character, cannot be too deeply or too widely entertained; and when accompanied by the conviction that they do not conflict with, but actively promote, the welfare of mankind, they assume a moral sanction that is at once ennobling and consoling." Love of our own country does not necessarily mean hatred of other countries, although bitter prejudice is sometimes the ally of the narrow-minded patriot.

On St. George's Day we forget to be aggressive when thinking of our neighbours. Still less is true patriotism concerned with feuds at home, party strife, and the clamour of faction.

On St. George's Day we forget all points on which we differ and think only of the one great theme on which we agree—the love and welfare of England. And that is why we wish to revive the festival, and see an increasing number of persons "wear the rose."

Twice on "The Day" the great bells of St. Paul's ring out an invitation to citizens to pause, and think of the festival that was for centuries held in such high regard by our forefathers.

It was in the reign of Edward III. that St. George became our patron saint. This King founded St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1348, but it was not until the following year that Edward the Confessor was replaced by St. George for England. It came to pass as follows:—When besieging Calais, Edward, by a sudden im-

pulse, drew his sword, exclaiming, "Ha! St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" The soldiers felt inspired, and fell with vigour on the French, who were completely routed.

After that King Edward "to the honour of the glorious Martyr Saint George, Patron of the right noble Realme of England, ordained, established, created, and founded within his Castle of Windsor, a Company of twenty-six noble Knights, to be of the said most noble Order of Saint George, named the Garter." Thus in 1349 the Celebrated Order* was instituted, and St. George at the same time became our patron. Froissart notices that his name was used as an ordinary oath. "By St. George, as the English say." This lingers in the exclamation By George! which may be numbered among the lesser honours still afforded our patron in England!

St. George's bravery caused him to be taken as the type of all a soldier should be, and in the days when our soldiers went into battle with a war-cry we find it stated that "all soldiers entering into bataille, assault, skirmish, or other action of arms shall have for their common word and cry *Saint George Forward!* or *Upon them Saint George!* Henry V., in Shakespeare's play, exclaims: "Follow your spirit; and upon this charge, cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!"

And now let us turn to the biographical side.

Great damage was done to the reputation of our Patron Saint by the historian Gibbon, who identified him with the Arian Archbishop of Alexandria, a most unscrupulous character, who lived more than half a century later.

This Arian George of Cappadocia was noted for his cruelty and avarice. He pillaged the rich temples of Alexandria, and made himself so hated that he was finally lynched, and his body cast into the sea. "The odious stranger," says Gibbon, "disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr and saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the Garter."

* Until the reign of Edward VI. it was called the Order of St. George.

The absurdity of this is proved by the fact that in a ruined church at Ezra, in Syria, there is an inscription, dated 346, in which St. George is named, and called, "holy martyr." This inscription was put up during the lifetime of George the Arian, who died in 362, so it must refer to a predecessor. Constantine the Great dedicated a church to St. George at Constantinople, A.D. 330; this, too, serves to prove that there were two Georges, although they became confused.

Unfortunately, we know very little that is authentic about our St. George, and the mass of accumulated legend serves only to obscure the facts. Those who wish for a good modern justification of our saint, with an interesting account of him, should read the "Life of St. George," by Dr. Edward Clapton. It gives much information hitherto unknown and not to be found elsewhere, being the result of original research and patient investigation. Briefly, we will review the events in the career of our saint.

He was born at Lydda, in Palestine, and it is of interest to note that this town went by the name of "St. Georges" in the Middle Ages. His parents were Greek Christians of noble descent. As far as we can tell the date of his birth was about A.D. 281. He became distinguished as a soldier for his valour, was made a tribune, and grew to be a great favourite with Diocletian. His military distinction was gained through his brief Egyptian campaign, and more particularly with Galerius in the Persian war, which ended 298. The generalship of St. George during the campaign in Persian Armenia won for him such titles as "victorious" and "trophy bearer." Traces of the saint's long stay in Persia are to be found to-day at Urumiah, where "the many churches of St. George are resorted to by sufferers from fever and quaking and fear." The sacred rose-bush also reveals to us that this flower has ever



Photo by Alinari.

DONATELLO'S ST. GEORGE.
Bargello, Florence.



Photo by Alinari.

ST. GEORGE IN COMBAT WITH THE DRAGON.

From a Fresco by Carpaccio, in San Giorgio Schiavoni, Venice.

been dedicated to our saint. After these wars he came to Beirût, and lived there as a rich patrician. There was great commercial intercommunication between this Phœnician city and Britain, and the ancient coins of Beirût had upon them the trident, which still figures upon the English penny. Dr. Clapton thinks it highly probable that Diocletian sent St. George to Britain, where Constantius and Helena his wife had taken up their residence at Eboracum (York). He would sail through what is now called "St. George's Channel," landing in Lancashire. The conversion of the Empress Helena to Christianity was the result of this visit. Everything was prospering, when suddenly the unjust edict was is-

sued by Diocletian ordering the persecution of the Christians. St. George hurried back to use his influence, and found terrible massacres everywhere in progress. Clad in armour he went on horseback outside Beirût and declared open war against the tyrants. At this very spot to-day stands a ruined tower, marking the place where the legendary conflict with the dragon is supposed to have taken place. It was in reality the victory of Christianity over Paganism. The martyrdom of our saint was now assured, and was finally brought to pass as follows, according to Eusebius. "Immediately on the first promulgation of the edict, a certain man of no mean origin, but highly esteemed for his temporal dignities, as



Photo by Alinari.

ST. GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON IN THE MARKET PLACE.

From a Fresco by Carpaccio,

soon as the decree was published against the Churches in Nicodemia, stimulated by a divine zeal, and excited by an ardent faith, took it as it was openly placed and posted up for public inspection, and tore it to pieces as a most profane and wicked act. But this man, as the first that was distinguished there in this manner, after enduring what was likely to follow an act so daring, preserved his mind calm and serene until the moment when his spirit fled."

The date of his martyrdom is April 23rd, 303 (Good Friday).

Twenty-five years afterwards the saint's remains were conveyed to Lydda, his

est Acts are Greek, and belong to the fifth century. There are also some Latin Acts, said to be the composition of Pasi-crās, the saint's servant. Both these are now pronounced to be apocryphal. It is interesting to notice that these Acts contain little more than elaborate accounts of the tortures to which the martyr was subjected. According to the Latin Acts these tortures lasted seven years! The most harrowing details concerning red-hot iron shoes and beds, sword-spiked wheels, racks, iron pincers, etc., are unsparingly given. We have St. George before us as the "Great Martyr," and although we may well believe that he died



ST. GEORGE BAPTISING THE KING AND PRINCESS.

Ph. to by Alinari

From a Fresco by Carpaccio.

native town. No doubt the Empress Helena and the great Constantine wished to pay every respect to his memory. Henceforth, being canonised, he was known to the world as "St. George the Martyr."

No saint has been more popular or more universally accepted. His worship was soon extended through Phœnicia, Palestine, and the whole East. Even in the present day both Christians and Mohammedans in Palestine make vows to St. George in case of danger or distress.

As might be expected, a great mass of legendary matter soon arose to supply the lack of sensational facts. The earli-

est Acts are Greek, and belong to the fifth century. There are also some Latin Acts, said to be the composition of Pasi-crās, the saint's servant. Both these are now pronounced to be apocryphal. It is interesting to notice that these Acts contain little more than elaborate accounts of the tortures to which the martyr was subjected. According to the Latin Acts these tortures lasted seven years! The most harrowing details concerning red-hot iron shoes and beds, sword-spiked wheels, racks, iron pincers, etc., are unsparingly given. We have St. George before us as the "Great Martyr," and although we may well believe that he died

after suffering horrible torments, yet in these Acts we see reflected the spirit of the age in which they were produced. They are a faithful mirror of mediæval barbarism, and the effort to delineate every phase of suffering, aided, no doubt, by popular preachers, arose from the morbid exaltation of the value of physical anguish which was the result of the ascetic ideal.

Self-inflicted tortures were considered meritorious, and an essential part of sanctification. The monks found little satisfaction in contemplating either Christ or the saints when they were supreme and majestic. A

morbid love of dwelling on the hour of their humiliation and darkness seemed to seize them. Manly beauty and strength did not appeal to them, for they were sickly with asceticism and feeble with sentimentality. No doubt the Acts justly fulfilled the requirements of those who worshipped with spasmodic penances and groaning emotion, sobbing over the five wounds of the crucifix. It would, of course, have been impossible to spin out the sufferings of the saint if occasional miracles had not restored him to health in the intervals of the orgy of seven years' vivisection. Each time he returned from a torment he was restored to full vigour, and worked several miracles which caused many conversions.

These Acts, with the seven martyrdoms, were the product of Oriental Christendom.

Europe had an especial legend of its own, told by Jacques de Voragine in the famous *Legenda Aurea*. This was the story of St. George and the Dragon, destined to become immortal.

Although not within the realm of historic fact the story comes to us like a voice that has traversed the ages, and spoken with the men of all time, in their own language, and in sympathy with their own thoughts. Little wonder that it found credence in the Church, and on St. George's Day an anthem was sung out of the Roman Breviary (Sarum "Horæ B. Mariæ):

"O Georgi Martyr inclyte,
Te decet laus et gloria," etc.

which, being translated, is as follows:

"George, holy Martyr, praise and fame
Attend upon thy glorious name;
Advanc'd to knightly dignity,
The daughter of a King, by thee
(As she was making grievous moan
By a fierce Dragon all alone)
Was freed from death. Thee we entreat,
That we in Heaven may have a seat;
And being washed from every stain
May there with all the Faithful reign:
That we with thee together may
Sing gladly many a sacred Lay,
The gracious throne of Christ before,
To whom be praise for evermore."

But when the Missals and Breviaries were reformed by Pope Clement VII. the story of the Dragon was left out, and the saint

acknowledged simply as a martyr, reigning with Christ.

Calvin was one of the first to "bid defiance" to St. George, as Dr. Peter Heylin quaintly puts it in his "Historie of that most famous Saynt and Souldier of Christ Jesus, St. George of Cappadocia," 1631.

The bold assertion that "neither George nor other Saints of that condition had ever any being" was followed by the theory of Dr. Reynolds that he is identical with the Arian Bishop of Alexandria. The learned work of Dr. Heylin did not prevent another inquiry into the saint's historical character in 1753, made by Dr. John Pettingall, who, in his turn, was answered by Dr. Samuel Pegge, in 1777.

The earliest representations in art give us St. George as a "fair young man, richly arrayed, and of hair somewhat inclining unto yellow." "Thus was he pictured anciently," says Dr. Peter Heylin. "But in the middle times he was presented to the common view more like a man-at-arms, mounted upon a lusty courser; a young maid is kneeling by him, and a fierce dragon thrust through with a spear, gasping for life, just as we see him painted (but there is no mention of the young maid) on our common sign-posts." How old this form of representation might be the learned doctor cannot tell us, but he gives us a quaint story from Nicephorus Gregoras, who wrote a history of Greece (1200).

"In the 8th book there is a memorable Story of St. George's Horse, which for the rareness of it, and that it is so proper to the cause in hand, it shall not grieve me to relate, nor any Reader to peruse. On the first Saturday in Lent, the Commemoration of such godly Emperors and Patriarchs as had departed in the Faith being the morrow after to be solemnized, it pleased the Lord High Chancellor Theodorus to be present with us, according to the custom at those night watches. About the time of midnight, I, standing near him and hearkening to divine Service, a messenger in all haste came to him from our Emperor, telling this strange news and desiring his opinion. But now (saith he) when as the Soldiers of the Guard were going to their rest, there was

a fearful neighing heard so upon the sudden that it made all of us amazed, the rather because there were not any horses then about the Court, all of them carried in the evening afar off, unto their Stables.

"This tumult not yet quieted, another

picture of a certain horse, bearing St. George upon his back, which Paul the famous painter had long since painted on that part of the palace wall, which is close by Our Lady's Chapel. This is (saith he) the message which I am commanded to deliver, and to acquaint you



Photo by Alinari.

FROM A BAS RELIEF BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

noise of the same kind, but greater than the former, was heard unto the Emperor's Chamber, who presently dispatched a Servant to inquire into the matter. The servant did as was commanded, but heard no other noise than what did seem to him to issue from the

also, that his Majesty desires your present counsel. The Chancellor, repaire upon the summons to the Emperor found him exceedingly disquieted; and therefore sportively accosting him, I do, my Liege, said he, congratulate those noble triumphs which the lusty neighing of St. George's

horse portend unto you. To whom the Emperor replied, It seems, my Lord, that you of purpose to compose my thoughts and make me merry will not take notice of the matter, but I am able to instruct you. For I have heard upon good credit that this same picture of a Horse neighed formerly, as now it did, just when that Baldwin Emperor of the Latins in Constantinople was beleagured by my Father, and the City taken. So far the story. All we need note from hence is this, that Baldwin mentioned in the History began his reign Anno 1227, and that St. George, both in his time, and long before, was painted mounted on his Horse; which is as much as I desire for my present purpose."

As the "Golden Legend" did not appear until after the dates here given, we may suppose that De Voragine founded his story on old representations, and being a man of scholarship, and Archbishop of an important City in Italy, his narrative found ready credence. Even after its rejection from the Breviary there would still survive a lingering belief in the historical truth of the story, and the masses would, for centuries, cherish a firm

conviction that the princess and the dragon were as great a reality as the saint himself.

The historian, the scholar, and the divine may regret the intrusion of De Voragine's romantic story into the life of a saint whose authenticity we cannot doubt.

But the artists hailed with delight this

opportunity of blending the ecclesiastical with a more sensational element. Each age took up the story and gave it local colouring, according to country, customs and passing feeling.

Until the time of the Crusades St. George was regarded in the East chiefly as the Great Martyr, and he was placed at the head of the "noble army." On this aspect we have already dwelt, and it is with some relief that we turn to St.

George as the Soldier-Saint, who led the Crusaders to battle, victoriously assaulting the Holy City. It was said that he appeared as an apparition on the walls of Jerusalem, waving his sword and inspiring the troops. He became the tutelary saint or guardian of military men, and was held in higher esteem than either St. Sebastian or St. Maurice, who were both warriors. Remembering the



RAPHAEL'S ST. GEORGE.

From an Engraving by Vorsterman, after The Original Painting, now in St. Petersburg.

marvellous successes of St. George, and how he won the titles of "Trophy-bearer" and "Victorious One," we are not astonished that he received the homage that was his due, and became the ideal of the aspiring Crusader. Perhaps it is difficult for us to-day to realise the full extent to which their enthusiasm would carry them, or how, whilst sweltering beneath an Eastern sun, the cry, "*For St. George!*" would rouse them to fresh energy, as the doughty deeds of their hero would rise before their imagination. It is interesting here to remember that the choice of St. George as Patron Saint of England came from the selection of his ensign by Richard Cœur de Lion in compliment to the port of Genoa, which fitted out the eight galleys on which he and Philip II. embarked for the Crusades. Thus the name of the hero passed from nation to nation, as a burning torch passes from hand to hand, the signal of the uprising of an indignant people; and his emblem exists as an enduring portion of the world's heritage, graven with a sword upon the rocks for ever. He became the Mars of the Christians. The poet Mantuan said:

"As Rome did Mars, so we
St. George, do honour thee."

He was appealed to for help against the enemies of our religion, and became the Protector of certain states and countries. When viewed in this light our hero is represented in art as a figure standing alone, or perhaps grouped with other saints round the Madonna.

The frontispiece is a good example. This beautiful conception of our saint is one of the most ideal ever painted. St. George stands calmly triumphant, in an attitude of most restful ease from which all trace of the conflict has passed away. He is the hero who has conquered. But there is no pride of victory in his attitude. His youthful form, full of grace and beauty, sways slightly to one side as he rests his hand upon his side, and with a preoccupied air gazes across the country. In his right hand he holds the broken lance, and the dragon lies dead at his feet. But he heeds it not. His thoughts are not of the recent strife, nor does he

think of the long, serpentine road winding away to the city gates and the fortress on the hill, where an eager crowd awaits the coming victor. He knows already that he will not himself drink from that cup of rest which he has secured for the distant city. Never once does he indulge in a vision of honour and riches and earthly glory. Honours, if they come in that far-off time when Christianity is victorious, will be for those who follow in his steps. When the thunders of universal humanity shall proclaim the greatness of the "Victorious One" he will have been dead for centuries. To fight, to conquer, and to suffer—that is his portion, and never for one moment is the darkness of his end hidden from him.

Already the nimbus of the saint hovers round his head, and Mantegna has strongly accentuated the spiritual side of the hero. Many artists have given us the brave knight, glorying in his physical prowess, the slayer of a material dragon; we have no deep suggestions, no spacious meanings. Mystery has been abolished, the half lights separated into black and white. But in this picture we are still in the dim land of the uncertain, we realise a little all that the saint may have meant to the enthusiasts of the Crusades. We cannot forget the strong vein of mysticism that coloured the Middle Ages, revealed in the "*Morte d'Arthur*," where we have for an ideal Sir Galahad and that strange, mysterious quest of the Holy Grail. Some of this feeling has crept into the artists' conception of St. George, so that we find it difficult sometimes to distinguish him from St. Michael the Archangel, who also had a military order founded in his honour. As a rule the presence of wings, and often a pair of scales, may help us to recognise St. Michael, but there remain instances that still defy us. There is a beautiful example by Fra Angelico, combining the wings of the Archangel with the red cross shield of our saint. As time went on the distinction grew more emphatic. Our saint became more knightly and martial, until no trace of spiritual victory was left. But Mantegna is far from this conception of latter days, when faith is waning.

His St. George has met messengers from the unseen on the dusty highway, has beheld their radiance and felt the beauty of their heavenly glory. He has stood on the borderland of the unknown and been fascinated by its mystery. Rapt worship and uplifted adoration have filled his life with glory. Strange and bewitching music has come to him across silent wastes, and on the lonely hillside unearthly footsteps have followed and guided him to heights of beauty, of which he had not dared to dream.

Mantegna has in this instance departed from his usually rich colouring, and the whole scheme is of silvery grey, bright yet delicate, the blue-grey of the armour and the light tints of the sky making a soft and harmonious whole. A most characteristic garland of fruit and leaves, familiar to all acquainted with the work of this master, swings above the hero's head, adding some rich colour to a panel that might otherwise appear cold. St. George is in the full armour of the period; it is rare to find him in the armour of a Roman soldier, although occasionally it occurs.

Donatello's St. George (page 5) is one of the best known, and all visitors to Florence are delighted when they find themselves face to face with the reality. Unfortunately the statue, so much beloved of the Florentines, no longer keeps guard in its niche outside Or San Michele, where the din and roar of the bustling Via Calzaioli has for centuries brought the traffic to the church's door, where St. George has been the silent witness of the ebb and flow of Florentine history. Calm and self-possessed he stood above the mocking crowd when passions raged and seethed all day, when deadly party feuds made the streets run with blood; past here rushed the turbulent crowd to the Piazza Signoria when Savonarola's soul "went out in fire"; also many a gay procession, patronised by the pleasure-loving, popular Lorenzo de Medici, while the clear air rang with the sound of song. All alike prized the St. George of Donatello.

"Donatello did that, and it killed him," they say to this day. "Did you never hear? When he had done that St. George he showed it to his master. And the master said, 'It wants one thing only.' Now,

this saying our Donatello took gravely to heart, chiefly because his master would never explain where the fault lay; and so much did it hurt him, that he fell ill of it, and came nigh to death. Then he called his master to him.

"Dear and great one, do tell me before I die, what is the one thing my statue lacks?"

"The master smiled, and said—

"Only—speech."

"Then I die happy," said our Donatello. And he died indeed that hour."

It would, perhaps, be difficult to imagine anything nearer one's ideal of the soldier-saint. Noble, serious and tranquil, he has a more resolute air than the Mantegna saint. He is more soldier-like, and his fighting days are not over. There is something simple and straightforward in the figure that wins us at once. The warrior hero has a courageous spirit and a loyal heart. When Michael Angelo saw this statue he exclaimed "March!"—a profound compliment to the sculptor's power of indicating that motion lurks behind the calm restfulness. The attitude of repose is one of the greatest difficulties with which the artist has to contend. We must admit that this is a supreme triumph. Donatello's St. George holds an important position in the history of art as representing the first revival of the statue of Hellenic renown. Yet with what a difference! Here we have no self-satisfied, complacent Apollo, but the typical heroic youth of the Middle Ages into whom the soul with its struggles, fears and aspirations has entered to take powerful possession. It is the St. George of Spenser.

"Upon his shield the bloodie cross was scored,
For sovereign help, which in his need he had.
Right faithful, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seem too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
ydrad."

Another representation of St. George as Patron Saint, and quite a modern one, is at the west end of St. George's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the artist is Mr. T. R. Spence. Under an exquisite canopy which is also the work of the same artist we have in bronze a spirited rendering of the chivalrous warrior. Here he is indeed the Victorious One, armed *cap-à-*



VOTIVE ALTAR PIECE.

REPRESENTING THE COMBAT BETWEEN ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, CONTAINING
PORTRAITS OF HENRY VII. AND HIS FAMILY

Painted for the Chapel of his Palace at Shene, now in the Royal collection.

pie, ready to hurl defiance at the oncoming foe. Drawn to his full height, with head slightly thrown back, he grasps with vigour a lance from which floats the pennon, whilst balance is obtained by the shield held in the left hand. The figure is noble and dignified, more soldier-like than the conceptions of the Middle Ages, when even warrior saints assumed a deprecating air of extreme humility. Yet the *cachet* of a spiritualised knight is sufficiently indicated in the upturned look of inspiration. This beautiful work, which shows the possibilities of modern art, is reproduced on page 19.

To turn to the popular subject of St.

George and the Dragon, we find a fairly complete rendering of Voragine's legend in the frescoes of Carpaccio, in the Chapel of San Giorgio Schiavoni, Venice. The old story runs as follows: St. George, when travelling to join his legion, came to Silene in Lybia, where the inhabitants were in great distress, owing to the appearance of a dragon in a lake near the city. In search of prey it came to the very walls, and even an armed host had not succeeded in driving it back. The poisonous breath of the monster killed all who came near, and in order to appease its hunger and keep it at bay the citizens were obliged to feed it daily with a sheep or two.

When their stock was exhausted great was the consternation, for then it was decided to sacrifice the children of the people. At last the lot fell upon Cleodolinda the beautiful princess, and although the king offered half his realm and all his money for her release, the people insisted on the sacrifice of the maiden. So, at the end of eight days, the princess went forth, clad in royal robes, and amid tears and lamentations the city gates were shut against her. The people then climbed on the walls, towers and gates to watch the end of Cleodolinda. They must indeed have been surprised at the unexpected drama that took place. Weeping, the princess walked towards the lake. Now it chanced that St. George passed that way, and enquired the meaning of her tears. Cleodolinda's reply was—

"Good youth! quickly mount your horse and fly, lest you perish with me." This self-sacrificing speech showed a consideration for the knight that may well have been founded on genuine anxiety for the safety of this stranger. Escape seemed the only thing possible. The princess was ready to offer herself as a willing sacrifice; but why should an unnecessary life be given?

Still St. George pressed to know all.

"Do not fear; tell me what you await, and why the people stand afar off beholding?"

The princess again evaded the question by answering—

"I see that you have a great and noble heart; but fly!" she persisted.

Still St. George, with masculine determination, replied—

"I go not hence till you tell me the cause."

So she related all, and the brave soldier exclaimed:

"Fear nothing! In the name of Jesus Christ I will help you."

"Brave knight!" she exclaimed, "do not seek to die with me. Enough that I should perish, for you can neither assist nor deliver me, and you will only die with me."

At this moment the amiable conflict of words came to a speedy conclusion, for the dragon rose from the lake and approached them.

Trembling, the princess faltered once more—

"Fly quickly, Sir Knight!"

But nothing was further from his thoughts. The old legend goes on to say how St. George made the sign of the cross, and then advanced to meet the monster. After a terrible combat the dragon was transfixed with his lance which broke in the encounter. On this account we often find St. George represented, as in the frontispiece, with a broken lance. Carpaccio has given us the incident (see page 6) in one of his delightfully crowded frescoes, with an elaborate background full of symbolism. In one thing he has departed from the conventional rendering—the horse is brown instead of white. The ground is strewn with the bones, skulls and mangled bodies of former victims. St. George, fully armed, is a chivalric youth who stoops slightly to gather his strength as he drives the spear-point between the dragon's jaws. He is fair, with long hair, for we read that at his martyrdom he was hung up by his hair to be scourged. The lance is breaking in accordance with the legend.

The picture is full of symbolism. The princess stands by resignedly, with clasped hands. She represents the Soul, and wears a coronet of seven gems, for the seven virtues. The five palm trees may have reference to the five senses. The spear symbolises human wisdom, which partly subdues the enemy.

The second picture (page 6) shows us the dragon after it has been led into the market place by the princess who had placed her girdle round it. St. George is in the act of slaying it with the sword, which is, allegorically, a holier weapon than the lance. Trumpets and drums proclaim the victory, flags fly, and everyone throngs to see the great sight—keeping at a respectful distance. "An entirely collapsed and confounded dragon, all his bones dissolved away," says Ruskin, who delighted in these pictures.

In the third picture (page 7) we see the baptism of the king and princess. The legend states that twenty thousand men, not counting women and children, were baptised in one day, for a rapid conversion to Christianity followed the won-

derful feat. A grave commentator, wishing to justify this amazing statement, asserts solemnly that it *was* achieved—by means of a squirt! However this may have been, the saint is, in this fresco, taking a good platterful of water to pour on the Sultan's head, and holding back his own mantle, to avoid being splashed. The dog and the parrot puzzled Ruskin.

"What *can* they have to do with the proceedings?" he asks. "Nor is the dog the least interested in the baptism, which a saint's dog would certainly have been!"

The King lavished riches and honour on the brave warrior, but he gave his wealth to the poor of the town, and soon after left the city for ever. This is the orthodox legend.

Other versions arose, to suit the demands of the times. I have already explained that there were two distinct conceptions of St. George:—(1) The Great Martyr, suffering seven years' torture, which living death constituted his chief claim to our reverence; (2) The Soldier Saint, whose deeds of prowess entitled him to be regarded with especial respect by all engaged in warfare. To this we must now



HERALDIC DRAGON OF HENRY VII.

add the latest conception — (3) The Knight of Chivalry, who claims our admiration because of his chivalrous rescue of the Princess.

These are three aspects of St. George, and the tenor of the age is revealed in the choice taken. The Soldier replaced the Martyr when morbid asceticism found a healthy outlet in action during the Crusades. The Knight of the Romance period, rescuing forlorn damsels, found in this saint an example of the true Chivalrous Youth. An

element of sentiment, quite unorthodox, crept in. Some legends, to complete the story, went so far as to state that St. George and the princess married! This was shocking in the eyes of the Church. The saints never married. It was a most unsaintlike proceeding. The dragon-slayer baptized her—that was all.

Our own Spenser in his "Fairy Queene" elaborates the legend on romantic grounds, until it becomes a lovely fairy tale. The Knight is predominant throughout, and in the end is united in marriage to the fair Una. The legend of his birth in England is introduced.



Photo by E. C. Youens, Dartford.

FRESCO OF ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF DARTFORD. TIME OF HENRY VII.

Having sprung from a race of Saxon Kings.

"Thou Saint George shalt called be,
Saint George of Merrie England, the signe
of victorie!"

However incorrect historically may be the princess incident, we cannot deny that it had a powerful influence in promoting chivalrous respect towards women. Nor was this a matter of small moment when we consider those lawless days, and to what an extent the rule of might being right made life especially hard for the weaker members. That an English poet should dwell particularly on this aspect of the story is not a matter of surprise, since Englishmen, in all ages, have been noted for their chivalry.

And read *della Robbia* has left us a delightful St. George (page 9). Riding a milk white steed, which so wonderfully adapts itself to the *Della Robbia* requirements, the champion is a fanciful and picturesque figure who is full of glee at the unwelcome mouthful he has given a somewhat unconvincing dragon. Modern art has made a great point of the dragon, but the older artists always subordinated it, as representative of the powers of evil.

A frieze of cherubs, and decorative pilasters complete this charming work.

At Verona there is a quaint scene by Pisanello, representing the return of the princess and her deliverer to the city. It is chiefly remarkable for the Gothic architecture, and elaborate studies of animals. There are also some interesting frescoes at Padua by Avanzi and Altichieri.

The most famous St. George and the

Dragon in art is the small painting by Raphael, now in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. The picture of it on page 10 is taken from a valuable engraving by Vorsterman, 1627, now in possession of the Officers' Mess of the 3rd Battalion, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, having been presented by Major Malet. The painting is one of Raphael's early works, done at



ST. GEORGE OF ABYSSINIA.

After a Drawing by Major Lindberg, from an ancient Ethiopian panel.

Urbino, his native town, in 1506. The commission was given by Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, who had this St. George on the white horse painted expressly for our Henry VII., who had invested him with the Order of the Garter. The picture was sent to England, and remained in the Royal Collection until 1627, when it passed into the hands of the Earl of Pembroke. In 1639 it again became

the property of the King. It is sad to recall the fact that Cromwell, who loved not art, sold the King's pictures—this one among the number. It fetched the paltry sum of £150. We lose sight of the painting for some time, as it passes from one owner to another, finally settling at St. Petersburg, where it is treated as a sacred object, with a lamp burning before it.

We must hope that some day it will be restored to us, chiefly on account of its associations. Painted for an English King, and representing St. George as Patron of England, wearing on his left knee the Order of the Garter, we feel that it has an especial claim on our attention. There were two engravings made of it; one by Vorsterman in 1627, and another by Des Granges, 1628.

From this picture it is natural to turn to the quaint one representing Henry VII. and his family (page 13), probably painted by a Flemish artist at his Court. It was the

altarpiece of Henry VII.'s palace at Shene (Richmond), and must have been painted after 1503, because of the birth of the youngest princess in that year. It is a large picture, in bad condition. The receding lines of figures are united by an angel tugging at the curtains of the tents. This serves also to suggest the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster! The two large tents take up much unnecessary space, but are required chiefly to display the Tudor Rose and Portcullis, and the whole picture is crowded with instructive detail. Art itself, in such a case, must be subordinate to the claims of royalty, and the ardent spirit of patriotism. A picture painted for a king was, in those days, a species of book from which the ignorant might gain

instruction and be duly impressed, not so much by the artist's gift as by a proper awe for kingly state. Henry VII. seems to have cherished great admiration for St. George and the Dragon, more particularly the Dragon, which he caused to be introduced into the Royal Arms.* In company with a greyhound it supported the Royal shield. It is supposed that Henry VII. adopted the red dragon because it was the ensign of King Cadwallader, who had prophesied that one of his posterity would be King of England. Henry VIII. abolished the greyhound, but retained the dragon, with a lion. There can be no doubt that Henry VII., who was always trying to substantiate his somewhat uncertain claim to the throne, seized this popular superstition and asserted himself

boldly as the man to whom the prophecy pointed, and vindicated his cause by tracing the descent. Therefore, in looking at this picture, we are not surprised to see an elon-



ENGLAND'S EMBLEM.

From a Painting by Walter Crane.

gated dragon flying literally over the head of the delighted King. This patriotic dragon is appropriately pierced with a lance from which floats the pennon of St. George. The broken fragments, in accordance with the tradition, lie on the ground. We might have thought that dragon, pennon and all, would have rapidly descended to earth, but the creature somewhat considerably remains in mid-air while St. George prepares to slay it with the sword. He will smite its head off with the rapid stroke he is preparing. An elegant Tudor princess watches the proceedings; she is leading a delightful lamb. This lamb figures also in the Dartford fresco. As its appearance is fre-

* Henry VII. also added the Collar and the George to the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

quent some have explained it by reference to Spenser's Una, who led 'a milk-white lamb.' But as the "Faery Queene" did not come out until the reign of Elizabeth, this could not explain pictures of the reign of Henry VII. But it is probable that the same reason prompted artist and poet alike.

"So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore."

In connection with this we must remember that the princess is always typical of Truth and Innocence, hence the emblem. The dragon, of course, which seeks to devour the pure soul is none other than that "old serpent the devil."

St. George is an embodiment of the Christian armed with the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith—the spiritual knight who wears "the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word or Power of God." But in these pictures, as in Spenser's poem, we are apt to lose sight of the deeper meaning in enjoyment of the story itself.

A very interesting old fresco is to be found on a wall in the Lady Chapel of the Parish Church, Dartford (page 15). It is accurately described as follows, in Dawkins' "History and Antiquities of Dartford":—

"The picture appears to be of the time of Henry VII. or earlier. The foreground exhibits St. George mounted on a white charger, with scarlet caparisons; his lance couched, having transfixcd the Dragon through the mouth and neck. The Saint is habited in plate armour of a brown colour, covered with a white surcoat, on the breast of which the red cross is displayed. Round the skirt of his vest are three bands of black, and the sleeves are open and flowing behind. In his girdle is a dagger. His helmet is of the same colour as his body armour, and appears to be united to the corslet by a gorget of mail. It is adorned with a plume of three feathers, and the visor is raised. The Dragon, which is of a green colour (except the upper part of the wings which are brown) is issuing out of a black pool, or stagnant lake, wherein we are informed by the Golden Legend the Dragon abode, and in which are seen bones and vestiges of his ravenous appetite. The background of the picture displays a hilly country, with the city of Sylene in the distance, and on the side of the hill stands the King's daughter, in her bridal dress of crimson, trimmed with ermine; her head uncovered, but adorned with flowing hair after the usual fashion of virgins; by her side is the lamb by which she is always accompanied. Behind the Holy Champion is a

castle with towers, having loopholes and between them an arched gate; and in a turret above are the King and Queen anxiously watching their daughter's fate. The upper centre of the painting is charged with a shield containing the arms of England and France quarterly."

This old fresco is rather large, and in a bad light. As a work of art it is quaint rather than excellent. Its chief value lies in its exaltation of our Champion. Even in those days he was the pride of our English nation, the Red Cross Knight who made our Flag respected, and won for us the admiration of the world.

Another picture painted for one of our kings in honour of our Tutelary Saint is to be seen at Hampton Court. It is most melodramatic and crowded. Two angels from above descend with palm and laurel to crown St. George, who is a portrait of Charles I., while the princess is Henrietta Maria. Many spectators view the scene, which is set off by an elaborate landscape, with a view of the Thames and Windsor Castle. This painting is the work of Rubens. It was sold by Cromwell, but subsequently purchased for England by George IV.

Apart from its national interest we do not feel greatly drawn towards this dramatic work of art. It is indeed a trifle absurd.

A singularly quaint and unique St. George is the Abyssinian one to be found on page 16. It was discovered by Major P. H. G. Powell-Cotton, who sent it to *St. George's Gazette*, with the following remarks:—

"Although, during my journey through Abyssinia in 1900, I had seen many pictures of their most venerated saint St. George, it was not until I reached Gondar that I was able to procure one. That city of splendid castles, churches and fortresses, flourished as the capital of Abyssinia between the years 1600 and 1800, but was sacked and burnt by the Dervishes in 1887. Its churches were renowned throughout Ethiopia; but alas! only one remains intact among the ruins of the city's former grandeur. From the relics rescued from the desecrating hands of the Dervishes, I managed to secure an ancient reredos, on one panel of which St. George was depicted. The picture was said to be too blackened with age to be reproduced; but Major Lindberg has, with infinite success, surmounted this difficulty, and has produced a splendid pen-and-ink picture, from which the accompanying block has been made."

How strangely this ancient picture contrasts with the vivid modern conception



STATUE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.

Figure and Canopy designed by Mr. I. R. Spence, Architect of the Church

by Mr. Walter Crane, called "England's Emblem." The centuries have brought us perfected art, and a real scene replaces the crude symbol. The beautifully caparisoned steed is literally flying across the low marshy country, and never before have Spenser's words been so well realised.

"The knight gan fairely couch his steady
 speare,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous
 might"

Never before has knight attacked his foe with so certain a sense of victory. His dragon is a most formidable reptile, enough to make the stoutest heart quail. But it is practically all over with him. He raises his head to make a final snap with his horrid fangs, but never more will he swallow men and women, nor even sheep and poultry! The long, low lines of the picture are most impressive and original, conveying much more to the mind than the usual circular treatment. The princess is not introduced because this is not so much the scene out of the legend—elaborated by other English artists—as it is, England's emblem. Hence the name given. Such representations are to a great extent allegorical, rather than historical.

A very fine instance of this mode of treatment is the Bronze on page 21 presented by Major Malet to his Regiment in 1903. This spirited rendering is an artistic triumph. The old masters had always found the horse an insuperable difficulty, but here we see how modern knowledge disposes of all obstacles, giving us a creature of bone and sinew, instead of a rocking-horse, or a creature stuffed with kid. Drawing himself up with determination, St. George is preparing to bear down, with a broad sword, on the furious beast. It will never rise again. It was somewhat a shock to my artistic mind to learn that this exquisite work of art is put to so prosaic a use as adorning the top of a cigar box which graces the sideboard in the Officers' Mess.

If we compare this bronze St. George with that on our coinage we shall, I think, admit that the bronze is a nobler and more spirited conception. No doubt association endears us to the St. George on our crown pieces and our gold, and it is, in one sense,

a representation of which we never weary! It is also magnificent as a piece of die cutting. But the design itself is poor.

Ruskin indulged in the following remarks at its expense. "The horse looks abstractedly into the air, instead of where precisely it would have looked, at the beast between its legs; St. George, with nothing but a helmet on (being the last piece of armour he is likely to want), putting his naked feet well forward, so that the dragon may with the greatest convenience get a bite at them, and about to deliver a mortal blow at him with a sword which cannot reach him by a couple of yards."

This design was first introduced on our coinage in 1817 by Benedetto Pistrucci; and under the dragon to the right of the date B.P. can be seen. He was the finest coin designer of his day. The Master of the Mint had been very pleased with his model of a gem for a George which he had seen, and asked Pistrucci to do a jasper cameo for the new gold coinage.

To attempt to enumerate all the works of art dedicated to our Patron Saint would be beyond the scope of this brief article. To contrast the different modes of treatment forms a most interesting study.

The German painters dealt with the subject in a romantic and chivalrous spirit. St. George has casque and floating plume, and is accompanied by an attendant squire. He is generally represented as middle-aged, with a beard. Albert Dürer has left us four prints of our Tutelary Saint, who also presides over the destinies of Germany.

There is a fine equestrian statue of St. George in the third court of the Hradschin (Burg) at Prague. It was erected by the brothers Klusenberg in 1373 by order of Charles IV., the "Father of Bohemia." More I will not add, since Mr. Horace Pennington of Prague is devoting special study to this and other representations of our saint, besides taking active measures in promoting an observance of "the day" at all places on the Continent resorted to by our countrymen.

Both at home and abroad increasing efforts are being made to honour St. George, whose day we celebrate on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday,

and thus the memory of the great Elizabethan blends with that of our Patron Saint, making the twenty-third of April especially valuable to all who love England.

"It is good to gain in sympathy, toler-

words Sir Gilbert Parker expressed his fears to the Royal Society of St. George,* while, at the same time, he held out great hope that the Society would successfully combat the danger and preserve the ancient spirit of English character.



BRONZE STATUETTE OF ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON.

ORIGIN UNKNOWN: DATE PROBABLY ABOUT 1858, MOUNTED BY THE ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, LIMITED, AND PRESENTED BY MAJOR MALET TO THE 2ND BATTALION 5TH FUSILIERS.

ance and friendliness; it is not good to lose distinctiveness. The tendency of the Englishman is to become less English, particularly in the big cities." In these

In our Prayer Book Calendar we see the entry, *St. George, Martyr*, on the

* Full particulars of this Society can be obtained on application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Howard Ruff, 241, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

twenty-third of April. On that day he suffered martyrdom in 303, and our Church has always recognised the fact that he is a prominent Christian saint, and one to fitly lead the noble army of martyrs.

But it is of St. George the Victorious One that we like to think most on "England's Day."

His courageous spirit and loyal heart

still inspire us, as our forefathers were also inspired, right back into the dim ages when the real St. George was strangely blended with the Pagan Perseus, and reality became overshadowed by myth and fantastic allegory.

St. George for England! This was the ancient battle cry, and to-day it is the motto of all who work in the cause of Patriotism.

A TROUVÈRE SONG

TO A SCHOLAR

By LAURA ACKROYD

WHAT wouldst thou give, O moody
one,

With laughing eyes to greet the sun?
With songs that bubble unrepress'd
To watch the martlet frame her nest?
And know, as I do, come what may,
The cup of joy is full to-day?

Sing hey, a roundelay!

What wouldst thou give, O pining soul,
To eat your bread, and drain your bowl,
Where ripples lap the bending sedge,
And stitchwort blooms 'neath bank and
hedge;

While through the quiet heavens stray
Fragments of cloud, pearl-white or gray?

Sing hey, a roundelay!

What wouldst thou give for grace to feel
New-wash'd with life from crown to heel,
For childlike mirth, and babbling speech,
For heights of bliss you cannot reach?
For zest to watch the lambs at play,
With spirits frolicsome as they?

Sing hey, a roundelay!

Well, some are born to weep, God wot!
And who may change his destin'd lot?
Yet, vast in learning as thou art,
Mine, haply, is the better part;
And all men love me when I say

"Put on your smiles—be glad, be gay,
Sing hey, a roundelay!"

THE HERB MOLY

By KEMLO WATSON

THOUGH he had been busy all that day, Oliphant could not sleep. He tried the usual things, from self-induced visions of sheep to mathematical pillow-problems; he lit a candle, and smoked many cigarettes, while he laboured to read one of those sporting novels that are found in the bedrooms of country houses. But none of these narcotics availed him; and, when the great clock in the tower struck three, he blew out his light again in despair. Even at that hour the Northern dawn had begun to glimmer. A faint grey light filtered through the blinds, so that he could see Rollo, the Newfoundland, showing vaguely like a black pool on the big sheepskin mat beside his bed. Presently he heard a cock crow at the gamekeeper's, beyond the firwoods. Then at last he dozed off into a strangely penetrating dream.

It seemed to him that he was back again in his Greek island, wandering down the narrow path, which led below the vineyards to the rocky amphitheatre where he had found the buried temple of Hermes. He said to himself that he would find his men shirking their work, as they always did when his back was turned. Somehow, when he reached the place, which ought to have been bare as the sea-shore, he was not at all astonished to find it thronged with dark ilex trees, nor to catch a gleam of marble shafts between the trunks. Then, without knowing how, he had passed through the *temenos*, and was facing the entrance. His workmen were not to be seen, but none was needed. The temple was perfect. Time had not stained its white beauty, nor winter's rain blurred the sharpness of its contours. Yet had it not the rawness of a new thing. To Oliphant in his dream it appeared, indeed, no work of human hands, but rather, like a gem or a flower, something wherein the hidden forces of the earth converged and found expression. Here was all Greece made manifest—her land, her glorious song, her incomparable art, her gods and nymphs and heroes.

Suddenly he was standing within the temple. A haze of pearly smoke filled the air, and the scent of burning myrrh was in his nostrils. It seemed to him that he had made an offering and was about to utter a prayer. He raised his hands in supplication to where the image of the god, refulgent with gold and lapis-lazuli, towered behind the altar.

Then he awoke with a start, and looked around him. "If it had only lasted!" he groaned, realising where he was. "I was a Greek—a real ancient Greek, for the time."

The light was brighter now, but it was still the grey that precedes the sun. The black pool on the rug was now visibly a dog. "Rollo!" whispered Oliphant, leaning over the side of the bed, "I was in Greece again. Don't you wish you had been with me?" Rollo beat the floor with his tail, but did not open his eyes. "Poor fellow! I won't disturb your dream," said his master. "I wonder if I can find my way back into mine." But ere he could drowse, a chaffinch piped tentatively near the window. A sleepy chirp came in answer; then the notes of a blackbird sounded like a prelusory *cadenza* on the horn; and soon there was everywhere a noise of little instruments, tuning for the symphony that would open with the falling baton of the first sunbeam.

"Tis a pretty attention of yours, gentlemen, to a stranger," said Oliphant, "but you promise to be something early with your *aubade*. As it is, you put sleep out of the question."

He jumped out of bed, and drew up the blinds. In the deep, luminous violet of the Northern sky, a belated star twinkled, far down on the horizon; while, overhead, the blue was dappled with flakes of rose-tinged cloud, like a fall of apple-blossom. So, though the nearer firwoods were still haunted by the night, the great rounded mass of Craig Mhor rose out of them, vivid with heather already glowing in the sunshine.

The scene framed in his window made

Oliphant forgive the birds. He leant out and inhaled the keen air. The pungent balsamic breath of the firs stirred a fluttering crowd of memories that mere sight had failed to waken—memories of the loch where he had learnt to swim, the moors where he had hunted all kinds of game, from butterflies to tigers, of the old "dominie," who read with him and sniffed at his English pronunciation of the learned tongues. "There's something in this country of mine after all," he said to himself. "It's massive and lonely. One doesn't find marble temples on hills like these, but they're fine, too, in their savage way."

A suppressed yawn, ending in the snap of strong teeth, made him turn. Rollo's amber eyes were regarding him with solemn wonder.

"Wakefulness," said Oliphant, patting the black head, "is a necessity this morning. Let us make a virtue of it, you and I. Suppose we climb Craig Mhor, and get heroic appetites for breakfast."

Rollo whined joyfully, wagged his tail and dropped into the attitude of the Sphinx, thereby expressing at once assent, expectancy and patience. The last was not demanded long. In ten minutes the two friends had slipped downstairs, and were out in the still twilit park, where Rollo discharged his superfluous energy in wild gambols, alternately barking and snatching mouthfuls of the dew-laden grass, as he rushed along. Then through the darkness of the woods they walked, slowly climbing for half a mile or more, on a crepitant bed of fallen needles. Next came a belt of green bracken, already flecked with rust-colour, that took Oliphant, tall as he was, breast-high, and quite submerged his companion, whose course could be traced only by the swirl of breaking fronds. But as they went on, the sea of bracken shoaled and shoaled, till Rollo seemed to be swimming; then they both waded out, and saw the great heather-clad slope of Craig Mhor, stretching away before them to the cairn on its summit. Twenty yards ahead the hill was blazing in the sun; and even as Oliphant looked, the light came swiftly downwards till it touched his head, and over the distant range on the north-east the sun's disc peered, then climbed into the sky.

Meanwhile the dog was running from side to side, nosing the unfamiliar ground. Suddenly there was a startled flutter in front of him, and a brace of grouse whirred sunwards. Rollo looked at his master in evident chagrin. "Wouldn't they stop to talk to you?" said Oliphant. "They don't understand us, Rollo. They take us for sportsmen, whereas we are sports—biologically speaking. Think of it! A man and a dog who don't want to kill! Variations from the normal indeed!

Yet we can hardly be said to throw back; for your ancestors and mine were ferocious enough, goodness knows. Perhaps we throw forwards—at any rate it's comfortable to think so. . . . What! Are those off too? Well, well, perhaps they're wise. This is the twelfth, Rollo; and many a blameless grouse that flies the ling this pleasant morning, will be stiffening in the parcel-post before night. They say a shot bird dies easier than he would in the course of Nature; yet I would not be his executioner. Yes, I eat them, Rollo—a thing no true Newfoundland would do. But what man is the moral equal of a good dog? Yes, yes, you are a good dog, but you needn't knock me down!"

For all its fifteen hundred feet, Craig Mhor has no ravines or plateaux; it is, indeed, rather a huge knoll than a mountain. A quarter of an hour's tramp brought them to the top, where they threw themselves down, the dog to pant, the man to watch and muse.

There was no breath of wind, and they were above the dews, so that the air was gentle, and the heather both dry and warm to the touch. If the mountain top do not freeze, there is no such place for meditation. Here you may find an elevation beyond the physical, a wider vision not less of the inner than of the fleshly eye. Things are here seen in their true proportions; at close ranges the aberration of the lens distorts the image.

Oliphant sat in silence while his companion lolled in the sun; then he began to muse aloud—a habit formed in the island, where he and his dog were the only creatures that understood English.

"Do you notice, Rollo," he said, "that, though it is only about half-past four, it

doesn't *feel* early?" Rollo came over, and lay beside him, putting a massive paw on his knee. "I wonder why. I suppose it's because we, being really intelligent travellers, look at things from the native point of view. Up here it is not early morning; business is in full swing. If you listen, you can hear the hum of life rising everywhere; and if you look close, you'll see that the little people are already hard at work. There's a squad of ants dragging along the carcase of some kind of fly—and yonder is a little red bee, quite different from the big, black and yellow lowlanders, but quite as busy. And a huge blue beetle, with nasty looking jaws! Perhaps he's a constable—he's lumbering enough. Steady, Rollo! You mustn't interfere with the police in the execution of their duty. . . . The silent hills! Why, the place is as busy as Sheffield! . . . And the humiliating thing about it is that all this life, this scurry of work, is just what would have been here if there had never been a man on the face of the earth. A hill like this is a stronghold of Nature. After all, what has man done? There's one of the railways he's always bragging about down there—a mere scratch on the crust. We've changed the colour of the surface in places—destroyed trees, and substituted over-grown grasses; we've killed out a lot of other vermin, as they exterminated their predecessors—but look at those tumbled hills and the glancing lochs and rivers; and you'll see that, in spite of his delusions of grandeur, man is among the meanest of the forces of Nature.

"And yet there are people, sane people, and even one or two distinguished, who flatter themselves that, not this earth alone, but the whole universe is a contrivance for the manufacture of man! The mountain in labour was a trifle to that! Then somebody—I think it is Anatole France—suggests that life is really a sort of skin disease of the earth's; and that there are happier planets which have escaped the rash. Upon my word, Rollo, that seems a more reasonable theory than the other; and, if it weren't for you, I'd be tempted to embrace it. But you're such a fine chap that I can't think of you as a pathogenic microbe. Perhaps, after all, the real function of man is to keep dogs.

"Yes, I know you think we men are great chiefs; and I in particular am a god to you. Perhaps I'm morbid about my kind, but I'm afraid of them, my friend, that's the truth."

Rollo, who had been pretending to understand, here wagged his tail encouragingly; then, finding that his master's harangue was over for the present, returned to his experimental study of the blue beetle.

Oliphant continued to gaze out over the valley—his valley; for, as far as he could see, it paid him tribute. The boundary of his domain was a chain of hills, smoke-blue on the horizon. The bald old castle below had been the home of ten generations of Oliphants—a spirited race. The earlier bearers of the name had made it known and feared in half the wars of Europe; the later had carried an equal daring to the chase and the revels of the town.

Why could he not be content to follow in their footsteps? Indeed he felt that it would be only too easy; and it was his consciousness of this that made him despair. He would have been no true Scot had he lacked a vein of austerity, though in him alone of his house had it outcropped. It had shown itself in his boyhood, when, in violation of family tradition, he had not been expelled from school; and, later, when he took a First in Classics, a feat which earned him the derision of his brothers and sisters. Their simple wit had dubbed him "the Professor"—his nickname to this day.

But when, at twenty-three, he found himself the head of his family, with a tolerable fortune and no very insistent duties, his ancestral love of pleasure began to sprout. Having exhausted the rôle of the industrious apprentice, he timidly essayed to play the rake. His natural aptitude for the part astonished even himself, and he was soon perfect in words and business. For a year he ruffled it with the best. Then one morning he awoke—a new man. It was one of those sudden crises that psychologists explain as the eruptions of the subliminal self. Shuddering, he saw the degradation of the life he had been leading. His mental and moral injuries hurt like wounds; they might heal, but the scars would remain for ever. That

day he tried in vain to read the *Timæus*; he had lost the clue to its labyrinth. Now fairly frightened, he resolved on flight. Temperate enjoyment was not for him, with his inherited dipsomania of "life"; he was of those who must live plain, if they are to think high. The anchoret is, in truth, often a past, and always a possible, voluptuary.

That evening they missed him at his customary club; and he was next heard of from a small Greek island, whither he had transferred himself with a portmanteau, a box of books, and his Newfoundland dog. That was more than two years ago, and it was not a week since he had returned to England. They had been happy years, those two, though, or perhaps because, he had led the simplest of lives. He had spent hardly anything on himself, although he had lavished money on excavating and restoring the temple of Hermes, which he had discovered.

That work reverently completed, he yielded at last to his sister's entreaties that he would come back "if only for a month or two." But it was soon evident that Lady Newbold, having got hold of a useful brother, had no immediate intention of letting go. No doubt he had gone the pace rather too much in the past, but even that was better than burying himself where he was no good to anybody. Now he was expected to take his proper place in the set which his sister affected.

So he found himself firmly taken in hand. It was assumed that the prodigal had definitely returned, and the fatted calf (his own calf, by the way) was killed accordingly. A party had been invited in his name for the twelfth, a party whose levity would have excited comment in the Abbey of Thélème; and he could not without brutality refuse to be their host. Yet he foresaw temptation, and, knowing his weakness, trembled for the result. On the night before, when he met his guests for the first time, he felt that his fears had been indeed well founded. The old influences had gradually asserted their ancient sway. The talk, which at first seemed fatuous and vulgar, began by its candid hedonism to appeal to long suppressed instincts. The old adventure, whose spell a hundred disillusionments

had not sufficed to break, beckoned with white arms, challenged from dark eyes. In this instance the eyes and the arms belonged to a Mrs. Kirke, a lady who had "come up" since Oliphant's time, but was already of acknowledged supremacy in her craft. When he had been with her for an hour, he was aware of the familiar premonitory symptoms, and by the time when they parted for the night he had made up his mind that he was in for a bad attack. "I shall make an ass of myself over that woman," he said to himself, "if I stay here. I expect I'll have to run for it again."

All this was present to his mind that morning on the hill-top. Overnight he had all but resolved on a second flight; yet, looking down into the valley, he wavered. Now for the first time he realised that the home of childhood is the only real home. Elsewhere one is always a foreigner. "No!" he said at length. "Come what may, I won't leave my own country."

He had never known half its beauty till now. Even as he watched, the descending sunlight flashed from the weathercock on the castle tower; smote the deep blue of the pines to green, the grey hay-fields to pale gold. Then in the low meadows the awakened dews transformed themselves to pools of mist, that flowed and deepened, till they grew to a shadowy lake, wherein the clumps of forest trees showed as enchanted islets. Over the loch and the streams fantastic spires of vapour rose, fluctuating, kissing and circling (so that one might have thought them naiads at play), till at last they sank into the still flowing cloud, which now engulfed the valley. From invisible depths he heard the castle clock strike five, and recalled the sunken city of the Breton legend.

Soon, however, the mists dissolved in the warmth, and the lost scene reappeared in flickering glimpses, that fused and cleared, till the watcher looked down upon his valley, wide open to the sun. Signs of life began to show. From the chimneys of thatched cottages thin shafts of pearly smoke sprang straight into the still air; cows could be seen trooping in single file to the byres; slow-moving specks in the fields marked where the hay-makers

were at work; somewhere out of sight a distant mowing machine whirled like a grasshopper.

"No!" said Oliphant. "I won't leave my country."

His eyes slowly closed, and for a time he passed into a dreamless sleep. Then it seemed to him that he was awake again—or was he in a dream? He was too lazy to decide the question. The scene at any rate was unchanged; the quiet valley still lay open to the sun; Rollo still lay by his side. But he noticed that the dog was acting strangely. He was gently wagging his tail and gazing fixedly past the cairn. Turning his head, Oliphant saw—and, strange to say, saw with but languid surprise—a tall figure striding towards him across the heather. Yet, all things considered, it was a startling figure enough! It was that of a young man, beautiful beyond human canons and clad as no mortal has ever been clad, though in a manner familiar to the man who now watched his approach. From the left shoulder floated, rather than hung, a cloak of vague substance and uncertain iridescent colour. His feet were shod with golden, winged sandals; and there were golden wings also on the broad cap, that shaded his crisp-curling locks. The right shoulder and arm were bare, and in the right hand he bore a gleaming rod, twined round with writhing serpents. His whole figure was outlined with a delicate radiance, which even, as he moved, seemed to interpose between the golden sandals and the earth; but it was the ineffable, the immortal serenity of his face that made his nature clear.

"Hermes himself!" murmured Oliphant. Somehow at the time this divine visit appeared the most natural thing in the world. "Even if I am asleep," he told himself with the fantastic logic, that is so convincing to the dreamer—"even if I am asleep, he is a real god." He felt no fear, but only a faint wonder, as he looked up, and saw the god standing by. Hermes regarded him for a moment with friendly eyes; then the divine lips moved, and a voice, the like of which Oliphant had never heard, now met his ears.

"So, friend," it said, "you look at last upon the smoke of your country's

fires; yet it seems that you are not content."

"No, Son of Maia," answered Oliphant, who in his dream had a dim idea that one ought not to address a god by name, "not wholly content. For this country is not all Ithaca to me; it has something of *Ææa* in it, too."

"How so?" asked the god. "Does some enchantress dwell here?"

Oliphant smiled bitterly as he answered, "The land is full of enchantresses. Each one is a Circe to me. Some one of them—some fair-tressed goddess of human speech will cast her spell, and turn me to a brute. It is my fate."

"Not even the Immortals can strive against Fate," said Hermes. "Yet your lot may be better than you deem. No oracle has spoken."

Oliphant sighed. "I know my own weakness," he said dully. "Fear of it drove me to Greece."

"Are the women of Hellas, then, less beautiful?" asked the Slayer of Argus, with a smile. "And if those of your own country are so terrible to you, why did you come back?"

"Because it *is* my country, I suppose," said Oliphant. "This has been the home of my people for centuries; and even the most restless of us comes back to die. One cannot escape one's native land; it drags unceasingly."

It seemed to the dreamer that the eyes of Hermes shone with grave kindliness as he answered:

"Nay, my friend, I blame you not. Pious were the deeds you wrought in Hellas; but it is just and pious that you should cherish the land which holds the bones of your fathers. And you may continue to serve the gods; for surely their temples are everywhere. True, men were less timid once. They did not fear the votaries of the Cyprian, but dealt with them as Ares with their mistress, and from slaves grew to masters. I think the world grows old, and blood runs thinner and colder than it did. Yet do I not blame you, being what you are. Indeed I am well pleased, and therefore do I grant you this—that you dwell here in peace, unharmed by any spell."

As he ceased speaking the god stooped



A Startling Figure.

and appeared to pluck something from the earth. Rising, he held out his hand to Oliphant, who saw in the divine fingers a tiny, white, star-like flower surmounting a dark green stalk that blackened towards the root. He had never seen it before, but the words of Homer started to his mind, and he murmured: "Black is it at the root; like milk is its flower!"

The god smiled. "It is indeed the herb moly," he said; "the same that saved Odysseus, the crafty one, from the charms of Circe. Nor is it less potent now. Take it, my friend, and you shall walk secure through this isle of sorceries."

Oliphant thrilled strangely as, in closing on the flower, his fingers touched those of the god. He looked up, and was about to utter his thanks; but ere he could speak, he felt the caduceus touch his head, and darkness fell upon him.

* * * * *

Rollo, tired of tumbling in the heather, and having failed to induce the large blue beetle to do anything but sham dead, began to feel bored. He had come out for amusement, he understood, not to lie on dull hill-tops, while his master slept. He was hungry, too; it was high time they were getting back to the breakfast that had been spoken of. Would the man never wake? Rollo looked at the sleeping figure and wagged his tail. No; Oliphant slept on. Rollo whined like a puppy; then he barked, but even that did not avail. He began to be uneasy. At last he could stand it no longer; and, walking over to him, firmly planted his cold nose in the sleeper's face.

Oliphant started up, bewildered; then, taking in his surroundings, sighed deeply. "It was only a dream, Rollo," he said. "Only a dream—but how vivid! How it would have frightened me if it had been real!" He shivered, and turned his head nervously, half expecting to see the god still present. "Yet what a dream!" he went on. "I can feel his touch now as he gave me the herb." So strong was the fancy, that, looking at his fingers, he could have sworn that he caught a fleeting glimpse of a little white star-like flower with a thin stem, blackening to the root.

Silently he rose to his feet and began to descend the first slope; but when he had

gone a few steps, he stopped and looked back. The hill-top, daedal with leaf and bloom, glowed in the slant sunlight as when he had climbed it an hour ago. Form and colour were unchanged, yet how different the impression! Everywhere, in the earth beneath his feet, in the air around him, in the fathomless blue above, he was aware of an unseen presence, benignant, yet awe-compelling. Suddenly the knowledge penetrated him that the world of the senses is but an illusion; the reality behind it not matter, but soul. For an instant it seemed to him that his vision pierced through sense to the absolute, and the glimpse struck in him almost a swoon of terror. He had lost his grip on common things; he was a shivering ghost in the Infinite. Clutching at companionship, he turned to Rollo; but even in the innocent eyes of the dog he saw a gleam of the universal spirit. "You too, you too are part of it!" he cried; and fled down the hill-side—fled towards the homes of men.

Not till he had reached the belt of bracken did he slacken speed; but there, blown and weary, he pulled up, and threw himself down among the rustling fronds, trembling, but laughing at his folly.

"That was a queer attack—something like the old panic fear, I suppose," he gasped. "Do you know that I was afraid of you?" he went on to the dog, who came up at the moment, panting joyously. "Afraid of you, Rollo, the gentlest creature living! Yet somehow you are nearer to the gods than we are—to the older shaggy gods. Besides you are so exactly the same as your father and grandfather, that one can't help thinking your whole line one immortal Newfoundland, revealing himself in successive incarnations. . . . No, it wasn't madness in me—it was a revelation. I think I came as near to a conception of the infinite as is possible to a finite mind—and it was too much for me. Rollo, I don't believe I shall ever have the courage to climb Craig Mhor again." And, looking up to where the cairn jutted white against the blue, he shuddered. "Come!" he said, rising to his feet, "let us get back to the people who don't see visions."

He strode briskly on, crushing down his fears; and by the time he reached the castle had almost recovered his usual

phlegm. Only, when he had dressed and was on his way down to breakfast, he detected in himself a sudden revolt against the society of his guests. He paused a moment on the stairs. It was too big a drop from the immortals, he thought, then smiled in self-contempt. Before long, no doubt, he would be listening to Mrs. Kirke's babble and doing his best to attract her.

As he opened the door of the breakfast-room the clamour of tongues made him shiver. He was greeted with jovial shouts.

"Hullo, Professor!" cried his sister, who, like the other women, was dressed for shooting. "Two minutes more and we should have started without you!"

"But we'll give you a quarter of an hour," said Mrs. Kirke, indicating a vacant chair by her side. "Come and have a salmon steak—they're rippin'."

Oliphant, looking at her, caught his breath, and paled slightly. Some of the others noticed that he glanced hurriedly at his right hand. Then he recovered himself, and took the seat reserved for him, smiling hospitably.

"Thank you," he said; "I'm afraid I'll take more than a quarter of an hour. I had a long walk this morning. But don't let me keep you. Bruce can be trusted to see that you all have good sport. I forgot to mention last night that I had given up shooting."

"What!" came from a dozen throats. Even Mrs. Kirke was aghast.

"Yes," continued Oliphant pleasantly, "I will eat with you, drink with you, golf with you; I will even play bridge with you. But I will not shoot with you, fish with you, hunt with you."

"Good lord!" groaned a portly person, facetiously known as "the Cherub," on account of his wing-like ears; "and he has the best moors and river in Britain!"

"Goin' to give up sport!" cried Lady Newbold, purple with suppressed rage. "What for?"

"Perhaps, my dear Mary, the best reason is that I have lost all interest in it."

There was a painful silence. Then gradually a subdued conversation struggled into being. The Cherub whispered to his neighbour that, though it was kept quiet, it was pretty generally known that there was insanity in the family.

Mrs. Kirke leaned towards Oliphant. "I'm goin' to take pity on you," she murmured. "I'll stop and play golf."

"I couldn't dream of it," said Oliphant. "I know you'd rather shoot, and I should feel a beast if I spoiled your day. Besides," he added hastily, seeing her about to interrupt, "I shall be tremendously busy to-day."

"Oh, all right!" answered Mrs. Kirke coldly.

When Oliphant had seen the shooters go, he stood a moment in silence. "Good heavens!" he said at last, "was that my enchantress? . . . Poor creature! She's not altogether bad, I suppose, but . . ." He turned and gazed over the firwoods at the clear-cut summit of Craig Mhor. "It was not a dream," he said in a low voice. "When I entered that room I felt his touch and saw the herb moly. And the charm has worked! I am a free man—free to live sanely and cleanly! No, it was no dream! You saw him too, Rollo, didn't you?"

Rollo looked wise and wagged his tail.





DISCORD.

From a Drawing by Charles D. Ward.

BURSTING OF THE BUDS

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

AS winter passes and the first faint flush of green runs along the bare branches of the trees, the imagination of an observer is stirred in a twofold way, for this phenomenon of the annual renewal of life appeals with peculiar force to both the emotions and the reason—to poet and scientist alike.

“Were I a skillful painter,
What should I paint for thee?
A tiny spring bud peeping out
From a withered wintry tree,”

says George Macdonald, and Tennyson, in company with many other poets, refers re-

of view. For under broad outlines of similarity, infinite diversity of detail confronts him and challenges his recognition, since no two trees manage their affairs in the same manner; the oak has its peculiar way, quite different to that of the elm, and both vary in diverse particulars from the lime and all other trees whatsoever.

Moreover, a bud is a very marvellous thing in itself. Lord Avebury simply defines it as “a short shoot bearing a number of young leaves closely packed together.” Thus, if we can imagine a branch bearing leaves suddenly compressed so that all the leaves are folded and telescoped

one on to the other, and then the whole at once shrunk to minute proportions after the fashion of “Alice in Wonderland,” we should get a bud. But a bud is more than this. Every bud is a valuable asset to a tree; it has been produced at the expense of much energy and food, and is the result of months, perhaps years, of effort. The majority of the buds which open on the trees in the April of one year have been forming ever since the summer of the year before, while some, such as in various firs, have been slowly coming into existence for more than a year before that, and all this time the tree has been manufacturing materials to build them up. And the buds hold within themselves the whole future of the tree. Each represents the potential birth of a group of leaf workers who will



THE
BURSTING
OF A
CHESTNUT
BUD.

peatedly and lovingly to the buds when they burst in the springtime —“Sweet as new buds in spring,” when “The folded leaf is woo’d from out the bud, which winds upon the branch, and there grows green and broad.”

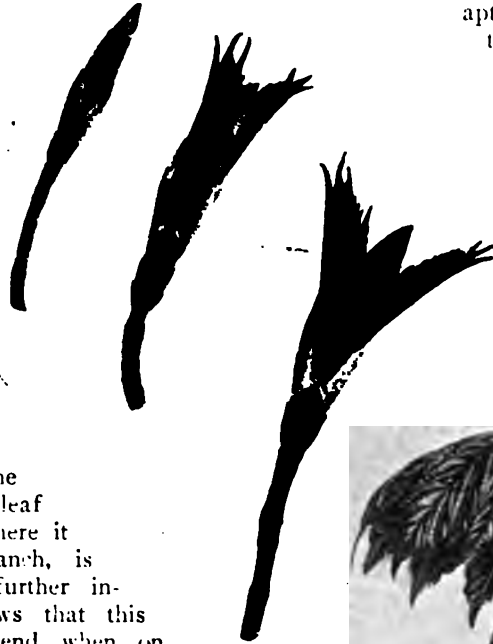
But apart from the emotions and the tender fancy of the poets there is also something in the whole procedure of bud formation and bud development that is particularly fascinating to the man who seeks knowledge from the scientific point

eventually contribute their quota to the upkeep of the tree establishment and aid in the production of future buds for the perpetuation of the work. Hence it cannot be too much emphasised that a bud is an asset of value that calls for protection and regard. And the tree realises this. Look for an instant at the protection for its buds that is made by the common plane tree that lines the streets of London. When a dying leaf falls from it in the autumn you will find, if you look, that the base of the leaf stalk, down where it joined the branch, is hollow, and further investigation shows that this hollowed stalk-end, when on the branch, served as a cap for a tiny bud which through the summer months was born and gradually matured under its shelter. Now, when it is leaf-fall time the bud has become strong, and, further, is equipped with a protective scaly coat of its own to serve as a guard during its winter sleep in the open.

Other buds, though not so snugly shielded at the outset in a little home of their own, find yet a warm and sheltered niche down between the leaf stalk and the branch, and here they grow secure from harm during the summer. But against the inevitable winter cold they must all prepare; so some have a complete scaly covering of flattened stalks or of specially modified leaves; others again have a coat of dried brown scales; while, in many cases, to any of these is added a coating of gum or resin as a special precaution

against wet, or perhaps an inner lining of furry hairs which are a sovereign remedy against great cold. And, thus furnished, the buds "rest" through the winter until the genial warmth of the spring sun awakes them to activity.

Now, the chestnuts are trees who are particularly careful over their buds, perhaps because they are apt to be among the very first to respond to the call of spring. They give them a covering of thick scales, and then coat this over with sticky gum—(Tennyson notes how the chestnut buds glisten in the early



THE

OPENING OF THE MAPLE BUD.

The long-pointed bud leaves that enclose the green leaves turn bright scarlet and then drop off.

spring) — while the tiny leaves within are furnished with extra warmth in the shape of hairs. In fact, the bursting of the chestnut buds is a striking sight. First, the thick knobby buds that have tipped the branches all the winter swell out and become more thick



HOW THE ELM BUD BURSTS.

Some of the bud scales turn pink and look like streamers among the green leaves.

and more knobby. They are now smooth and shining at the top, but are clad below with strong brown scales. Presently the smooth top begins to split, and through the opening the tightly folded leaves push out. As they emerge the folds become less pressed together, and the leaves begin to fall a little apart. When they have quite freed themselves and the stalks commence to show, in every bud two pairs of leaves spread out and set themselves crosswise, and then the whole tree looks, for all the

world, as if its dark brown limbs were decked at every point with delicate four-branched sconces, the outer part of the bud serving as holder for the four graceful upstanding leaves which are just beginning to curve outwards. Moreover their beauty is enhanced by the fact that the pale green tissue of the leaves is still lying in dainty pleats. The picture on page 32 gives a fair idea of the course of events.

The maples, which follow later, bear a superficial resemblance to the chestnuts, and yet are different. The bud is sligher and more tapering, and just before it bursts it lengthens, and then the top scales that arch over the bud tip are pushed apart, and the two earliest leaves peep out on either side. The bud is charming at this stage—a study in colour—for while the lower part is brown the two upper arching scales are a lovely red, a striking contrast to the pale green of the leaves. Curiously enough the top long scales seem loth to let the charge they have protected so faithfully the winter through escape them, for they also put on a spurt and grow in length, as though endeavouring to restrain the outbreak. But their effort is in vain—youth will assert itself—and, as the third stage pictured shows, we have the long scarlet bud-scales pushed well apart and the leaves triumphantly emerging. In the last stage given in the photograph the first pair of leaves have completely freed themselves, but they hang down in a deprecating way as though half ashamed of their escape. The second pair of leaves thrust away the red embrace directly, and the bud-scales soon fall to the ground, forming thereon a crimson carpet as though they were a shower of flower petals. Their work is done. A comparison of the opening of the chestnut and maple buds as here pictured shows plainly how much they differ—the humble attitude of the maple being in great contrast to the perky upstanding of the chestnut.

The lime is quite different to either the chestnut or the maple. If we notice the lime trees in the spring just at the time of the bursting of their buds we shall be struck with the multitude of little green hearts that are hung out along either side of the branches, their tips pointing to the ground. And at the top of the hearts lie small, reddish brown scales—the scattered

parts of the buds' winter covering. These leaves are particularly fragile and delicate in their early life, and that is perhaps why they hang down in this fashion, for by so doing they are less exposed to cold and wet than they would be were they held out aloft. Moreover in drooping thus they shield one another. And so the bud bursts downwards at the outset. But as the leaves grow stronger and get over their youthful delicacy, and the weather, too, gets milder, they raise themselves and spread out in normal fashion.

The elm bud has a similar drooping movement which is very pronounced in the earlier stages, as the photograph shows. Perhaps this bud is the queen among buds for beauty. First it is a tiny brown pointed thing; then from its under side a projecting green point thrusts downwards, and this soon proves itself to be green leaf-tissue in daintiest pleats. The green pleats lengthen vertically, and at the same time beautiful pink-tipped streamers—with the colouring of the wild rose petals, appear and seem to announce with a flourish the

arrival of the leaves. Since the leaves, as well as being in pleats, are also folded in half upon themselves, we get nothing like the "hearts" in the lime, though the leaves are not very dissimilar in shape. When the bud has poured forth all its contents the leaves unfold and unpleat, the pink

streamers drop off one by one, and waft to the ground below, and the leaves raise themselves to the level of the branches and spread out to the sunlight.

The beech bud, one of the most graceful in its opening, runs close to the elm in beauty, though lacking the warm touch of rose colour. In its winter stage it is a little pointed spindle, perhaps not more than half an inch long, but as the sap rises in the branches, and the new life of the spring stimulates it to action, it

literally shoots forth until it is a long tapering lance, wrapped in dry, fawn-coloured scales that are translucent like the paper on the outside of a Christmas cracker. Still the life behind the bud urges it onwards, and the leaves gush forth like a fountain, their vivid greenness intermingling with the deli-



A VIGOROUS BEECH BUD.

The bud contained the whole of these leaves in miniature.

shoots forth until it is a long tapering lance, wrapped in dry, fawn-coloured scales that are translucent like the paper on the outside of a Christmas cracker. Still the life behind the bud urges it onwards, and the leaves gush forth like a fountain, their vivid greenness intermingling with the deli-

noticeable when the bud has reached the stages in its career that are depicted third and fourth.

But if grace is the special characteristic to be assigned to the opening of the beech bud, that of the oak bud (page 37) must be put down as sturdiness, a solid John Bull sort of thickness which is attractive by its very suggestion of vigour and force. It is short and conical, with five tiers of dark brown scales overlapping like the slates on a roof, and Lord Avebury compares it to a miniature pine cone. When it bursts it does so at the top in a direct sort of a



HAZEL BUD.

In its earlier stages this bud resembles a green moth with outstretched wings.

cate fawn of the scales that they carry out with them. And every leaf is fringed with silver hairs and has a silver back and is pleated fan-wise. The photograph gives some idea of the form and manner of the bursting, but it can give no idea of the subdued colour harmony in silver, fawn and green, which is specially lovely and



THE OPENING OF A ROSE BUD.



THE BURSTING OF A RHODODENDRON BUD.

A number of leaves are set free at once. Each leaf is rolled in two coils in the bud.



AN OAK BUD.

Its characteristic is sturdiness. The leaves appear in a bunch at the top of the bud.



A LILAC BUD IN VARIOUS STAGES.

The leaves are neatly laid one upon the other, and no space is wasted.

way, and a bunch of leaves appears. They have a rather crumpled appearance, and lack altogether the pleating, folding, and delicacy of arrangement that we have seen in the beech and other buds. Lord Avebury further points out that because the bud is full short for the leaves, these are bent round like a bow within it, consequently it is necessary for the baby leaf edges to be developed in folds; otherwise, when the leaves stretched out on emerging they would tear in all directions. Hence the irregular shape, the lobes, and well-cut-into margin of an oak leaf. No such necessity arose in such a leaf as the beech for the buds were long enough to hold the leaves full length in their pleats.

It will be remembered that the oak and the ash are rivals in the matter of being the last to put forth their leaves in the spring. The old rhyme says:

" Comes the Ash before the Oak,
Doubtless we shall have a soak;
Comes the Oak before the Ash,
We, no doubt, shall have a splash.

alluding to the superstition that when the oak is the last to come out we are in for a wet summer, when the ash is last we shall have a fine one with only showers — that is, a "splash." It is difficult, however, to say how much truth there is in this superstition, and for the most part the ash comes out last. This tree is particularly remarkable for the intense blackness of its winter buds. "More black than ash buds in the front of March," says Tennyson, trying to find a suitable comparison for the blackness of Juliet's hair. This darkness is due to the black colour of the two outer leathery bracts that

enwrap the whole bud, the stems and other bud-bracts are of paler and greener hue.

Before we pass away from the hedges we must not fail to notice the buds of the hazel, which look in their bursting like so many little green moths fluttering along the stems (see page 36). As the buds awake from their winter sleep the first two little leaves lift themselves from the outside and stretch out like wings on either side, and the pale brown bud hangs down between them and gives the appearance of the body of the moth. This is very obvious in the first and second stages, shown in the illustration, and still more obvious in real life. Again, at a short distance the buds, in colour and form, look curiously like little hazel nuts, so that, even if one regards the moth-appearance as fanciful, one is continually struck with the idea that there are nuts already appearing down the stem. From the photograph we can see that the hazel is different to most of the other buds we have interviewed, because it unpacks

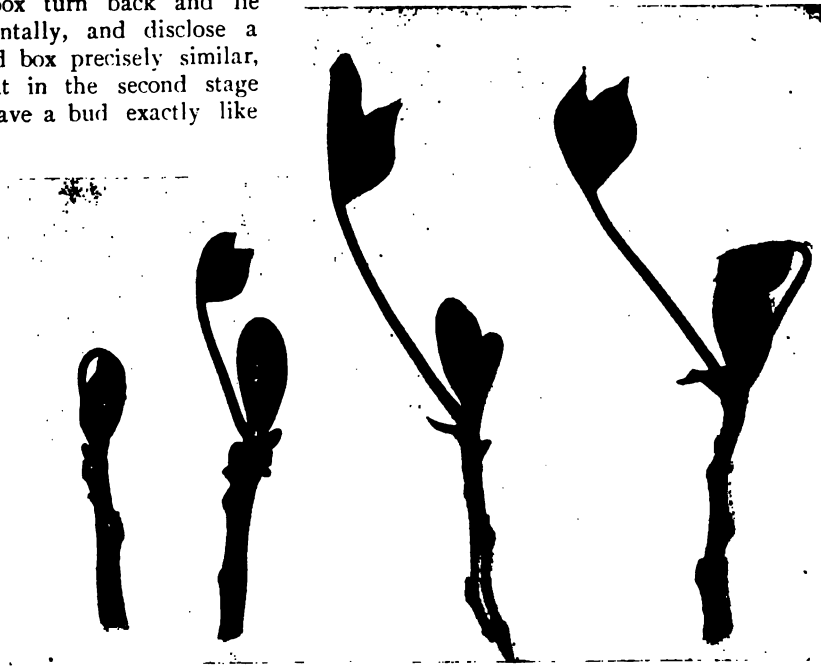
from the outside, so to speak; it never "bursts" in the way the oak or the chestnut does,

The buds of the wild rose are very noticeable too, as the leaves are folded in half and wrapped up in a tube of green scales, out of the top of which they are eventually thrust like a head out of a very tall collar. Furthermore, in this case we find the oldest leaves at the top and centre, and the younger ones arising below and outside them—the exact converse of the hazel (see page 36).

Turning away from the roadside, we pass to an extremely interesting bud that is, at times, found in our gardens, namely, that of the tulip tree—for this is really one of the curiosities among buds. First of all, we have an oval, greenish-brown box formed by two little green leaves, concave like a watch-glass and enclosing a space within. Presently they part, and out of the space between them rises a peculiar shaped leaf with a long stem. This is the first stage photographed. Then the two bud-leaves that formed the box turn back and lie horizontally, and disclose a second box precisely similar, so that in the second stage we have a bud exactly like

the first, only there is a leaf standing up erect at one side. In the third stage given, one-half of this second box is drawn aside to show the second leaf coiled up inside it, and covering up a still smaller and third case. The second leaf is now ready to emerge, and meanwhile the first has greatly increased in size. In the fourth stage the second leaf is almost withdrawn, and one can see with great distinctness the two leaves and the two shells of the boxes in which they lay. The bud of the tulip tree, in truth, always calls to mind those Chinese boxes which lie one within another in infinite series, the only difference being that in this case, as fast as the outer one is removed the inner one grows to the size of the original. This method of enclosing every leaf in a little case of its own is most ingenious and protective, for if even the frost by chance catches the first leaf, as it is apt to do, the second has a double protection and is safe.

But the more we look into bud life the more wonderful and adaptive it ap-



BUD OF THE TULIP TREE.

A very curious bud. Stage three shows the second bud-box open and a leaf lying coiled within and wrapping up a third bud.

"Seven is usually considered to be a sufficiently early hour."

"And what did you do at seven?"

"Oh!—several things."

She frowned as much as Nature will permit her—it is the merest wrinkle, and conveys no great impression of wrath.

"You went for a long swim in the river. You came home just in time to shave and you were five minutes late for breakfast. Since then you have done nothing."

I blushed a little.

"There is the lawn," I protested.

She looked at it critically.

"I don't call that serious work," she remarked. "And, besides, you have forgotten to cut round the jacqueminot bed."

"Life is crowded. I had no time."

"Crowded?"

"I have written a letter to Peter, called upon the vicar, and been to the post office. I have also washed Poncho, and mended a croquet mallet."

She shook her head.

"I am afraid you are not a really strenuous person," she said, a little sadly.

"I am afraid not."

"You have very little ambition."

"Almost none at all."

"But I love you."

"And who could be ambitious after that?"

"Will you begin your book to-day?"

And when Rhoda talks like that, when her lips part and her eyes plead, why, who am I that I should resist?

"This very minute."

She dropped a kiss upon my forehead. And then the Great Mogul issued a guttural command.

We are at the feet of the Great Mogul and he sunned himself in the garden.

Rhoda went forth to his shrine beneath the elm-tree.

But at the window she paused, poised in the sunlight like a butterfly about to take wing.

"You have not told me the Idea," she reminded.

"You insist?"

"I command."

"I am going to write about you."

"Don't be horrid. What are you really going to write about?"

"I was never more in earnest—and remonstrance is too late."

"Wh—what is to be the title?"

"'The Scornful Tyrant.'"

"I shall never forgive you."

"Then—'My Queen.'"

"That is a kind of sweetmeat."

"'The Amazing Marriage.'"

"That has already been appropriated."

Rhoda prides herself upon a certain muscular strength, but for the moment I held her very easily.

"Then I shall call it 'The Human Girl,'" said I. "And it shall be about you, and Poncho, and Peter, and your father, and—and the Great Mogul." And then she escaped from my arms and ran lightly across the lawn to the cradle beneath the elm. I watched her bend down and down above the Great Mogul until her brown hair crowned them both. Her summer blouse shone white against the trees, the trees that were robed with leaves unsullied, olive-green beneath the hot June sky.

And across the fields to the bluest of blue horizons stretched the downs, never so gloriously tapestried, purple, and russet, and gold.

The white road struck through the heart of them like a song, and heaven like a benediction bent down to touch their crest.

And so I took up the author's pen.

II.

Stoke Newington is a large and melancholy district that helps to swell the Northern proportions of London, and there can be no doubt that, with the exception of Edinboro, it is the most pious place on earth. My aunt is very much attached to it, and indeed has spent the whole of her considerable lifetime in one of its properest houses. She will probably never leave it, for, as she frequently observes, her church is congenial, her doctor attentive, moderately clever, and acquainted with the peculiarities of her constitution, and there is a grocer at the corner. I will not describe my aunt, beyond remarking that she is respectable without being aristocratic, evangelical without being demonstrative, and economical with a due sense of appearances. To mention her age would be un-

THE HUMAN GIRL

By HENRY H. BASHFORD

I.
“**B**UT Rhoda, best of wives, consider,” said I, and looked at her gravely. She was silent.

“Consider the difficulties that beset the writers of books. And why indeed should I launch my little bark upon the sea of letters? Consider the great ones, who will stare stonily upon me, rocks of comparison to shatter me to atoms. Consider the lesser ones, who yet command a public and will scoff at my loneliness. Consider also the myriads who have sunk where I shall sink.” But she laughed.

“Think of the fun of writing a real big book,” she said.

“Fun? But, Rhoda, dearest of girls and briefest of correspondents, think of four sides of a sheet of notepaper and multiply them, oh, by a million I should think. Fun?” She grew more serious, this very lissom and unmatronly young woman, who sat upon the edge of my writing-table and swung a dainty foot impatiently.

She grew more serious.

“Then think of the duty,” she observed, and thus with a woman’s intuition laid her hand upon the weakest spot in my entrenchment—an over-sensitive appreciation of the claims of duty. “Think of the good you might do,” she continued.

I shook my head.

“Alas, Rhoda, I fear I am no propagandist,” I said.

“Then be an exemplar—and you ought to write a book, because—”

“Well?”

“Because you are unpractical and sentimental, and a little poetical, and you can’t write when you’re gloomy.”

She pushed back a wilful wisp of brown hair that had strayed about her eyebrows.

“But the public, Rhoda, the great reading public?”

“You said there wouldn’t be any.”

“Then our own immediate circle, our friends—what will they think? They will say I am a poseur, a fatuous fellow, a loud-voiced, poor-minded varlet shouting upon the housetops.”

And then she laughed again, and when Rhoda laughs I am in a garden of June rosebuds with young summer knocking imperatively at their petals.

“They will never think that,” she said. “And, besides, besides—we haven’t minded what they said—before.”

The colour deepened in her brown cheeks.

And then the whole scheme of a story came to me, a story that should be at once an offering and a psalm, and a sermon, and a history; the story of how two people, I was going to call them commonplace people, but only one was commonplace, the story of how these two rebelled and were happy, and are poor and proud of it, and have no prospects but the enjoyment of such cheap entertainment as sun and sky and mother earth can bestow upon bodies simply fed and sufficiently vigorous, upon hearts content with poverty and glad of life. It should be a poem in prose this book that I would write.

And Rhoda guessed my thoughts.

“You splendid person,” she cried. “You have had an idea. I saw it come. Oh, please, please take care of it!”

I collected a little dignity and went to the window. The lawn was silken and sunny and striped from recent mowing. I pursed my lips.

“Now don’t be silly,” said Rhoda.

“I beg your pardon.”

“Don’t be silly,” said Rhoda; “and tell me your great Idea.”

Then I sat down before her and we looked at one another in silence. Then I drew a deep breath.

“Very well,” said I, “I will even write a book.”

She nodded.

“Good boy,” she said, and in much the same tones as those with which she rewards Poncho when he finds a tennis ball in a shrub. “Good boy,” she repeated. “And I hope you will begin soon. You have been horribly idle lately, don’t you think?”

“Idle? And I rose at seven.”

“Well?”

"Seven is usually considered to be a sufficiently early hour."

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gallant, but she remembers the Crimean war and loves the Heir of Redclyffe.

She wears a cap and disapproves of the juxtaposition of jam and butter upon the same portion of bread. When I was thirty it occurred to her that I should take a holiday. "You are looking unwell. You have now been in your office, where I presume you give satisfaction, for ten years. My dear Giles, why do you not go away to some quiet country place for a complete change of air and scenery?"

"But you know I never take holidays; I don't believe in 'em; they are unsettling, unsatisfactory and hopelessly overpraised."

She shook her head.

"It is my advice. You can take it or leave it," observed my aunt, who is nothing if not obvious.

I resumed the evening paper. Presently, "They can spare you, I suppose?" she suggested.

"Oh, I suppose so."

But in my own mind I doubted, though with shame and loathing I admit it. And yet how many of us consider ourselves indispensable to our own little spheres?

"Then, my dear Giles, I should take the opportunity of so singularly fine a season and go."

But I shook my head, for indeed I hated holidays. They disturbed the even tenor of life, they broke the steady flow of a moderate income, they interfered with the machinery of existence.

For my life was lived by rule and regulation, my world was bounded by bricks and mortar, my skies were geometrical and angular, my prospects certain if some what distant, my pleasures urban and anæmic.

I was a machine for making an annual supply of money which preserved me for purposes of similar endeavour.

In twenty years' time I should be making two and a half times as much, when, if circumstances so arranged it, I might marry in accordance with my position, and breed children to follow in my footsteps. Mother Earth was then only so much damp mould, useful for burying purposes; the weather, sunny or wet, was merely the indication as to the garments to be worn; the shout of the wind was but an invitation to a tram; warm rain meant a mackintosh, and the

kiss of the sun was but a reminder of too thick an overcoat.

This was only two years ago, when I, Giles Vereker, was thirty years of age, entirely upright, a firm believer in the desirability of the life I led, a city clerk, and the churchwarden of a suburban parish.

Moreover, there were probably one million persons with much the same outlook upon life.

At this juncture, the vicar came in. He was very brown and contemptuous, and had just returned from Normandy.

"How do you do, Miss Vereker? My dear Giles, you are looking quite run down. Why don't you take a holiday?"

I smiled at the repetition of this remark, and reiterated my boast.

"I never take holidays. I don't need them. London is good enough for me, and I have twenty minutes' walk to the station."

"Well, well," said the vicar, genially. "You know best, but you are not looking well, and holidays are good for the soul of man, ha-ha! and—why here is Miss Ashby."

Miss Ashby has the district next to my aunt's. She is interested in temperance, and knits woollen cuffs for orphan children of deficient intellect. She is, I should judge, about half my aunt's age, and there has been a suggestion of matrimony.

"Mr. Vereker is not looking well," she observed, after having greeted the vicar. "Not at all well. You should make him take a walk in Clissold Park, Miss Vereker—a walk in Clissold Park every day."

My aunt adjusted her spectacles. "I have advised him to take a holiday," she said.

"How beautiful," observed Miss Ashby.

"But entirely unnecessary," said I.

"You will return refreshed," said she.

"I might never return at all," said I. I trust that it is not pride which bids me record that she turned a little pale.

"Oh, don't say that," she observed. Then she coloured a little and laughed. "How could we get on without you—the parish I mean?"

"I cannot imagine," said I, with a touch of humour, and offered her some tea-cake, which she accepted.

"It will do you so much good," she said. And so it did, but not, poor soul, in the way she imagined, nor indeed according to

the ideas of any in the little parlour on that eventful day.

"I have sometimes thought," said Miss Ashby, "that Stoke Newington, pleasant though it is, is not exactly bracing."

"It is exceedingly healthy," said my aunt.

"But a little monotonous perhaps," interposed the vicar.

"The mortality is low," said my aunt.

"Quite so, quite so," said the vicar, "but I fancy Miss Ashby was referring rather to mental than bodily stimulation."

Stimulation in any sense is distasteful to Miss Ashby, but she looked gratefully at the vicar.

"Mental, of course," she said.

"Then I agree with you entirely," said the vicar, heartily. "Present company excepted, of course, ha-ha!" Our vicar has a keener sense of humour than most of us, but we all laughed, and Miss Ashby had a second cup of tea.

At this point, Jones, who is our organist, and works for some wholesale hemp importers in Saint Mary Axe, made his appearance.

"By jove, you are looking very unfit," he said.

Then he begged my aunt's pardon for the expletive.

"But he is, you know, really. He ought to go away for a bit of a change."

Jones uses dumb-bells, and is the least bit self-assertive.

"I advised him to do so, myself," said my aunt, "half-an-hour before you came in."

This was, of course a hint that Jones was not alone in a certain power of rising to an occasion. A momentary silence fell upon the company, but Jones broke it with quiet assurance.

"And very excellent advice, too, Miss Vereker. Where did you tell him to go?"

"I had not specified a destination."

"Brighton is a nice place," said Jones.

"But my brother likes the Broads. No sugar, thank you, and Margate is, of course, extremely bracing."

Jones in one sense is my rival.

"You have travelled such a great deal, Mr. Jones, that I am afraid you must be rather idle," said Miss Ashby, with gentle raillery.

"Not at all, not at all," said Jones; "I deny the soft impeachment, but I do go to a different place each year."

My aunt regards Jones, who is a little modern, with disfavour. "I should think that is very wise," she observed, ambiguously.

"That's what I think," said Jones. "It keeps one from getting in a groove."

My aunt frowned.

"Did Mrs. Bellow take a soup-ticket, Miss Ashby?" she asked.

"I did not see you on the 9.15 this morning," said Jones.

"Good-bye," said the vicar.

"I must really be going," said Miss Ashby.

"I am walking your way," said Jones.

"Good-bye," said my aunt.

And when they had gone she turned to me with a certain triumph.

"They all said the same," she observed.

I nodded.

"People often do."

"Shall you go?"

I walked to the window.

The houses on the opposite side of the street are all the same shape, and the years have painted them a similar colour.

"Kynance, Sea-view, Ferndale, Everest, Chillianwallah," I read their names one by one. They were very familiar. Far down the road was a postman. A newspaper blew aimlessly in the gutter, and a little way up the street a fish-bone lay upon a doorstep.

The sun was hidden by an emporium of boots and shoes; a tram tinkled in the distance.

In half-an-hour it would be time to put on my carpet slippers with the crocuses upon them. In an hour we should have high tea. Peter would be late to-night, but we might yet have a game of backgammon.

Meanwhile, I was about to purchase a bottle of the digestive tonic that two ministers of the gospel and a signalman had recommended so strongly in my morning newspaper. I stepped to the front gate.

There a small boy greeted me impatiently.

He was very brown, and he looked at me contemptuously with saucy eyes.

"Hullo," he said.

"Hullo," said I. "And why are you not doing your home lessons?"

He looked cautiously up and down the street. Then he lowered his voice dramatically.

"I haven't been to school to-day," he said.

"You have played truant?"

He nodded.

"It was such a ripping day."

"Where have you been?"

"All over the place."

"You are looking very well."

"Thanks, I'm quite fit."

"What'll happen to-morrow?"

"Four."

"Four?"

"Two on each hand."

I was silent.

"But it's jolly well worth it," he said.

"Ta-ta."

I turned meditatively up the garden path, and for the first time in my life envied this small boy of my acquaintance.

Later in the evening, Peter and I sat over the backgammon board.

Peter is two years my senior, and earns ten pounds a year more than I do. He never buys newspapers, and has perhaps saved a hundred pounds more than I have. Like me he had never taken a holiday.

Suddenly I laid my hands upon the dice.

"Peter," I said solemnly. "Brother Peter, I am going to make a decision."

He stared at me dubiously.

"I am going to toss with you, and for the moment you shall represent Work and Tradition and Respectability and Uniformity and Stoke Newington. I am going to stand for Youth and Sunshine and Rebellion. If I win I shall take a holiday—a holiday, Peter, on the grounds of indifferently health."

And after some persuasion he threw, and scored a four and a five, a quite substantial protest on the part of the old life. But I—I threw double sixes, and rose with a strange triumph in my heart, a new intoxication in my veins.

"To-morrow," I said. "To-morrow—where shall I be this time to-morrow, Peter?"

"I cannot say," said Peter.

III.

A bright moon-daisy rose and fell against my cheek; cool grass pillowed my head, surrounded me, sheltered me, sang to me; a stream bubbled peacefully over shiny pebbles; a lark rose up into the sky; June looked down into my eyes.

Skirting this pasture, where I lay, with my knapsack tossed beside me, a hot road stretched out across a common bright with broom and sprinkled with little flowers.

Beyond the common lay a belt of pines, backed by a blue distance, clear and remote, and London—London was in another world, firmaments away, if indeed it had not perished æons ago.

The sun smiled down into my face, and its hearty kiss lay warm upon my cheek, stealing indeed about the whole of my being, into my heart and down my arteries, into my muscles and along my nerves, like wine, and victory, and music.

Yet beyond the fact that I was unwontedly happy and free from care I could not very well say what change possessed me, nor did I rightly know whither in this beautiful world a wayward circumstance had led me.

So I lay staring vacantly into the sky and thinking, if memory does not play me false, of nothing at all; of nothing at all until a voice at my right hand observed monotonously:

"A simple synthesis of pepsin, there's the rub; a suitable admixture of hydrochloric acid—gastric hydrochloric acid, there's another rub, and the proportions, there's a third rub—ha-ha! a rubber of rubs, a rubber of rubs."

I lay silent, trying to collect my senses and remember my whereabouts.

"A rubber of rubs—and yet if it could be done, my! if it could only be done it would transform the world."

Here the hedge rustled excitedly.

I cocked myself on an elbow and looked cautiously about me.

"Gastric juice," pursued the voice, "gastric juice, its want, its defects, the lack of it, its superabundance; they be at the root of the round world's misery—I wonder if Rhoda is watching that distillation—it should be about time for the last fraction."

And now, through a gap in the hedge I saw a lean face with grey eyes and a

wide mobile mouth. It was the face, I said, of a dreamer. It was a combination of Dante and Savonarola, of Luther and S. Francis—the face of a man athirst for the well being of others, for the moral up-raising of a careless world. He had probably been clean shaven some three days previously, and he smoked a clay pipe.

"Shades of Beaumont and S. Martin, shade of Pawlow!" he cried enigmatically. "If I succeed the world shall be regenerate."

And the hedge rustled a second time.

Now, on first thoughts, it had seemed to me that I had surprised a secret and a certain delicacy of feeling had suggested some demonstration of the nature of a cough.

But suddenly a horrid doubt crept into my mind that I was but a hedge's width from a lunatic—and a hedge, too, that had a gap in it.

I lay very still, with a beating heart. The lark and the stream still sang, but the sky seemed stormy, and my breath came and went with the roar of an engine.

"Gastritis, chronic, acute, sub-acute, melancholia, paroxysmal, continual; depression, temporary and eternal; irritability and suspicion; they are all one pestilent brood, and I am on their track. Haha, my bucks, I'm after you. I wonder if Rhoda is watching carefully; I doubt if I should have left so minute a fractional distillation in her hands." And then at my left hand I heard a frightened whisper.

"Goodness, an' I forgot every bit about it."

The situation was growing tense. This new voice sounded very close, but the grass was deep, and I lay very still. Then a third voice exclaimed:

"Hush, he will see us; stoop down here, in the shadow."

Then silence, while the lark sang and the stream tinkled, and the sun shone down, and a bumble bee drummed gorgeously above my head.

"And for all practical purposes," said the voice of the dreamer, "for all practical purposes, when cooled to body temperature, the last fraction should be pure normal gastric juice, capable of replacing in any average stomach the ordinary secre-

tion, and opening a vista to the dyspeptic, that will seem a shining road to Paradise."

"That's daddy at his very best," said the second voice in a hushed whisper. He proceeded, "For heaven, according to modern theology, is rather a condition than a location, the enjoyment of that which we lack in the moral world, a complete equipment of uprightness; in the dyspeptic, a normal gastric secretion."

"Isn't it ripping?" from the second voice.

"A perfect stomach, the Valhalla of dyspepsia."

And all the while I lay like a corpse in the deep green grass, a bead of perspiration upon my forehead, my heart melting within me. And once I thought of Peter, at his office in Lime Street, and groaned—fortunate Peter, who was in no predicament at all.

Then the third voice murmured:

"What shall we do, Rhoda?"

"Can't do anything now. I expect it's burnt, or evaporated, or something."

"What—the Valhalla of the dyspeptics?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I say, Rhoda, you naughty girl. Won't he be angry?"

"Very, very angry. I shall have to get my tea somewhere else."

"Does he—often get angry?"

"Sometimes."

"With you?"

"Generally. You see there isn't anybody else, but Phil and the Mermaid. And Phil's at school and the Mermaid's such a darling."

"Why do you call her the Mermaid?"

"Oh, I don't know. She used to think daddy found her in the Isle of Wight—on the beach, you know."

"The next question, of course, will be its compression into tabloid form," pursued the voice behind the hedge. "Everything must be compressed nowadays. The hand that makes the tabloid rules the world."

And then he rose to his feet.

He seemed excessively tall, for above the hedge I could catch a glimpse of his earnest clean-cut face, the profile of a mystic, struck out against the hot June sky.

There was a movement near me as of

persons crouching with pent-up breath, a suggestion of summer frocks being crumpled into shadow.

Then came long moments of suspense. Then I cocked myself upon my elbow again and looked cautiously towards the hedge.

The figure had disappeared. I peered curiously up and down, and then to my horror perceived him gazing at me with some interest. He leaned over a gate, and his eyes were very keen.

"Have you lost something?" he asked politely.

I stared at him, with my mouth, I fear, somewhat widely open.

"Yes, no, yes, no I don't think so."

"You do not seem quite certain."

"I—I thought I saw a butterfly."

"They are common—it is very possible."

"A—a dark-coloured one with—with red spots on it."

"A Painted Lady, for example, or a Red Admiral?"

"Er—I—I'm not quite sure. I fancy it must have been a red lady, as you say, but my eyesight isn't as—as good as it might be, you know. Er—have you got the time on you?"

He glanced thoughtfully at the sun, and I could swear that he smiled.

"It is about half-past three I should think," he observed.

And by this time I had risen to my feet, conscious of no personal dignity at all.

My waistcoat, a summer one of a material dictated by economy, was covered with little blades of grass. My trousers were decked with pollen, and one of my cheeks had been burned by the sun. My hat lay in the grass, my hair was ruffled, and, as I learned afterwards, one end of my tie blew carelessly in the breeze.

"May I suggest a traveller?" queried the man at the gate, taking out his pipe and blowing a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Yes I—I think so. Oh yes, certainly."

"You delight me, you are a philosopher, sir."

"Eh?"

"A philosopher."

"I—I don't quite understand you."

"You are certain of nothing. You have an open mind—the truest rule of life."

And then suddenly I became aware of

two pairs of bright eyes, looking curiously at me from the shadow of the hedge. They were hidden from the chemist at the gate, but I stood in the sunlight full in their field of vision. I glanced at them involuntarily, and with something of a shock, saw a sudden flame of anger leap into all four of them.

Two pairs of eyebrows came down, two pairs of lips threatened.

I got one moment's vision of flushed cheeks, and untidy hair, two summer hats, cool blouses, and dark country skirts, and then turned blushfully to my new acquaintance.

"The truest philosophy," he repeated.

"I should like to make further acquaintance. May I join you for a little?"

And here by some inexplicable spiritual impulse my glance flickered back to the girls under the hedge.

Two heads shook in unison, and I thought—I thought I saw a brown fist clenched shyly behind a tuft of grass.

The situation lay beyond any previous experience, nor was I any way prepared to grapple with it.

I looked at the man at the gate and stammered.

"Not at all—not at all," I said, and wondered helplessly what he would do. But he merely raised his hat, with a piqued expression.

"Then good-day," he observed, and moved thoughtfully down the lane.

Presently the girls rose cautiously and shook themselves a little, and it did not seem to me that either of them had seen their twentieth summer. It was very plain that they regarded me with disfavour, and indeed I stood before them an eavesdropper self-confessed.

I wondered which was Rhoda, and instinct told me that she would be the angrier of the two.

Her brown eyes were full of reproach, and her lips seemed to be as nearly scornful as it was possible for her to make them. Her cheeks were fresh and cool, and she stood like a dainty iceberg in the sunlight.

Then I held the gate open, and they passed through without a word.

IV.

This conversation took place between Miss Rhoda Welby and Miss Susan Blake in a road between Merridew Mill and the village of Little Elmington:—

"I am sure he is horrid. He looked just like a bank clerk. Did you ever see such a tie?—and button boots, too—ugh!"

"He kept Mr. Welby from finding you out anyway."

"He didn't mean to, an' he heard all we said. I hate him."

"What else could he have done? Besides, perhaps he was asleep."

"I believe he was tipsy. Did you hear him stammer? An' one side of his face was all red."

"You're very unkind, Rhoda."

"I'm not. He's a horrid, inquisitive Londoner. Why, he hardly knew how to open a gate."

"Never mind, Rhoda. You won't ever see him again."

"I wonder who he is."

(Rhoda says she didn't make this last remark, but allows it to stand as some sort of apology for her share in the foregoing conversation, which she assures me is as near to truth as most realistic novelists can hope to arrive.)

V.

It was ten years since I had supped out of London, with the prospect of three long and entirely idle weeks staring me in the face.

Dumbly I tried to realise the situation. By the time I had demolished my third boiled egg it dawned upon me a little.

I ate bread and jam, with roses blowing in through the open window, dispensing fragrance and nodding encouragement. I drank two cups of tea, and the cool air swept joyously into the little parlour where I had installed myself.

I pulled out a pipe, and children outside laughed as no London children laugh, jesting with one another in a broad and hearty speech, that rolled jovially off their baby tongues, and smacked of a yeoman sturdiness. And leaning in the doorway with the new moon mounting slowly over the downs growing dim, I took a deep breath of this tonic sun-cleansed air, and told myself that to-morrow, and to-morrow,

and to-morrow I might go where I liked, and come when I liked, be slack or strenuous, take the downs on the arm of the wind, or the deep lane led by the sun, or the cottage porch held prisoner by the eloquence of my landlady.

And in the dusk a pallid procession of my old associates came past me; slunk by, as it seemed to me, as though they knew me their superior. I reviewed them with a fine pity, my aunt, Miss Ashby, Jones, and Peter. How I pitied them, them and my city associates, poor puny fellows, for the most part narrow-chested and pallid, while I—and then I remembered with a blush that but yesterday I was one of them, and one day could have made no great difference in my colour and physique. And so I sauntered up the winding village street and out along a hushed lane that skirted the foot of the downs.

And presently I espied the prettiest house, but one, that it has been my lot to see. Leaning upon the gate I saw one corner of a lawn, rich like cloth of gold, and beyond it a wing of the house, old and red, coloured by sun and wind, clasped by roses, nodding tremulously in the dusk. It would seem a very palace of rest.

And now a star trembled above it, and now the young moon peeped over its rooftop, and now a sudden glow of light proclaimed the front door opened from within. I waited lazily, conscious of standing in shadow, and wondering to myself the nature of its fortunate inhabitants.

And then the bar of light was blotted out by the figure of a man of surpassing stature.

He walked round the garden, and presently, in his wanderings, passed close to where I stood.

"Entirely spoilt," he said, "entirely spoilt, and a week's work absolutely undone. Had it been a dog I should have said, 'Oh, Fido, Fido,' but since it was Rhoda, there is, of course, her character to be considered. I'm glad I sent her to bed."

And the last words I heard him say echoed softly through the shrubbery.

"Normal pepsin—normal pepsin"—they floated clearly down the cool night air.

Then something warm touched my hand, and I bent suddenly down.

Honesty compels me to state that it was the ugliest dog I have ever seen, and having seen him often since, a maturer judgment has only confirmed this impression. But he seemed friendly and wagged a mottled tail so that it beat loudly against the gate. Presently the chemist went in, and I heard the front door bang behind him.

So I had tracked him to his lair, and this was his dog.

The world is full of incongruities, and it seemed to me a very notable example that such a man should inhabit so gentle a dwelling-place. Then a slight sound at an upper casement bade me spring back into my hiding place.

A head was protruded cautiously. The shoulders to which it belonged were clad in white.

I could almost feel two brown eyes searching the darkness, and then a voice called guardedly.

It was a young voice, strangely impenitent, clear, and full of laughter. It spoke, as I supposed, to the dog, "Poncho," it called. "Poncho."

VI.

There is a stream, that wanders down from the hills and, winding among villages and pastures, turns Merridew Mill, and eventually finds its way to a sandy estuary upon the coast. Above the mill I lay upon its banks and smoked my morning pipe. Presently my pipe went out, the hot air began to quiver over the grass, the singing of birds became monotonous, the insects hummed, the stream chattered, sang, crooned, whispered, and I fancy I must have slept, for in a dream a monkey threw a cocoanut at my face and another and a third. Then I started up to challenge him, and saw only a pellet of green grass upon my lap, and a little brown faced girl upon the opposite side of the stream.

She was very brown; her cheeks were brown, her neck was brown, her hands were brown.

She wore a smock frock to her knees, and her legs were brown. She wore sandals, and her toes were brown.

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Only her teeth were white, and these I could see very well, for she was laughing, as I gathered, at myself.

"Hullo," she said.

"Hullo."

"You were asleep."

"I fancy you're right."

"I woke you up."

"That was very unkind."

"Why was it unkind? It's on'y morning yet."

"I was dreaming."

"What were you dreaming about?"

"Little monkeys throwing cocoanuts, only it was a little girl throwing grass bullets. But there's not much difference, is there?"

"I don't know. What's your name?"

"Giles; what's yours?"

"Elizabeth Jane Maria—but they call me the Mermaid."

"Why do they call you the Mermaid?"

"'Cause I used to think Daddy picked me up on the beach—but I don't now. I'm eleven. How old are you?"

"Ever so old."

"Twenty?"

"Older than that."

"Then you're older than Rhoda."

"Who's Rhoda?"

"My sister. She teaches me lessons, an' sometimes I hate her, but generally she's rather decent."

"Oh."

She removed her sandals.

"I'm coming over," she said, and entered the stream.

And presently she sat down beside me, looking meditatively down her long slender legs.

"My father's a Chemical Physiologist," she observed at last. "What's yours?"

"He's dead."

"A corpse?" in shocked tones.

"Yes."

"I say!"

The silence became a little awkward, for I was unused to conversing with little girls.

"He's been dead a long time," I said at last, in an effort to put her at ease.

"I say!"

"More than twenty years."

"I say!"

Then she looked at me gravely. "It's rather sad," she said, "that my father

should be a Chemical Physiologist and your father a corpse, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"They couldn't be much different, could they?"

"Not much, but they—they both begin with C you know."

She looked at me with a puzzled expression.

"Where do you live?" she asked, irrelevantly.

But before I could answer a faint "cooe" came down the meadow.

She donned her sandals and jumped hastily to her feet.

"That's Rhoda," she said. "I must go. I—I think I might like you, if I knew you better."

"Thank you, little Mermaid," said I.

Later in the day my landlady brought my tea into the porch. She had been voluminous in conversation for the last half hour, and paused now with her hand upon the cosy.

"He be a strange man, be Master Welby," she pursued. "A very strange gentleman he be, but wonderful clever. He's a—well I don't know rightly what he is, only it's two things. Long words, too, they be."

"Chemical physiologist," I murmured.

She looked at me with a shade of suspicion upon her honest countenance.

"It do sound something like that," she admitted at last. "And folk do say he have written a book."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Mrs. Welby she died ten year ago, after her last, and Miss Rhoda she keeps house for the poor gentleman."

"Does she do it well?"

She giggled.

"Ah, now you be asking summat, and the poor gentleman that hard to please."

"He—he's not at all mad is he, do you think?"

"Well, there's folk as say he be, an' folk as say he ben't, an' it's that hard to be certain sure. But he's what they call a phil—"

"Philosopher."

"That's it, an' you never can tell about them sort of folk, can you?"

"Never."

And then two figures came in sight,

stepping lightly down the dusty road, accompanied by Poncho.

As they passed the cottage, the little brown girl looked round and flashed a smile of recognition, but her sister held straight forward with her chin perhaps a fraction higher.

Some girls convey an expression of scorn with great natural aptitude, but the Human Girl is not of these, and hauteur does not sit convincingly upon her.

I smiled a little, and gave a currant bun to Poncho.

And then as he waited for another, a bold and original idea flashed unbidden upon my mind. My landlady had disappeared, and a crimson ribbon held some gauze about a pot of pink geraniums. I removed it deftly, and to Poncho's leather collar added a daring decoration.

VII.

But next day, as I dallied over my breakfast, Poncho appeared, ribbonless, and I could not help wondering if my Lady Rhoda had removed the ornament with her own dainty and indignant fingers—if she had hazarded a guess as to its origin.

The act seemed a sort of challenge, and I made the sudden resolve that henceforward there should be a duel between us. Poncho, on this beautiful morning, seemed particularly friendly, and devoured at my hands large quantities of home-made bread soaked cunningly in bacon fat. For this, said I, is a strategical move of the highest importance, and should prove invaluable in the later stages of the battle. And from all this you will see, as now on a dispassionate consideration I myself perceive, that a certain lightness of spirit was already displacing my heretofore monotonous habit of life. Occasionally I would find myself chuckling for no reason at all, and once or twice I sang a bar or two of "Robin Adair" or "The Bailiff's Daughter."

The inception of this subtle change I cannot date, but events have proved its reality. So I finished my breakfast with a mirthful heart, threw a pebble at a passing chaffinch, and issued jauntily upon the village highway. Little Elmington



Rhoda was balancing herself like a schoolboy on a stile.

possesses two shops where may be purchased any known article of commerce, besides many that can rarely have been seen before—mole-traps, and portraits of Elijah, and the like.

And if either of them has an advantage over the other it is perhaps the one whose picture hats vaunt a direct Parisian origin.

This indeed would seem to have been a master-stroke of commercial diplomacy, for the rival establishment, as I am told, has lately become lamentably deserted by the village beauties.

To this shop I hurried with a light heart, though later with some trepidation, and when I stood before its entrance I was glad to observe that I should be the only customer.

The long street on either side was almost empty. I took a deep breath and entered.

"Silk, sir?"

"I think so."

"Broad or narrow, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't mind. Middling I should think."

"And the colour, sir? Any particular colour?"

"Anything except red."

"Yes, sir; how would orange do, sir?"

"Excellently."

"For a lady, sir?"

And then for a moment I gazed at him dubiously. Poncho had not appeared to me as a creature of sex, and for a moment I was at a loss. Then probabilities asserted themselves.

"For a gentleman," I observed with some dignity.

He looked a little surprised.

"Er—about what length, sir? One yard, two yards, three—?"

"About a foot."

His face fell a little.

"Yes, sir; and the next thing, sir?"

But here a voice sounded in the doorway.

"My philosopher again. Good-morning, sir, good-morning."

A cold shiver ran down my frame, but with a marvellous presence of mind I seized my ribbon from the shopkeeper's palsied hand and placed it in my bosom.

Then I turned quietly to my inquisitor, though I fancy my voice trembled a little.

"Good-morning," I observed; "it is a fine day and will probably be warm." The Chemical Physiologist appeared radiant, and purchasing some waistcoat buttons and a ball of string, suggested that we should take a walk together.

I hesitated, for, to be truthful, I stood in some awe of this strange but hospitable man. But presently, with a boldness that had become almost natural to me in these last few days, I fell in with his proposals, and we passed out of the village together, out of the village and up a lane that died away into a track upon the downs, and up the downs, studded with little junipers, where the winds met us and the peewits cried, and an occasional rabbit darted from our feet.

"And talking of philosophy," said my friend, "talking of philosophy. I will even introduce you to the finest philosopher I know."

He pointed a lean finger to a bit of a humped-up cottage, crouched beneath a shoulder of the hills.

"He has lived there for eighty years, first as a boy who scared the rooks, then as a shepherd's lad and lastly as a full-blown shepherd. He can almost talk to sheep, and understands them like a father. In biblical phrase, they know his voice, or knew it, until he retired from the business. And now he lives in the old house still, and grows his beans and potatoes, and looks upon his sons and grandsons, and went a year ago to a christening of his eldest grandson's boy."

And presently the old man hailed us in the tremulous sing-song tones of age, but his cheeks were wrinkled healthily with clear blood beneath them, and his eyes were blue and bright.

Of his conversation I cannot remember all after two years, but it seemed to me his philosophy was chiefly as follows:

"There be some as goes," he said, with the Socratic emphasis of the rustic senior, "there be some as goes, an' some as bides. An' the happiest be them as bides." He pointed back to his cottage, and indicated the top window.

"Eighty year," he continued. "Eighty year come Michaelmas I've slep' in that there room, slep' in the same bed I have,

an' stared o' mornin's through the same bit o' winder.

"When I were a boy that bit o' sky as I seed seemed to me like a bit o' the blue sea, an' I lay an' told myself as how I would go out to furrin parts an' wander an' see the world, an' all the time that bit o' sky seemed to smile at me and tell me to come along. But I didn't. I jest stayed where I was, an' follered my father. And then when I were a grown man an' walked out wi' M'ria, as were the blacksmith's darter in Little Elm yon, I still stared at that bit o' sky mornin's, but I didn't want to travel no more, an' told myself as how t'were M'ria's eyes, so blue like an' clear they were. An' I looked at 'em hard an' wondered if she loved me. An' then I arst her, an' we got married. An' still I jest stayed where I were, an M'ria long of me. An' now mornin's, aye an' evenin's, too, I thinks 'tis the Good Lord's place waitin' for me. There's them as goes an' there's them as bides, an' your bacca do suit me wonderful well, Master Welby."

Walking quietly down the homeward road we came suddenly upon a cottage, which I now know to be the most beautiful in the two hemispheres.

Even then its situation and surroundings pleased me, with the wide view of the hills before it, the elms about its flanks, and its hushed protected garden. I think I admired it, for the Chemical Physiologist turned to me with some emphasis.

"And next week it will be empty," he said. "For the grandson of that same old philosopher considers that he will be happier in town on a somewhat augmented income. Isn't it terrible—this rush for money, this inordinate desire for luxury, this fleeing away from simplicity, from the old ordained order of life, and the real joys of a healthy mind in a healthy body, at peace with God in a country-side like this. The rent of that cottage is four shillings a week, and the garden will go far in keeping a family. There are downs for the children, and fresh air by day and night, unsullied by any suspicion of fog or soot or smoke. And the future of that family? A sordid suburban street, pallid and anæmic children, cheap theatres, and penny magazines. Now I am a sane man, and I say this. Why do not

men come out boldly and at any sacrifice of so-called social position, live in a peaceable poverty in places like these? A little income would go far out here to make life very happy and sufficient, and we should breed strong children, with the love of nature in their hearts."

He paused.

"There would be less gastritis," he began pensively, but here I left him rather hurriedly.

"I have a letter to write," I said, and retired into my parlour.

In the evening Poncho went proudly home with an orange ribbon flaunting at his neck.

VIII.

And so two days passed very uneventfully, marked by no change except the confirming of that physical regeneration which was opening my eyes to the full possibilities of life.

I grew sunburnt and strong. I felt my muscles. I could not tire myself. I sang like a boy and slept like a child.

And one day I tied a green bow round Poncho's neck and one day a blue, and still he returned to me ribbonless and naked. It was only natural that I should often meet Rhoda and her sister, and once or twice I saw her friend of the pasture, whose eyes I felt certain twinkled with remembrance. And once, on the same country lane, I met Rhoda and the Mermaid, hatless and flushed, and both of them out of breath. Rhoda's brown hair was very untidy, and strayed about her eyes, and before she saw me she was laughing, balancing herself like a schoolboy on a stile. Then suddenly her eyes met mine. I ought not to have stared, but indeed I could not help it. Her lips were parted, her young body poised, her hands outstretched, as though she scattered favours on the grass. She was wild, and sweet, and glorious, and I could not help it, and if I should name a moment I would say that It happened then.

I could not take my eyes from her, and slowly a deeper colour crept into her cheeks. Then her arms fell suddenly. She spoke sharply to the Mermaid. She picked up her hat.

The Mermaid had not seen me at first, was for coming to talk to me, only her sister held her arm.

And so we stood, we three and Poncho. The girls had been playing with Poncho, and now for the first time my glance rested upon him.

I believe I must have rubbed my eyes. I am certain that my heart leaped thrice within my breast. For there around his neck were all my ribbons, red, and orange, and green, and blue. I could hardly trust myself. And then, at last, but very tardily, good manners reasserted themselves.

I turned my eyes away and gripped my walking stick, and through a world that might have been a garden of the gods I walked on air and drank nectar, as I climbed the crisp green down. But, alas, one may not dwell for long upon the mountain tops of experience, and every golden hour goes to a grave. When I returned for lunch, upon the self-same track, still musing joyously, an apparition came to bid me mourn. For there, almost where I had left them, they in their turn had left Poncho.

Poor Poncho, I can see you now as you looked in that terrible hour, poor crest-fallen, tail-dragging, slinking, bald and miserable Poncho.

You crept home at my heels, oh, Poncho, and we were but a sorry couple to travel through such a gorgeous summer noon.

And yet I made a satisfactory lunch, and, if I remember rightly, we shared the fourth chop between us.

IX.

In the garden of the second most beautiful house in the world I drank a cup of tea, and Rhoda talked to me in a very proper and grown-up manner.

"I hope," she said, "you are feeling better for your holiday."

"Thank you. I feel quite strong."

"Are you fond of London?"

"I hate it."

Then I realised what I had said. It gave me something of a shock. Men who rescind a creed, or lay aside a cherished dogma; men who betray their country, or

sell their brethren, must surely feel as I felt then.

Did I mean it? Was I truthful? And then I looked at her very deliberately.

"I loathe, and abhor, and detest it," I said, solemnly, like one who says the Athanasian creed. It was to me a very awful and notable speech, but Rhoda appeared unaffected.

She added a lump of sugar to her tea—the Human Girl takes three lumps, and sometimes four, if no one is looking.

"Really?" she said.

I looked at her a little helplessly. Could this very prim young woman be my vision of the downs?

"Er—do you—do you cycle?" I asked.

"A little—when the roads are good."

"Are the roads about here good?"

"Some of them."

I groaned inwardly.

"Do you—I mean are you fond of—of tennis?"

"I like it very much, when the weather isn't too hot."

"It's rather hot to-day, isn't it?"

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps it is."

"Do you—. Oh, I say, does she always talk like this, Mermaid?"

Now this was very rude, considering that her father had only introduced us that afternoon. But what's an introduction?

I had known her years before, nor ever thought about anyone else. But the Mermaid shook her head.

"Only since she put her hair up," she observed.

Then Rhoda grew very rosy, and the servant came to fetch the tea things.

"I'll show you round the garden," she said. "If—if you like, you know."

I said I should like it very much, and we walked leisurely about the garden paths.

And now she even became a little friendly, and once was beginning to tell me about her troubles, her hatred of chemistry and cooking, teaching and managing, and in fact, so far as I could understand it, of everything except certain forms of recreation.

But at this point the Mermaid joined us, prattling irrelevantly, and had to be satisfied and amused.

At one end of the garden a low wall separated it from an adjoining meadow recently mown. The evening air was full of the scent of hay, and cool with a suggestion of adventure in it. The Mermaid was in the wildest spirits and presently jumped the wall, Poncho barking at her heels.

From the opposite side she looked back at us, flushed and triumphant. "You can't do it," she said, looking at me with some contempt. "You can't do it, an' Rhoda daren't."

I looked at Rhoda and smiled, for the wall that is built of hairpins is hard to scale, and to long frocks there is a great gulf fixed.

Then I leaped the wall, as I trust, with some grace, and caught up the Mermaid and set her upon my shoulder, and then together we looked back at the Human Girl. The sunset shone about her, nestled in her hair, caressed her cheeks. She looked one way and another and then at us.

"You daren't," crowed the Mermaid, from her point of vantage. "You know you daren't, you promised Daddy."

But alas for promises, she leaped lightly over the wall with well-accustomed limbs.

"Who said I daren't?" she asked, standing before us, panting a little.

The Mermaid was moving up and down triumphantly.

"I'll tell Daddy, I'll tell Daddy," she said. "Oh, Rhoda, you know you oughtn't. I'll tell Daddy."

"You're a bad little girl," said I to the Mermaid.

"You shall do dictation for a whole week," said Rhoda.

"But you'll never be able to talk to me again like you did at tea-time," said I, and Rhoda smiled.

"I'm so glad. I simply hated it," she said.

Then the Mermaid had to go in to bed, and Rhoda came with me to the gate beneath the trees.

Poncho followed us and nuzzled against her skirt.

"Isn't he sweet?" she said, bending down to kiss him. "Don't you think he's very sweet?"

"Sometimes."

"Why not always?"

"Yesterday I never saw him looking better—on the down you know."

"With all those horrid ribbons?"

"Yes."

"I wonder who ties them on."

"I wonder."

"I don't like them a bit, do you?"

"I thought they looked very nice. They made me feel quite happy."

"All the colours of the rainbow nearly."

"That's why they made me happy."

"I don't understand you."

I leaned upon the gate.

"The first rainbow," said I, "was a jewel of hope, set in tears."

X.

And now the days, that were not long enough to contain all that I must do, began to gallop, to gallop until a fortnight became nearly three weeks, and in all this time I had written but once to my aunt in Stoke Newington, and that had been but the briefest tidings of my safe arrival.

It was not without some misgivings, therefore, that I opened a letter, bearing the London postmark, which lay one Saturday upon my breakfast table.

It was from Peter, and announced with a brevity, almost curt, his proposed arrival at Little Elmington on that same afternoon.

"Distasteful," he wrote, "as travel has become to me, our aunt's anxiety as to your condition has bidden me come to put her mind at rest. I shall arrive at four."

Now at first, I must confess, this news did not altogether please me. It seemed very like the rebuking voice of a taskmaster, the knock of a sordid reality at my door of dreams.

But later, under the broadening influences of a ten-mile tramp beneath a sunny and windy sky, these baser feelings fled, and were replaced by a generous desire to infuse Peter with the worship of Mother Earth and her gifts to man.

With alert and springy footstep I paced the little platform and waited for the train. Yes, I would proselytize Peter.

"Hullo, old man," I said, gripping his hand with a hearty zest. "I'm so awfully

glad you were able to run down. You're not looking first rate."

He looked a little pained, and his hand trembled, as though my grasp had been too much for him. He looked somewhat suspicious, as if scenting a jest. Then he removed a handbag from his carriage.

"Thanks, I am in my usual health," he said. "You are looking brown." There was, I fancied, some reproach in his voice.

"Our aunt supposed you to be ill."

I laughed.

"No news is good news," said I.

"Not from a business man," said he, looking gravely at the country road. A business man? I groaned inwardly. Yes, I had almost forgotten that.

"We have been having ripping weather, down here," said I. "Simply first-class."

And again he flashed a suspicious glance in my direction.

"It has been fine in town," he said, "and for the last two weeks I have not found it necessary to take a train."

"Is aunt well?"

"She is in her usual health, but naturally somewhat anxious. Miss Ashley is wondering if you will be home in time to help her with the Band of Hope, which she is taking shortly to the Alexandra Palace."

And now we were in the hot road with the long line of the downs before us, cutting the horizon beneath a sky of serenest blue.

Haymakers sang at their work, brown-armed boys, looking at us shyly, led laden teams to barn and stack, and fresh-faced women paused from their raking to wonder whence Peter had come. I took deep breaths and strode.

"You are walking rather fast," said Peter.

I slowed down, looking luxuriously about me.

"It is rather hot," said Peter.

"Let us rest a bit under the trees and watch the haymaking. I have been doing some myself. It's splendid work, broadening, bracing, sane and splendid work," said I.

"Is the grass damp, do you suppose?" asked Peter.

I had thrown myself down carelessly, but now sat up and saw that Peter was

spreading his pocket handkerchief beneath an elm tree.

"The country is usually damp," observed Peter; "and I do not wish to return to town with impaired health."

"Impaired health? Why, man, I don't believe you have ever lived—ever lived in the real meaning of the world."

Peter stared me in frank bewilderment.

"I beg your pardon, Giles."

But I sighed.

"Oh, nothing," I said, "nothing at all. How is—how is Jones?"

"In his usual health," said Peter. "But hemp is not doing well."

Presently he grew a little restless.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"About a mile away."

"Isn't it nearly tea-time?"

"Why, yes, perhaps it is. Shall we move on?"

"I think we had better," said Peter.

"I—I have brought down the back gammon with me."

"Oh—thank you, thank you very much."

And then we heard voices that set my heart-strings fluttering. I shot a sidelong glance at Peter. He walked stolidly, clutching his bag and umbrella.

And at a bend in the lane Rhoda and the Mermaid almost ran into our arms.

"Hullo!" they cried, then paused suddenly, and looked soberly at Peter, who raised his hat, and I briefly introduced him. I had never seen Rhoda looking more radiant, but, oh! the infinity of suspicion in Peter's gaze when we had passed them on our homeward way.

I swung my stick nonchalantly.

"Rather nice-looking girls," I suggested.

"They seemed healthy," said Peter, and we proceeded silently to our tea. I have seldom had a more doleful meal.

After tea Peter pulled out the backgammon board, and with all the evening world a starlit invitation to wander beneath the skies, with the scents and sounds of the village in our ears, and the world filled with the rumour of peace, we rattled our dice and moved our draughts, while the hands of the clock crept snail-like round the dial.

After an infinite amount of clicking and scraping Peter won, and, under the influence of his victory, became almost genial.

I suggested a little stroll before retiring, and we took the lane beneath the downs.

With the fresh air my spirits, which had become overcast and gloomy, began to rise, and presently as we approached the gate that led upon the crisp upland turf, I felt my new self again.

The gate was shut, and then a sudden inspiration came to me.

"Peter," I said solemnly, "brother Peter, I believe I could jump that gate."

He looked at me open-mouthed.

"Yes, I believe I could jump that gate." And I did.

"And it must be four feet high, too," observed Peter.

As we returned to the cottage Poncho joined us, a white and substantial mongrel, trotting through the dusk.

"You seem to have made a lot of friends here," said Peter.

"A few."

"I had not looked upon you as a sociable man."

"Nor had I."

"I suppose it is the country air."

"I think it must be."

Halfway up the staircase to his bedroom Peter paused, and, holding his candle in one hand, turned himself about to address me.

The flickering light fell upon his countenance, lean and pale, and in his eyes I read something that was almost a menace.

I had thought to proselytize Peter, but now he stood above me, a very sword of Damocles.

I saw Duty and London, I saw Business and Stoke Newington, I saw Prudence and the Past, all personified in this my brother, and I trembled.

"I presume," he said, "that being restored to health, you will return with me on Monday?"

He waited for an answer.

I looked at him, and then my eyes fell. Wan streets rose up before me, and the 9.15 to the city came creaking before my vision. Buns at lunch-time, Chillianwallah, Ferndale, and a fish-bone on the doorstep crept to my mind's eye, and brooding above them all an inviolable tradition.

"I—I suppose so." I gasped, and tottered out to the garden gate in solitary wretchedness.

Nor did I find any to comfort me save only Poncho, who rubbed a warm nose against my trembling hand.

We walked up the village street together, in the gathering darkness. Being Saturday the shops were still open, though the hour was late, and gazing miserably into the window of one of them I gained a dismal inspiration.

I purchased two feet of crape, and late in the night, when the village slept, and only the bright stars saw his homeward path, Poncho, a sorrowful figure, clad in profoundest mourning, marched solemnly to his kennel.

XI.

Sunday in the country is a day of placid and lovely rest, nor is there about it any of that aching exhaustion, which characterises the same period in most of the larger cities.

And this Sunday rose peacefully above a contented world, and shone into the little parlour where Peter and I discussed our breakfast dishes.

Peter proposed that we should attend morning worship in the village church, and afterwards take a brief walk before our mid-day meal, and this was the programme that we followed out. The church was very full, and the atmosphere of it was in itself a tonic. The contact with these sun-burned, clear-eyed men and women, decked quaintly in their best costumes, the weather-beaten ring of their voices, chanting the Psalms or singing lusty hymns, the broad-tongued responses, combined to make a man feel better and purer and stronger.

I contrasted them with our Stoke Newington congregation, scent-laden, sallow, befrilled, intensely theological, learned in criticism, jealous of detail.

Yet who was I to judge them, when next Sunday I myself should be again among their number?

Rhoda was in church, very quiet and cool and freshly clad, sitting beside her father, the lean-jawed prophet of the dyspeptic.

And once she looked at me with a glance that I could not understand, half careless, half mischievous, and perhaps the least bit puzzled.

I watched her lips moving and listened for her voice, but without, I fancy, any real success.

The red-cheeked parson preached a genial and unsearching sermon, and then amidst a healthy contented throng we passed beneath the cool archway and out into the hot and fragrant garden. And here the white stones shone, and the black letters upon them told the tale of the aged, who had died in hope, and left warnings to their children.

And then we parted from the crowd, and I took Peter to the downs.

We did not converse a great deal, but once, when we caught a sudden glimpse of twenty miles of wood and common, stretching out to a low line of distant hills; when the sunlight turned the brook into a thread of gold, dying amid translucent amber valleys; when involuntarily we had paused and I had taken a sharp breath of pure enjoyment, Peter turned to me and broke the silence.

"Do you think," he asked. "Do you think we could catch the 8.20 to-morrow morning?"

And then we turned our steps homewards towards dinner. But on the way back Peter suddenly paused.

"Now that's what I call a really pretty little cottage," he said, with some enthusiasm.

"It will be empty next week," said I. "The inhabitants are moving to London."

"I wonder what the rent would be."

"Four shillings a week."

"And there is a garden."

"That would go far in the upkeep of a family."

"I think it's dinner-time," said Peter.

Looking back, it seems a strange and striking fact that of all the countryside this little spot should alone have succeeded in rousing Peter's interest, even for so slender and transient an interval. And yet such was the case, for thereafter to all my rhapsodies he turned the ear of indifference.

After dinner we rested, and then Peter, complaining of a headache, announced his intention of resting in the cottage for the remainder of the day.

And so it came about that I went alone to fulfil a promise made to the chemical

physiologist. I found him having tea under the trees. Poncho, unadorned, lay at his feet, blinking idly for breadcrumbs, the Mermaid sprawled upon her stomach on the lawn reading a picture-book, and Rhoda sat gravely at the tea-table. And over us all, unless indeed it was purely subjective, there brooded some kind of restraint. The man of learning was distraught and uncommunicative, and Rhoda lacked her readiness of smile. We talked a little of botany, and geology, and the local butterflies, we even discussed a political question.

Then the chemist rose and observed that his laboratory demanded his presence, and Rhoda and I were left alone with the Mermaid. The sound of the church bells came through the trees, and to me they sounded solemn and wistful; they seemed to be ringing a knell.

And so for nearly an hour we lolled in our chairs, and talked for the most part upon alien and uninteresting topics.

Then the Mermaid kissed us both, and collected her books and went soberly indoors to bed.

"Shall we walk round the garden?" asked Rhoda.

"You must let me fetch you a cloak."

"Nonsense. I'm not a bit cold."

"I insist." And I rose to fetch one for her.

"You are very silly, you know," she said when I returned.

"It is so easy to catch cold."

"I never catch cold."

"I know you are a very hardy young woman."

In the soft light her dark eyes shone as I put the cloak about her shoulders.

The bright moon swung above the trees, and the air was full of roses and the hush of nestling leaves.

And she could not find the clasp that held the cloak at her neck, and I, from the front, could see it very well.

I helped her and our hands touched.

We were quite close, and her eyes looked straight into mine, very honest and merry and fearless. And as she laughed at my clumsiness, so small an effort could have drawn her to me, that a sudden wild impulse swept into my heart to clasp her and kiss her, and make her my own. And

then—and then as I looked into her eyes, behold a veil lifted for one fleeting moment from the sanctuary behind.

And I knew that I was standing on holy ground.

But in the tumult of my heart only this much was borne upon my senses, that I dared not, I dared not give the rein to this desire of my heart.

We walked down the laurel path, and at last very slowly came to the white gate.

And there she pulled from her frock, where it had lain hidden, a crumpled piece of crape.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking at me with grave, bright eyes.

"I—I think it means good-bye," I said.

"You are not going back yet?"

"To-morrow."

She was silent a minute, smoothing out the crape along the top bar of the gate.

"I'm sorry you're going," she said at last. "It has been rather—rather jolly having you."

"I have never enjoyed anything in all my life until I came down here; till I—till I met——"

"Father has been very glad of your company. He hasn't many friends near here."

"It is very good of you to say so."

"Not at all."

And then we both laughed.

"But why the crape?" asked Rhoda.

"Because I couldn't bear the thought of leaving—of leaving—Poncho," I said desperately.

"Poor Poncho, perhaps he will miss you, too. Will he ever see you again?"

"Oh, I—I hope so."

She opened the gate, and I followed her across the road. Upon its further side the dark stream bubbled to the river.

"Then shall we—drop the crape?"

She held it above the water, and looked back at me for a moment.

I did not say anything, but it fell from her hand, and we saw it no more.

"Must you go?" she asked.

XII.

Must I go? Must I go? The words echoed in my ears as I went homewards through the night.

Must I go? And why must I go? To make a living, of course, to work and earn money.

And then I remembered that I had saved enough, with my little patrimony, to bring me in one hundred pounds a year. And then I remembered the cottage that would be empty next week, at a rental of four shillings a week.

And then I reflected that to these clear-eyed labourers, one hundred pounds a year spelt an enviable affluence.

And all the while the vision of Rhoda, as I had seen her on the lawn for that fleeting moment, came back and back and back before my eyes.

Could I imagine her in Stoke Newington, ten years from now on four hundred a year?

Was it desirable that I should do so?

And then I thought of the future, and walked, as I argued, a great many miles, among the silent moonlit hills.

And at last I made the grand decision and came boldly and joyfully homewards to my bed. Peter snored.

At a quarter to eight he sat at the breakfast-table, his black bag neatly packed, and himself prepared for travel.

I had risen early and taken a swim in the river.

To my mind it had been the baptism that marked my regeneration of life.

I came easily up the path, swinging a towel, singing a song, and hungrier than ever.

And never, maybe, in the world's history has a man been greeted with a chillier welcome, than was mine from Peter, as I lounged into the parlour.

I saw him gaze at my flannel shirt, open at the collar, at my smoking jacket, at my old grey trousers.

"You haven't much time," he said. "We shall most certainly miss the train. This is extremely aggravating."

"I'm not going back," said I.

His eyes grew wider.

"Not going back?"

I shook my head, and opened an egg.

"When do you propose to return?"

"Never."

He dropped his knife and fork. He swallowed his bacon with a gulp. His jaw fell.

"But, good Heavens, I mean good gracious, Giles, what do you mean? Are you mad? Never go back? Never do any more work?"

"Not that sort of work."

"How are you going to live?"

"Pretty simply."

"On what?"

"What little I have got."

Then he rose and paced the room in the extremest agitation it has been my lot to witness.

"But, Giles, have you seriously thought what this means?"

"I was never more serious in my life—or happier."

"But—my goodness—what will everybody say?"

"Haven't any idea. Don't care a great deal."

He sat down and gaped at me open-mouthed.

And then I looked at him solemnly. "Peter," said I. "Peter, I am a different man to the clerk you knew three weeks ago. I had never thought that life could be so sweet. I had never dreamed of its possibilities, or that I could so enjoy it. Now ask yourself, who is the happier, a city clerk immured in a London suburb, with no greater prospect than some four hundred pounds a year in ten or fifteen years' time, when his capacities, such as they have been, are beginning to fail, or a man, living in a four-shilling cottage, digging his own garden, breathing pure air, sleeping like a child, strong and free and vigorous, on a hundred a year?"

But Peter shook his head.

"Position—prospects?" he gasped.

"What's position? Seriously now, what *is* position, as a thing to be desired?"

Peter was silent.

Then he looked at the clock.

"You have completely upset me, Giles," he stammered. "And what our aunt will say, I cannot conceive. I think it may kill her, Giles."

"I doubt it," said I.

XIII.

I shook my fist at the departing train, not because it contained Peter, but rather on account of all that Peter represented,

the thralldom against which I had rebelled, the habits I had eschewed for ever.

I shook my fist and started for my morning tramp.

And if at first I was so filled with the sense of my new freedom, there came towards noon a time when graver thoughts succeeded.

I had taken a bold step, I had measured the consequences, but now my thoughts were full of Rhoda and the immediate future. I had plunged into a voluntary obscurity, into what the great world would probably call a foolish poverty. Dare I ask anyone to share it, with all it meant and the future that it opened?

And then as I sat on the hillside pondering, somebody slapped my shoulder, and a well-known voice greeted me heartily.

"The philosopher in doubt," he observed.

"Yes," said I.

"I thought you were returning to town."

"I am never returning."

He whistled, then pursed his lips and looked at me keenly through half-shut eyelids.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"I'm making an experiment."

"Of what nature?"

"One that you should approve."

He stood in front of me looking quizzically into my eyes.

"Well?"

"I am a city clerk with a small salary," said I.

"God help you," said he.

"My prospects are briefly these, four hundred a year when I am forty, five hundred a year when I am fifty. For this I work nine hours a day, and live in a London suburb."

He nodded.

"Well?"

"I have a hundred a year, the result of ten years' savings, and some money that my father left me."

"Yes."

"There is a cottage that you recommended, whose rent is four shillings a week, and the garden——"

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Dear, dear, this is splendid. Go on."

"The garden would go far in keeping a family."



She presently came and sat down beside me.

Then he laughed again.

"My first convert," he said.

"And now do you think that God meant a man to feel as I feel now, fit and free and happy, sound in wind and limb, always, or only for three weeks in every year, when he is supposed to be making holiday?"

He looked grave.

"And to that," he said, "there is, of course, only one answer."

"Well, I have risked it; thrown away my suburban position, as Peter calls it, and sunk into happier circles."

He laughed again, and looked at me with so much approval, that suddenly with a great rush of resolution, I burned my bridges, and told him what I wanted.

"It is an experiment," I said.

"Quite so. But it will succeed."

"And yet to demonstrate it fully, I need, don't you think, an assistant?"

"Well?"

"I love Rhoda."

He looked at me calmly.

"She is a poor assistant," he observed, "as you accidentally discovered."

"It is a different field of research."

"Quite so. Does she love you?"

"I don't know."

"Have you asked her?"

"No."

He mused for awhile.

"Rhoda has fifty pounds a year," he observed at last, a little grimly.

I was silent, and then he looked me up and down.

"You are young," he said. "You have become vigorous, and Rhoda has never been ill in her life. You would have children. What about their future?"

"If they had brains they would succeed in the more learned professions."

"Without money?"

"With sufficient brains."

He laughed.

"And if not; if they are merely average little boys and girls?"

"They should be healthy, which is the first and finest endowment. They will not be paupers. They may be ploughmen—what of that?"

"Yes," he said; "we want ploughmen."

"Would you rather be the forbear of future bank clerks?"

"No; I think not."

Then he held out his hand.

"I think you have done well," he said, "though I confess I had not thought to see my theories so soon in practice, or in so near a neighbourhood to myself."

"And Rhoda?"

But he shook his head and smiled.

"How can I speak for Rhoda?" he asked.

XIV.

It was by the stream, where I had first met the Mermaid, that Rhoda came to me, swinging her hat, and singing to herself.

She walked easily, as one unused to drawing-rooms, and unconscious of critical eyes.

I lay on the bank and watched her for a long time, before she discovered my presence.

Then she smiled and waved her hat, and presently came and sat down beside me.

"So you haven't gone back to London, after all," she said.

"No; I am never going back to London."

"How jolly."

"I feel very glad."

"Wh—where are you going to live?"

I looked at her seriously.

"I am not quite sure," I said.

She threw a buttercup into the stream, and we watched it dancing out of sight.

"I am not quite sure. I want somebody to help me make up my mind."

"I always thought you were rather lazy."

"I am very serious."

"Is it so difficult?"

"The world is rather big."

She lay back in the grass and stared up into the still sky.

"Mine is quite small," she said.

"Is it—is it very much inhabited?" I asked.

"There are only a very few people in it," she said. "But they are mostly rather nice."

"Are any of them—poor people, Rhoda?"

This was the first time that I had called her by her name but she did not seem to notice the change.

"They are all poor," she said.

I took a deep breath.

"Then—is there room for one more do you suppose?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"Not just now, I think."

Then the world became suddenly sorrowful and the sky black, but Rhoda sat up, shaking the grass from her hair, and I saw that her eyes were laughing.

"Not to-day, I think," she repeated.

I bowed my head. "I was going to beg an entrance," I muttered.

Then I lifted my eyes, for she was silent, and we looked at one another.

And then she held out both her hands.

"You came in yesterday," she said.

* * * * *

"And the Great Mogul?" asks Rhoda, reproachfully. "You have forgotten to say anything about the Great Mogul."

"I am so sorry. What shall I say?"

And what can I say except that he dominates us, and we bow before his throne?

Some day when he is a little tan-faced boy, round and ruddy and smackable, we shall doubtless call him Teddy, which is his official name, but now, in the cradle beneath the elm-tree he is our sovereign lord, and to describe him were sacrilege.

"If you really loved me," says Rhoda, "you would alter the title of your book."

But at this I am firm, and merely shake my head.

HIC JACET RAHERE

By A. L. HARRIS

SEVEN centuries ago, at least,
Foremost at tournament and feast,
A courtier (afterwards a priest),
He made good cheer.
So gallant, gay, and debonnaire,
The common folk would gape and stare,
Point as he passed, and mutter, "There
Goeth Rahere!"

Seven centuries ago, at least,
For Rome, he left the Royal feast.
Returning—most unlike a priest—
He gives his gear
(By faith upheld, with zeal on fire)
To build a fair great church and choir,
And there, "Canonicus et Prior,"
Prayeth Rahere!

Seven centuries ago, at least,
He quitted court and camp and feast,
Put *off* the noble *on* the priest—
His tomb is near.
(The lamp of Life's so short a wick),
Beside the altar, covered thick
With dust of ages, read we, "Hic
Jacet Rahere!"



From a Drawing by F. H. Cole-Rees.



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SITTING ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE BOUDOIRS OF ROYAL LADIES

By GEORGE A. WADE

THERE are two sides to the life of most women in this world, but it is doubtful if that statement could be made with more truth about any women than about Royal princesses. Their side that is known to the world is that which the world sees, owing to the publicity of Royal sayings and doings, in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne." But there is another life of which the world knows, generally speaking, very little; the private life which each individual woman keeps for the most part sacred to herself and her immediate friends.

Hence one may expect to find that it is the private sitting-rooms, the select boudoirs of princesses, that reveal to seeing eyes the traits and inner characters that are usually hidden from the public gaze. And

the reader will no doubt be able to deduce much from the descriptions of the boudoirs of our English princesses, as given here. I must express my indebtedness to several of them for kind permission to use these photographs of their boudoirs, which, in some cases, were allowed to be specially photographed for this article.

We must, of necessity and loyalty, begin with the boudoirs of the Queen. It is not easy to say whether the Queen's private sitting-room at Windsor Castle, or the one at Sandringham, is the prettier and more loved by its beautiful mistress. Probably, however, old associations and the known love of Her Majesty for her Norfolk home will incline the average person to believe that, after all, she still prefers the charming little private boudoir at Sandringham



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SITTING ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

to the more stately beautiful apartment reserved for her use at Windsor.

The Windsor room is more full of costly treasures than is the other boudoir, for Queen Victoria left an immense amount of priceless china, cabinets, and nick-nacks, such as one associates with an apartment of this kind, most of which legacy the present Queen has retained at Windsor. The couches and cushions, the chairs and

settees in the Queen's boudoirs are of the most beautiful upholstery, and one of her favourite colours is pale green, though pale blue and pale pink have also been much favoured by her in this connection.

The Queen's taste for dainty, lovely arrangement of her treasures has become almost proverbial, and there is certainly no boudoir in this kingdom that excels hers in prettiness and cosiness. Let not the

cynic declare, either, that "given fine things and money, anybody can have a pretty boudoir." Most ladies can conjure up instances to the contrary—instances they know too well!

The private sitting-room of the Queen at Buckingham Palace contains a large number of small tables set with books, and several very rare and valuable china ornaments. The furniture is of the large, well-stuffed, comfortable style, rather than of

the most remarkable of all our Royal princesses in that way. Whilst her own sitting rooms have ever been cosy and attractive, yet one has constantly been reminded by something that a great deal of work of one kind or another went off in these rooms when their owner was supposed to be "taking it easy."

At York House, before she came into possession of Marlborough House, the Princess's boudoir was hung with silk, and



SITTING ROOM OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

the dainty fairy stamp that characterises the Sandringham room. The ceiling, too, at the London residence is of a more ornate description than that at either of the Queen's other homes, and indeed all the Buckingham Palace ceilings are very fine in their scheme of decorative work. Many are painted by the greatest artists of the period, and have lasted well.

The Princess of Wales has always made somewhat of a workroom of her private boudoirs. She has been, perhaps,

was very splendidly furnished. Yet, somehow, you missed the *dolce far niente* air that the Queen's boudoirs gave you. The large bookcase, crowded from top to bottom with volumes that you could easily see were often in use; the solid chairs with upright backs; the large lamp close by the table; the almost total absence of pictures and photographs which are such a common sight in lovely boudoirs; these all predisposed you to the idea, even did you not know it for a fact, that Her Royal High-



SITTING ROOM OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES WHEN PRINCESS MAY, AT CUMBERLAND LODGE.

ness the Princess of Wales spent her time in this room in a way far different to lolling easily about, or doing nothing of importance.

Since she came into her new home at Marlborough House the princess has made a similar boudoir there. The hangings and decoration of the room are more effective; the furniture may not be quite so severe in its solid stateliness. But, all the same, this apartment is a place for work, with the brain at any rate, and you can tell that at a glance.

When she was yet Princess May, and lived at White Lodge, her room bore just the same characteristics. It was, of course, not so large; indeed, for a princess's room, it was very small. And it was a study in white, for all the painting and upholstery, as far as possible, was of that colour—if we may call white a colour. The general appearance was certainly dainty; but the array of writing materials, letters, etc., always told you that an immense amount of work was done there, whilst the walls,

plain almost to bareness except for a picture and a few fans here and there, confirmed the impression of it being really a "study." One noticeable feature existed at that White Lodge boudoir that the princess has not retained since in her later boudoirs; that was the great number of photographs that faced you on every hand. They simply abounded at Richmond, but seem to have almost been buried since.

Let us deal next with the boudoir of Princess Victoria, since she is now the "maiden" daughter of the Royal family. Although the princess has, of course, a delightful sitting-room of her own at Windsor, she much prefers the favourite one she has had so long at Sandringham. Whilst the Queen favours pale blue, and her youngest daughter pale green, in decoration, Princess Victoria has given her favour to rose-pink, for her room's walls show a large rose chintz style of covering. As is well-known, Her Royal Highness is an expert photographer, and

so one is not surprised at finding scores of her snapshots and camera gems disposed on all sides. Books and pictures are in good array, and show that the princess is a student of both art and literature. The cosy chair, covered with a rose pattern to match the walls, is very inviting.

Princess Victoria is fond of leather-work, and is an adept at design-stamping. She has several articles in this room which are covered with leather that she herself has thus stamped, and very well done they are, too.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife has a very lovely boudoir at each of her two principal residences, though the London one is perhaps the more striking. Here again one is immediately struck, on entering the rooms, by the fact that the boudoirs of the Duchess seem to have been arranged rather for certain duties that *must* be fulfilled than for actual "idle-hour" rooms. When one recollects the keen interest the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, takes in so many things, however—an interest of which the outside public knows

little, owing to the innate reticence of its possessor—one hardly wonders at the business-like way in which these boudoirs are furnished.

In Portman Square the Duchess has reserved a spacious room on the second floor as her own, and there she has gathered a large number of her special "lares and penates," curiosities known and shown only to her most intimate friends. Indeed, it is extremely rare that anyone not an immediate member of her own circle, or a close personal attendant, is allowed to go into the room at all. It might almost in some senses be called a sort of nursery—at any rate it was that a year or two back—for the two little girls of the Duchess were generally to be found there with her, when in town, enjoying themselves, as she was, very much in their own quiet way.

When the princess is in Scotland at her residence, New Mar Lodge, she has a boudoir that is even more simple in its character and furniture than the one in Portman Square. The upholstery is in subdued shades; the favourite covering



BOUDOIR OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

used seems to be a pretty-patterned cretonne, and all looks just as home-like and substantial as possible rather than dainty. You may almost judge the owner's tastes and hobbies by a glance round the room, for one corner will hold a camera and its adjuncts, whilst another gives glimpses of fishing-rods, lines, a creel, etc. Several bookshelves filled with works on these and kindred sports and pastimes show that the

that strikes the visitor is the special daintiness of this apartment. It is not a work-room, that is clear. It is more like the pictured quiet pretty retreat of the "châtelaine of the castle" of our youthful days. Pale green and cream are the prevailing tints of the decorative work, furniture, and hangings, and a charming picture the whole makes. Her father, the King, has always been somehow closely associated



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BOUDOIR, CUMBERLAND LODGE.

Duchess is a theoretical student as well as practical.

The private room of Princess Charles of Denmark at Appleton House is an apartment extremely indicative of the special inclinations of the Princess. Knowing the difference in tastes and characteristics between this lady and her Royal relations, one is prepared to find the boudoir at Appleton on other lines than those we have mentioned. And the first note

with the Princess Charles, and so we are not surprised to find that the chief picture in the room is a good portrait of him. One or two dainty cabinets of unique workmanship are sure to attract attention; whilst bric-a-brac and ornaments are more numerous here than in most of the boudoirs we have dealt with.

Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, may not be as pretentious-looking from the outside as some of the "stately homes of Eng-

land," but no one can deny that the charming homeliness and comfort of its interior will take much beating. From her clever mother, the Princess Christian, the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has inherited a taste for art and a cleverness of the fingers that always proved very acceptable and useful to the late Queen in her latter years, and made this princess such a favourite with her. The boudoir of the Princess Victoria is shared by her sister, Princess Louise, and

which the Princess Christian, her mother, has also often joined.

Another feature of this boudoir that is worth noticing is the large number of brackets standing out from the wall, to hold photographs, china, etc. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein appears to have a particular liking for this kind of ornament, for she employs it wherever possible, and very effective she makes it, too. A few pictures are seen, but they are not very striking, though photographs are everywhere.



THE CZARINA'S PRIVATE BOUDOIR, IN THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

bears a paper of unusual colour, being of a greyish tinge, set off by a dado much darker. Music would be judged by an occasional visitor to be the stock recreation of this princess, for one at once notes a splendid pianoforte, lots of songs and music-books, and many volumes dealing with musical topics and theory. Her Royal Highness is an excellent musician, both vocal and instrumental. She is an active member of the Windsor Musical Society, and has taken an energetic part in its various practices and concerts, in

A pathetic interest attaches itself to the private sitting-room of the Duchess of Albany. When her late husband lived at Claremont he was very fond of the library as a sitting-room, and used to spend hours there. After his death the Duchess, with affectionate thought and tender love, made it her own private apartment, and since then it has remained so. It has lovely views over the charming country round Esher, and it is a bright, cheery room, despite the rather heavy look of the walls owing to their covering of bookcases and



THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOUDOIR, WINDSOR CASTLE.

books. The late Duke was a notable collector of all kinds of rare and valuable pottery, and most of his priceless specimens were kept in this room. There they still remain, tenderly cared for by the Duchess.

Many pleasant hours has she spent in this apartment, with her son and daughter beside her, whilst she went on busily with her fancy-work or her knitting. Here she received the unexpected offer of an European throne for her son, and from Claremont the young Duke went to rule Saxecoburg. His devoted mother left her loved boudoir for three years, in order to be near him in his new country, deeming this to be her duty. How well she has fulfilled it we all know. Germans and English are alike indebted to her for her self-sacrifice, and the people round Claremont are now only too delighted to have her back with them again.

Cosiness is the prevailing characteristic of the boudoir of H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg at Osborne Cottage. Her room is not large, but we have left it till

last in this article because it is one of our best examples of cosy rooms to be found amongst the apartments sacred to our princesses. The tastes of the youngest daughter of the late Queen are clear at once when one sees her rooms. Music ever stands out prominently. A fine piano, almost sure to be discoursing sweet music if its owner is present; piles upon piles of all sorts of music; books ditto, with the paraphernalia for amateur theatricals and treatises thereon, paintings and drawings of far more than average merit. These are a great part of the Princess Henry's life nowadays. They always gave her immense pleasure. Since her many trials fell on her they have proved a true comfort and solace.

And, after all, these things are what one needs in one's private apartment, are they not? Whatever one has to appear outside, the mask is thrown off in the private room; here one indulges those special likes and dislikes, tastes and wishes, that individual fancy dictates.

THE MAN WHO FELL IN LOVE

By STANLEY WATERLOO

HE lived in one of the great cities of America, the man who fell in love, and was in that city a character at least a little above the ordinary rut of men. He had talent and energy, and there had come to him a hard schooling in city ways, though he was born in the forest, and his youth had been passed upon a farm sloping downward to the shore of the St. Clair River, that wonderful strait and stretch of water which flows between broad meadowlands and wheat-fields and connects Lake Huron with the lower lake system, and itself becomes at last the huge St. Lawrence tumbling down into the Atlantic Ocean. Upon the St. Clair River now passes hourly, in long procession, the huge fleet of the lakes, the grain and ore laden crafts of Lake Superior, queer "whalebacks" and big propellers, and the vast fleet of merchantmen from Chicago and Milwaukee and other ports of the inland seas. The procession upon the watery blue ribbon a mile in width, stretching across the farm lands, is something not to be seen elsewhere upon the globe. The boats seen from a distance appear walking upon the land. Broad sails show white and startling against green groves upon the shore, and the funnels of steamers rear themselves like smoking stumps of big trees beyond a corn-field. Here passes a traffic greater in tonnage than that of the Suez Canal, of the Mersey, or even of the Thames. But it was not so when the man who fell in love was a boy. There were dense forests upon the river's banks then, and only sailing crafts and an occasional steamer passed, for that was half a century ago.

The man who was to fall in love, as will be told, had, in the whirl of city life, almost forgotten the sturdy days when he was a youngster in the little district school, when at other times he rode a mare dragging an old-fashioned "cultivator," held by his father between the corn rows, and when the little farm hewed out of the woodland

had yet stumps on every acre, when "loggings" and "raisings" drew the pioneers together, and when he, one of the first-born children of that region, had fled for comfort in every boyish strait to a gentle, firm-faced woman who was his mother. He had, with manhood, drifted to the city, and had become one of the city's cream in all acuteness and earnestness and what makes the pulse of life, when thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands congregate to live together in one vast hive. He was a man of affairs, a man of the world, easily at home among traders and schemers for money, at a political meeting, at a banquet, or in society. Sometimes, in the midst of things, would float before his eyes a vision of woods, of dark soil, of a buckwheat field, of squirrels on brush fences, of a broad, blue river, and finally of a face, maternal and sweet, with brown eyes, hovering over him watchfully and lovingly. He would think of the earnest, thoughtful, bold upbringing of him, and his heart would go out to the woman; but the tide of city affairs rose up and swept away the vision. Still, he was a good son, as good sons at a distance go, and occasionally wrote a letter to the woman growing older and older, or sent her some trifle for remembrance. He was reasonably content with himself.

Here comes another phase of description in this brief account of affairs of the man who fell in love. One afternoon a woman sat in an arm-chair on the long porch in front of what might have by some been called a summer cottage, by others a farmhouse, overlooking the St. Clair River. The chair she sat in was of oak, with no arms, and tilted easily backward, yet with no chance of tipping clear over. It must have cost originally about fifteen shillings. In its early days it had possessed a cane back and cane bottom, through the round holes of which the little children were accustomed to thrust their fingers, getting them caught sometimes, and

howling until released. Now its back was of stout canvas, and its seat of cords, upon which a cushion rested. It was in general appearance, though stout enough, a most disreputable chair among the finer and more modern ones which stood along the porch upon either side. But it was this chair that the aging woman loved. "It was this chair he liked," she would say, "and it shall not be discarded. He used to sit in it and rock and dream, and it shall stay there while I live." She spoke the truth. It was that old chair the boy, now the city man, had liked best of all.

She sat there, this grey-haired woman, a picture of one of the mothers who had made that nation what it is. The hair was drawn back simply from the broad, clear forehead, and her strong aquiline features were sweet, with all their force. Her dress was plain. She sat there, looking across the blue waters thoughtfully, and at moments wistfully.

Not far from the woman on the long, broad porch was a pretty younger woman, and beside her two children were playing. The younger woman, the mother of the tumbling youngsters, was the niece of the elder one in the rude old rocking-chair. She spoke to the two children at times, repressing them when they became too boisterous, or petting and soothing when misadventure came to either of them in their gambols. At last she moved close to the elder, and began to talk. The conversation was about the children, and there was much to say, the grey-haired woman listening kindly and interestedly. Finally she spoke.

"Take comfort with the children now, Louisa," she said, gently, "because it will be best for you. It is a strange thing; it is something we cannot comprehend, though doubtless it is all for the best, but I often think that my happiest days were when my children were little, climbing about my skirts, dependent upon me for everything, as birds in the nest are dependent, and with all my anxiety over them, giving me the greatest comfort that can come to a woman. But the years passed, and the children went away. They are good men and women; I am proud of them, but they are mine no longer. They love the old mother, too, I know that—

when they think of her. But, oh, Louisa! there is lead in my heart sometimes. I want something closer. But I'll not complain. Why should I? It is the law of nature." And she sighed and looked again across the blue water. There were tears in the corners of her eyes.

The niece, hopeful in the pride of young motherhood, replied consolingly: "Aunt, you should be proud of your children. Even Jack, the oldest of them all, is as good as he can be. Think of his long letters once in a while. He loves you dearly."

"Yes," the old lady replied; "I know he loves me—when he thinks of old times and his boyhood. But, Louisa, I am very lonesome."

And again her eyes sought the water and the yellow wheat-fields of the farther shore.

The road, which follows the American bank of the St. Clair River is a fine thing in its way. It is what is known as a "dirt" road, well kept and level, of the sort beloved of horses and horsemen, and it lies close to the stream, between it and the farm lands. At every turn a new and wonderful panorama of green and yellow landscape and azure expanse of water bursts upon the lucky traveller along this blessed highway. Still, being a "dirt" road, when one drives along it at speed there arises in midsummer a slight pillar of dust as the conveyance passes, and one may from a distance note the approach of a possible visitor.

"There's a carriage coming, aunt," said the younger woman.

The carriage came along rapidly, and with a sudden check the horses were brought to a standstill in front of the house upon the porch of which the two women were sitting. Out of the carriage bounded a broad-shouldered gentleman, who stopped only for a moment to give directions to the driver concerning the bringing of certain luggage to the house, and who then strode up the pathway confidently. The elder woman upon the porch looked upon the performance without saying a word, but when the man had got half-way up the walk she rose from the chair, moved swiftly for a woman of her age to where the broad steps from the pathway led up

to the porch, and met the ascending visitor with the simple exclamation:

"Jack, my boy!"

Jack, the "my boy" of the occasion, seemed a trifle affected himself. He looked the city man, every inch of him, and was one known under most circumstances to be self-contained, but upon this occasion he varied a little from his usual form. He stooped to kiss the woman who had met him, and then, changing his mind, reached out his arms and hugged her a little as he kissed her. It was a good meeting.

There was much to talk about, and the mother's face was radiant; but the instinct of caring and providing for the being whom she had brought into the world soon became paramount in her breast, and she moved, as she had done decades ago, to provide for the physical needs of her child. This man of the world from the city was but the barefooted six-year-old whom she had borne and loved and fed and guarded in the years that were past. She must care for him now. And so she told him that he must have supper, and that he must let her go; and there was a sweet tinge of motherly authority in her words—unconsciously to her arbitrary, and unconsciously to him submissive—and she left him to smoke upon the broad porch, and dawdle in the chair he remembered so well, and talk with the bright Louisa.

As for the supper—it would in the city have been called a dinner—it was good. There were fine things to eat. What about biscuits, so light and fragrant and toothsome that the butter is glad to meet them? What about honey, brought by the bees fresh from the buckwheat field? What about ham and eggs, so fried that the appetite-tempting look of the dish and the smell of it makes one a ravenous monster? What about old-fashioned "cookies" and huckleberry pie which melts in the mouth? What about a cup of tea—not the dyed green abomination, but luscious black tea, with the rich old flavour of Confucian ages to it, and a velvety smoothness to it and softness in swallowing? What about preserves, recalling old memories, and making one think of bees and butterflies and apples on the trees and pumpkins in

the corn-rows, and robins and angle-worms and brown-armed men in the hay-fields? Eh, but it was a supper!

It was late when the man from the city went to bed, and there was much talk, for he had told his mother that he intended to stay a little longer this time than in the past; that he had been bothered and fled away from everything for rest. "We'll go up the river to-morrow," said he, "just you and I, and 'visit' with each other."

He went to his room and got into bed, and then came a little tap at his door. His mother entered. She asked the big strong man how he felt, and patted his cheek and tucked the bedclothes in about his feet and kissed him, and went away. He went back forty years. And he repeated reverently—he could not help it—"Now I lay me," and slept well.

There was a breakfast as fine as had been the supper, and as for the coffee, the hardened man of the city and jests and cynicism found himself wondering that there should have developed jokes about what "mother used to make." The more he thought of it, the madder he became. "We are a nation of cheap laughers," he said to himself savagely.

At nine o'clock the mother came out to where the man was smoking on the piazza, with her bonnet on and ready for the little boat-trip. They were to go to the outlet of Lake Huron and back. They would have luncheon either at Sarnia or Port Huron. They would decide when the time came. They were two vagrants.

Dawdling in steamer chairs and looking upon the Michigan shore sat little mother of the country and big son of the city. The woman—the blessed silver-haired creature—forgot herself, and talked to the son as a crony. She pointed out spots upon the shore where she, an early teacher in the wilderness, had adventures before he was born. There was Bruce's Creek, emptying into the river; and Mr. Bruce, most long-lived of pioneers, had but lately died, aged one hundred and five years. There was where the little school-house stood in which she once taught school in 1836. There was where she, riding horse-back with a sweetheart who later became governor of the state, once joined with him in a riotous and aimless chase after a

black bear which had crossed the road. Her cheeks, upon which there were not many wrinkles, glowed as she told the story of her youth to the man beside her. He looked upon her with the full intelligence of a great relationship for the first time in his life. He fell in love with her.

It dawned upon this man, trained, cynical, an arrogant production of the city, what this woman had been to him. She alone of all the human beings in the world had clung to him faithfully. She had borne and bred, and now she cherished him, and for one who could see beneath the shell and see the mind and soul, she was wonderfully fair to look upon. He had neglected her in all that is best and most appreciated of what would make a mother happiest. But now he was in love. Here came in the man. He had the courage to go right in to the woman, a little while after they had reached home, and tell her all about it. And the foolish woman cried!

A man with a sweetheart has, of course, to look after her and provide for her amusement. So it happened that Jack the next morning announced in arbitrary way to his mother that they were going to Detroit.

Men who have been successful in love will remember that after the first declaration and general admission of facts the woman is for a time most obedient. So it came that this man's sweetheart obeyed him implicitly, and went upstairs to get ready for the journey. She came down almost blushing.

"My bonnet," she said, as she came from her room smelling of lavender and dressed for the journey, "is a little old-fashioned, but it just suits me; I am old-fashioned myself."

She was smiling with the happy look of a girl.

Jack looked at her admiringly. She wore the black silk dress which every American woman considers it only decent that she should have. It was made plainly, without ruffles or jet or lace, and it fitted her erect, stately figure perfectly. A broad real lace collar encircled her neck, and Jack recognised with delight the solid gold brooch in shape like nothing that was ever on sea or land - with which it was

fastened. It was a relic from the dim past. Jack remembered that piece of jewellery as far back as his memory stretched.

The old lady's hands were neatly gloved, and her feet were shod with substantial, well-kept laced shoes. Everything about her was immaculate. Jack knew that she had never laid aside the white petticoats and stockings it was her pride to keep spotless. She abominated the new fashions of black and silk. Jack could hear her starched skirts rustle as she came toward him. Her bonnet was black and in style of two or three years back, and its silk and lace were a trifle rusty.

"Never mind, mother, we will buy you a bonnet 'as is a bonnet' before we come back," the man said as he kissed the happy, shining face.

The steamers which ply between Detroit and Port Huron and Sarnia are big and sumptuous, and upon them one sits under awnings in midsummer, and, if knowing, takes much delight in the wonderful scenery passed. The St. Clair River pours into St. Clair Lake, and Lake St. Clair is one of the great idling places of those upon this continent who can afford to idle. It is a shallow lake, upon the American side, stretching out into what are known as the "Flats," a vast area of wild rice with deep blue waterways through them, the haunt of the pickerel and black bass and of duck and wild geese. Upon the Canadian side, the Thames River comes through the lowlands, a deep and reed-fringed stream to contribute to the lake's pure waters. It was upon the banks of this stream, a little way from the lake, that the great Indian, Tecumseh, fought his last fight and died as a warrior should. There is nothing that is not beautiful on the waterway from Lake Huron to Lake St. Clair. It is just the place in which to realise how good the world is. It is just the place for lovers. So Jack, the man who had fallen in love, and his grey-haired sweetheart were vastly content as the steamer bore them toward Detroit.

The man looked upon the woman in a cherishing mood as she sat beside him in a comfortable chair. He noted again the grey hair, thinner than it was once, and thought of the time when he, a thought-

less boy, wondered at its mass and darkness. He compared the pale, aquiline features with the beauty of the woman who, centuries ago it seemed, was accustomed to take him in her lap and cuddle him and make him brave when childish misadventures came. A greater wave of love than ever came over him. He regretted the lost years when he might have made her happier, might have given her a greater realisation of what she had done in the world with her firm example, in a new country, and the strong brood she had borne and suffered for. And he had manhood enough and a sudden impulse to tell her all about it. She listened, but said nothing, and clasped his hand. Mothers will cry sometimes.

The city was reached, and there was a proper luncheon, and then the arbitrary son dragged his sweetheart out upon the street with him. The first thing, the matter of great importance, was the bonnet, not that he cared for the bonnet particularly, but he was a-sweethearting. He was going to spoil his girl if he could, that was what he said. His girl only looked up with glistening eyes, and submitted obediently to be haled along in the direction of a "swell" milliner's place, the name of which Jack had secured after much examination of the directory and much inquiry in offices where he was acquainted.

As they walked along the busy street they met a lady of unmistakably distinguished appearance. Instantly she recognised the mother and son, and stopped to greet them.

She was an old playmate of Jack's and a protégé of his mother's, now the wife of a man of brains, influence, money, and a leader in the social life of the City of the Straits.

There came an inspiration to the man. "Mrs. Sheldon," said he, "I want you to help us. We are this moment about to engage in a business transaction of great importance; in fact, if you must know the worst, we are going to buy a bonnet!"

Mrs. Sheldon entered into the shopping expedition with a zest which reminded Jack of the Scriptural battle-steed which sayeth "Ha-ha" to the trumpets. When

the brief but brisk and determined engagement was over, Jack's mother appeared in a bonnet of delicate grey, just a shade darker than her silver hair. There was a pink rose in that bonnet, half hidden by lace, and in the cheeks of its wearer faintly bloomed two other pink roses. It was just a dream in bonnets as suited to the woman. The mother had protested prettily, had said the bonnet was "too young" and all that, but had been brow-beaten and overcome and made submissive. Mrs. Sheldon was in her element, and happy. Well she knew the man of the world who had demanded her aid, and much she wanted to please him; but deeper than all, her woman's instinct told her of his suddenly realised love for his old mother, and she was no longer a woman of fashion alone, but a helpful human being. Even her own eyes were suspiciously moist as she dragged the couple off to dine with her.

They were to go to the theatre that evening, the man and his sweetheart, and by chance stumbled upon a well-staged comic opera, with good music, brilliant and picturesque. On the way down the son told the mother of how in Detroit, way back in the sixties, he had seen for the first time a theatrical performance. He told her what she had forgotten, how she had induced his father to take him to the city, and how he had seen Laura Keane in "A School for Scandal." Then she remembered, and was glad. They had seats in a box at the theatre, and she enjoyed herself amazingly. It was a glorious outing.

Well, in the way which has been described, the man made love to the woman for a day or two. Then he took her home, and bade her good-bye for a time, and told her, in an exaggeratedly formal way, which she understood and smiled at, that he and she must meet each other much oftener in the future. Then he hugged her and went away. And she, being a mother whose heart had hungered, watched his figure as it disappeared, and laughed and cried and was very happy.

"Louisa," said a dignified old lady, "I was mistaken in saying that all happiness from children comes in their youth. It may come in a greater way later—if!"

GARDEN SONG

By JESSIE E. GORDON EDE.

*I made a garden full of
rare delights,
Where roses bloomed and
honeyed cyclamine,
Where pansies grew, and
modest mignonette,
And dainty columbine.*

*And ev'ry plant I set was
meant for you,
And ev'ry flower was tended
for your sake,
Birds came and nested there
and sang for you,
Deserting copse and brake.*

*But you I did mistake; your
little heart
Was set on jewels, not on
common flowers,
And so we no rn, my
singing birds and I,
Within our love built bowers.*





A TYPICAL EMBROIDERY ATELIER.

The workers squat on their heels like Arabs.

THE BIGOUDEN* EMBROIDERERS OF PONT-L'ABBE

By KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER AND CHARLES GENIAUX

IN the heart of Brittany, there flourishes in a little seaboard town not far from Quimper, a craft which forms a graphic link between the remote past and the present.

The embroideries of Pont l'Abbé carry us back to an age when the Druids celebrated their mystic rites in primeval forests, and by certain affinities to the most ancient civilisations of the East.

Breton embroideries of conventional design traced on fine cloth in delicate shades of silk thread are widely known; the peasants themselves, men and women alike, make extensive use of them in their own dress, more especially in the gala costumes set aside for weddings and high

festivals. The embroideries of Pont l'Abbé, however, have as little in common with these products of the Breton peasant industry, as the strange race dwelling in this small district has with the rest of the Bretons, or even with the peasants of their own County of Cornouailles (Cornwall), a county notorious for possessing as many types as parishes. The Bigoudens of the Peninsula of Penmarck and of Pont l'Abbé stand alone, cut off from their fellow-countrymen by opposite racial characteristics, different customs, dress, and even embroideries, so much so that the townsmen of Quimper, their nearest neighbours, speak of them rather contemptuously as *les Chinois*; and although the Quimpérois condescend to buy their fish

* Pronounced Bi gou d'anne.



A BIGOUDEN WAISTCOAT.

The more richly embroidered side is worn outward on Sundays and holidays, inward on weekdays.

and vegetables, not a single shop in Quimper is kept by a Bigouden.

A most vivid impression of these embroideries is gained by observing the people of Pont l'Abbé as they stream out of church, and stand about in knots. The bodies of men and women alike seem to be enclosed in a golden cuirass of massive embroidery. The men wear a waistcoat of black or dark blue cloth heavily embroidered, double-breasted and buttoned on one side. For the sake of economy and convenience, the fronts are not made alike; one half is literally covered with orange or flame-coloured silk embroidery of the utmost richness and is worn outside on Sundays and holidays; while the other flap, whose embroidery is more simple in design and worked in pale yellow wool, serves for week days. Both sides are

shown in one of the photographs, and also the curiously shaped hat so characteristic of the Low-Breton peasant. Over this waistcoat are worn *two or three* short vests of fine cloth cut low at the neck, the yellow braided or embroidered edges rising in tiers one above the other; the effect is picturesque in the extreme. The short vests fall just over the wide leather belt, the pride of the peasant, who has in most cases inherited it from his *chonan* great-grandfather; these waistcoats and vests, whose quality and number form an index to the worldly possessions of the owner, are so dazzling and brilliant in colour that they contrast strangely with the sombre black felt sailor hat, with long velvet streamers, curled up, twisted and faded, falling over shoulders and back, and giving the men, both old and young, a *quasi* juvenile appearance.

The costume of the women is very similar, but instead of a multiplicity of vests, they carry out the idea of redundancy in their skirts, which are full, rather short, and like the vests in tiers of three or four edged with velvet and yellow embroidery. The bodices are magnificent, but as unyielding as a cuirass; stiff with yellow or orange embroidery, and close fitting, they give no grace to the figure, contracting the chest and widening at the waist, which gives the women a heavy, ungainly appearance. The sleeves are often triple on gala days; the upper one wide and turned up from the elbow in a bulky square revers, heavily embroidered like the plastron of the bodice, has a distinctly Oriental character; an under sleeve of coloured cloth, equally fine, falls over the white muslin or linen sleeve pulled in at

the wrist. A silk apron of brilliant brocade or rich silk edged with gold braid, fringe, or lace, adds its note of colour to the rest of this gorgeous costume, which is a precious possession often handed down in poorer families from mother to daughter. The coif is the crowning piece, and is described further on.

The Bigouden embroidery is always monochrome, of a brilliant orange, gold, or greenish yellow; in former times the colour was flame red. The fundamental design, which constitutes the chief interest of the embroidery, is always the same, and consists of successions of concentric circles, spirals, and round arches, little borders of interlaced circles, a conventional palm-leaf design which the peasants themselves call the fern leaf, little dots symmetrically grouped, the whole forming a design which the French very aptly describe as *étagé*. There is no display of imagination, no evidence of composition in this decoration, it is the reiteration of one or two symbols until they become an obsession. The corselets of the women and the waistcoats of the men resemble nothing so much as a piece of ancient decorated pottery, such as is still occasionally unearthed in the neighbourhood, or found in the chambers of the tumuli and dolmens which abound in this part of Brittany.

If you question the craftsmen themselves about their embroideries, they will tell you that the design is simply called *la fleur du paon* (the peacock flower), from its resemblance to the blue eye in the peacock's tail. Some cynics would have us believe that the patterns of

modern embroideries follow the fashion, varying year by year under the influence of orders from the large shops. A visit to one of the embroidery establishments of Pont l'Abbé, and a few minutes' conversation with the older workmen and their foreman will soon convince you of the inaccuracy of this allegation in this case. An old craftsman of 82 years, who has ceased to practise his craft now, but is still interested in the work, asserts that his father often told him that the fundamental design had never varied by a hair's breath. The Pichavent family who have for generations owned one of the large ateliers of embroidery, likewise state that no alteration in the style of composition has ever been known.



A BIGOUDEN BEAUTY.

The Townwomen of Pont-l'Abbé are of a somewhat more refined type than the Peasant Bigoudens.

They possess old pieces of embroidery, which have long been used as patterns, and had been in their turn copied from others still older. It is a tradition in this Bigouden craft to keep religiously to the old designs, which it would almost be considered a sacrilege to alter in any way. The only concession made to fashion during the last half-century is the substitution of yellow silk for yellow or vermillion cotton.

Almost the whole of the population of Pont l'Abbé consists of artisans, most of whom practise the craft of embroidery in one or other of the large workshops. The men acquire a far greater dexterity than the women, for the latter, as soon as they marry forsake the workshop for the home; the women earn from 25 to 30 sous (1s. to 1s. 3d.) a day and the men 2fr. 50c. (2s.). Squatting on their heels like the Arab embroiderers, men and women spend their days in reproducing indefinitely on black and coloured cloths the traditional designs which they call "fleur de paon," in yellow, orange, and vermillion. Their skill is so great that they embroider the design without tracing it on the material first; having no doubt, inherited the facility from a long line of ancestors, who followed the same craft, and could wield the needle as dexterously as their country-bred clansmen do the scythe and other agricultural implements.

A curious circumstance connected with the Bigoudens is that they use orange, yellow, or green as a sign of mourning; a selection of colour customary with certain Asiatic races. Widows wear yellow gowns and yellow ribbons in their caps, whereas in the province of Leon, further north, the women wear black and white under ordinary circumstances and pale blue when they are widows, but then the Leonards take life more tragically even than death, and see only the sombre side of things, whereas the Bigoudens are merry and lively.

The Breton cap in its infinite variety is considered one of the most distinctive features of the picturesque national costume; almost every village has its own shape and style. The most graceful and picturesque are those composed entirely of white linen or muslin, with pleated wings

at the sides and lapels or strings either demurely fastened under the chin, as in a nurse's cap, hanging loosely over the shoulders, or pinned up over the crown. The embroidered caps of velvet, gold braid, spangles, and lace are richer, but they lack the freshness and purity of the simpler coifs and appear singularly unsuitable for working women.

The Bigouden conical cap has been the subject of many controversies, it is said to be Asiatic in detail; the cap alone would scarcely be deemed sufficient to indicate the origin of a people, however tenaciously they might cling to their traditions. A cap of gold, for instance, which, if made of some baser material, might be seen in Tartary any day, was found at a depth of ten feet in a bog on the top of the hill known as the Devil's Bit in County Tipperary, Ireland.* When, however, one sees a group of Bigouden peasant women wearing these curious caps, one cannot but be struck by their resemblance in type, costume, and complexion to certain Asiatic races, and one is set wondering how it has come about and what the origin of this strange people is.

The coifs are very complicated and consist of five different pieces forming a head-dress, which cannot be removed without undressing the hair at the same time.

First comes the *coef-bléo* (hair-coif) a sort of close-fitting cap put on while the hair still hangs down the back. Over this the hair is twisted and fixed by means of the *rozérés*, a band of cotton stuff or a wide galon which is not seen, being covered at the back by a square of stitched or embroidered linen, the *tal-léden*, and at the sides by the two *linté argants*, square pieces of stuff embroidered with paillettes and jingling ornaments and finished in most cases with rosettes and long streamers of bright coloured ribbons. Over this elaborate edifice is finally placed the conical white linen or lace cap resting on a velvet frontlet, and kept in its place by strings passed under the chin and tied under the right ear. This last erection, with the symbolical point, is known as the *bigouden*, and the name seems to have passed on to the women to whom it rightfully belongs, the men being curiously de-

* See Borlase "The Dolmens of Ireland," Vol. II, fig. 537.

signated by the neighbours as the "*husbands of the Bigoudens*."

All the details of this singular head-dress may be distinguished in one of the photographs; it possesses none of the grace or charm of the linen cap of the Concarneau or Morbihan districts.

What is the real origin of the cap called Bigouden; was it so named after the people, or vice-versa? Two more or less improbable stories are current as to the origin of the shape of the Bigouden, one related by the peasants of Pont l'Ablé district themselves in all seriousness, the other a matter of history; they are given here with all reserve. The male population of the Penmarc Peninsula have been fishermen from time immemorial; the men of the town of Pont l'Ablé, owing to its position on

the estuary of a navigable river, proved no exception, and were often absent for months with the fishing fleet in distant waters. It happened long, long ago that an English fleet, taking advantage of the absence of husbands and brothers, invaded the district. The wives, instead of protecting hearth and home, received the strangers with demonstrations

of joy, and made much of them. The infuriated husbands on their return, surprising the usurpers, drove them off; then, giving vent to their common anger, they resolved to punish their wives by branding them with a sign of infamy. This proved to be the *Bigouden*, a cap copied exactly from the cap which the oldest inhabitants of the land, the Iberians,

provided for criminals doomed to execution.

A variant of this tradition relates that the invaders came from Spain and were Moors. There seems to be some foundation of truth in the story, that is borne out by the character of the Bigouden women of the present day. The custom this strange people is said to have of exchanging wives or of lending them to their neighbours, would seem to give colour to the current belief that

they belong to a race apart, and are descended from primitive ancestors who at one time practised polyandry. This curious moral attitude is in strong contrast to the innate purity and chastity which are generally found strongly accentuated in the Bretons and even in those who are the immediate neighbours of the Bigoudens.

History, prompted probably by tradi-



AN ORIENTAL CAP AND SLEEVE IN BRITTANY.

The details of the cap can be made out: the *talléden*, covering the hair at the back, the *lintergants* covering the ear, and the conical Bigouden of lace on the velvet frontlet. Note, also, the *fleur-de-paon*, the central design on the revers of the upper sleeve.

THE BIGOUDEN EMBROIDERERS OF PONT L'ABBE

tion, accounts for the Bigouden cap as follows:—

In 1075, the Breton peasants, down-trodden and oppressed by fresh taxation and more especially by the imposition of the Gabelle or Salt tax, rose in mass against the lords of the manors, led by their priests. The district of Pont l'Abbé took the lead in ravaging and pillaging the neighbouring castles, and in destroying the title deeds and valuable documents, which the women, who were at the head of the movement, carried off in their aprons; throwing them on to a huge bonfire, they gloated over this wanton destruction with shouts and dances. A climax was reached when the Lord of the Castle of Cosquer, the Sieur de Kersalaun was seized in his castle by the infuriated peasants and hanged from one of his own windows.

Condign punishment was not slow to follow. The Duke of Chaulnes, Governor of Brittany, writing to the Governor of Morlaix an account of the suppression of the rising in the most seditious canton of Quimper, said that "the trees were beginning to bend over the roadways in the direction of Quimper from the added weight imposed upon them."

To this day the peasants from Penmarck to Vitré put out their tongues when they see a crow. Retribution overtook the inhabitants of Pont l'Abbé also. In the same year, on the day of the Michaelmas Fair, which attracts hundreds of people from the neighbouring villages, Armand-Jean, Duke of Richelieu and Lord of Pont l'Abbé, arrived on the scene with several thousands of the King's soldiers, who dismantled the steeple of the old Church of Lambour, while the Duke entered the town and, as tradition has it, ordered all the women to cut their coifs into two pieces in order to punish them for burning all his papers and title-deeds. The women who refused were seized by the soldiers, who performed the ignominious mutilation with their swords with such right goodwill, that some heads were split during the struggle. The enraged women ran through the streets shouting: "As the King has demolished the steeple of Lambour, and our Lord has cut off our coifs, we will put the steeple on to our heads," and they were as good as their word.

The Lord of the Manor knew the women of Pont l'Abbé, and struck them in their vulnerable point; most keenly did they feel the loss of dignity and the ridicule to which the mutilation of their head-gear exposed them, but the Duke had counted without the finesse of these daughters of Eve, who being *Basse-Brettes* (Low Bretons) were not without resource. Turning the pieces of linen about in their fingers, they made a fold here, a crease there, pulled out the top to a steeple-like point, pinned the cap down and smiled proudly, conscious of having bested the Lord of the Manor, who in effect did not so easily retrieve his own losses.

History relates that after these events the manor changed hands three times within ten years, and that as late as 1709 the Lord of Pont l'Abbé was greatly embarrassed in enforcing his seigniorial rights, not having the necessary deeds to establish his authority and make good his claims. This *quasi* historical account is given for what it is worth; it is certain that the steeples in the peninsula of Penmarck were all dismantled by order of the King, but the cap episode bears the unmistakable impress of tradition. The clan of Bigoudens, despised by its neighbours, differing so radically from the other Breton races, possesses nevertheless, sterling qualities. Formerly, the inhabitants of Penmarck were fisherfolk, and grew rich on the proceeds of the cod fisheries. At the present day, however, the Bigoudens have turned farmers and have proved themselves to be no less remarkable agriculturists, and the men are active, intelligent, and enterprising. At the College of Quimper the Bigouden lads all come to the fore, and are known for their almost proverbial aptitude for learning. The peasant women are massive and heavy featured, with inscrutable faces, their jaws are neither over nor underhung, and their teeth meet; but they are lively and delight in dancing, noise, and movement of every kind; their love for bright colours has already been indicated while describing their traditional costume.

It is said that up to the seventeenth century, the Bigoudens mixed with their rather strange form of Catholic worship pagan practices reminiscent of Druidism.

What is the origin of this mysterious people? Savants, both Breton and French, disagree on this point. M. Mahé de la Bourdonnais,* for instance, who has travelled all over Asia and closely observed the characteristics and customs of the various races on that continent, maintains that the type is Mongol, and that many of the manners and customs of the Bigoudens, their costume and ethnographical characteristics are similar to those of pure-bred Mongols of the present day. Others, again, assert that the Bigoudens are only

Romans to retire to the cities of Rennes, Vannes, and Nantes. The more one studies the origin of the Bretons the more obscure the subject seems to become. Armorica (Ancient Brittany) was, moreover, by its very geographical position, favourably situated to attract the colonising races of hardy seamen who came from the coasts of Phœnicia and Carthage to seek their fortunes in the West, and it is not unlikely that they established settlements in the southern part of Brittany, as they did elsewhere in France, and were in



MONGOL AND BRETON AT WORK.

The husbands and brothers of the Bigoudens are Bretons, not Mongols.

the product of the various races which in turn invaded Brittany and settled therein. First the Iberian or Silurian race of the stone age, which overran the whole of Western Europe; then at some unknown period, the Gauls conquered this race and remained masters of the soil; next came the period of the Roman dominion, and finally the Britons, driven out of England by the incursions of the Picts and Scots, and later still of the Saxons, came over to Brittany in great waves, causing the Gallo-

time driven back by the victorious Gauls into the mountainous region of Arrhée, whose inhabitants are still the most primitive, the wildest, and least civilised of the whole of Brittany.

Roman civilisation does not appear to have left its mark in Brittany, but at the extreme end of the Pointe du Raz, north of the Baie de Trépassés, a long wall still bears the name of "Mur des Grecs," while near Morlaix, a number of little Egyptian statuettes were found in a tomb, and in many places Phœnician medals and

* "Voyage en Basse Bretagne."

coins, Greek pottery and engraved stones have been unearthed in sufficient numbers to lend colour to the supposition that parts of Armorica had been at one time colonised by wandering tribes from Asia and North Africa.

All these races did not succeed in leaving their impress upon the Bretons of Armorica. The ethnical characteristics of a people cannot be changed by the mere imposition of the laws of their conquerors, by the installation along their coasts of the commercial depôts of colonists; those are, after all, but episodes whose influence dis-

appears as soon as the primitive inhabitants regain liberty of action. The ethnical characteristics of the Bretons were, to pursue this process of reasoning to its logical conclusion, derived from the Iberians and the Britons, but this does not explain why the Bigoudens should have preserved a type of their own.

It is not necessary to be versed in ethnography to see that Brittany is a land of many types; a summer holiday spent in wandering through the country is sufficient to convince the observant traveller. In the scattered islands of the Gulf of

Morbihan, the women are tall and stately and, like the Arlésiennes, have classical profiles that might belong to antique Greek statues. The natives of Cornouailles are short, alert, and lively; the Leonards tall, with long flat faces and an a'most mo-bid gravity. The districts of Treguier and Vannes each have their characteristic race, but besides these, there are, here and there, clans like the Bigoudens or the Paganeds of the Island of Batz, so-called because they are said to have remained Pagans until the eighteenth century, living without priests or lawyers, but famed for their peaceful, gentle disposition; their costume presents some similarity with that of the Arabs, their horses, too, are small and harnessed in Moorish fashion. The most interesting point concerning the Bigoudens is undoubtedly the design of their embroideries, which they appear to have copied from the sculptured slabs of the dolmens and menhirs so profusely dotted about the district; here we find the concentric circles and spirals, the semi-elliptical or arched motifs, the zig-zag or chevron lines, the cups and cup hollows, symbolic of the sun, the numerous tiny pit-markings being represented in the embroideries by raised dots. Once the origin of the dol-



BRETON OR MONGOL?

On the embroidered square are seen the zig-zag pattern, the palm leaf pattern, and the winged sphere of the Assyrians.

(Note the gorgeous streamers of the cap.)

mens is clearly established, Breton savants claim that we shall know more about the earliest ancestors of the Bigoudens, but even then the persistence of the Asiatic type in this handful of Bretons alone—which is more pronounced even in the peasants than in the more refined artisans whose photographs are here reproduced—must still remain a mystery. In the heart of Auvergne there exists a clan of people akin to the Bigoudens and having similar customs; this seems to be the only other instance known in France of this pronounced Asiatic type. The dolmens of Brittany possess many characteristics common to those of Ireland and Scotland; the carvings, fundamentally similar, are everywhere repeated with slight variations, the symbolic language is the same. Let interested readers compare the embroideries with the designs carved on megalithic monuments, on archaic pottery, Greek or Assyrian, on jewellery, celts, etc.

The motifs of the design on the revers of the sleeve (shown in the photograph "An Oriental Cap and Sleeve") composed of palm leaf patterns divided by what is known as the *globe ailé*, a circle surmounted by a horned crescent and flanked by two tiny dots or circles, are seen in Assyrian and Phœnician symbolical designs; the same design occurs again in the border of the embroidered square, held up to view by a "Breton or Mongol Maiden." The palm leaves are similar to those held by the slaves of Sardanapalus. These symbols of the ancient Asiatic races found their way into Europe and notably Greece by various channels; the influence of art in textile fabrics and metal work was, we know, transmitted from Assyria and Phœnicia to the Ægean, where it took root and reappeared in Archaic Greek pottery.

The earliest expression of decorative art among primitive races is largely symbolical, all races whose common origin has not been established show a striking resemblance in their first efforts at decoration; the same needs have probably brought about the same results. It is not difficult to trace the channels through which symbols have been transmitted from one race to another; the migration follows the waves of international commercial relations.

Nothing is more infectious than a symbol, more especially when accompanied by superstition. Certain symbols, such as wheels and discs for the sun, crescents for the moon, broken lines for water are so natural that they constitute a characteristic of humanity in certain stages of development.

The sun symbols predominate alike on the dolmans and in the embroideries, and traces of sun-worship still persist in Brittany. The festival in honour of the summer solstice, the sun festival in fact, is still celebrated with all the ardour of the days of primitive worship, and has not lost its hold on the Breton folk; it is now kept on the Day of St. John the Baptist. The worship of the Breton Heöl (the Helios of the Greeks) or the King of Planets, as they still call the sun, survived in certain customs and beliefs in spite of the efforts of Christianity to stamp it out or assimilate it. The early bishops of Brittany built chapels near the sacred fountains of the Celts, placed images of the Virgin in the hollows of druidical oaks, and substituted saints for all the deified forces of nature. From certain points in his legend, it would seem that Meriadek, the hypothetical bishop of Vannes, was sent to the northern shores of Brittany to receive the homage formerly addressed to the sun. An ancient Breton mystery of Corrouailles, represents the saint as "*endowed with the gift of light*," dispersing the shadows of night in the eyes of the blind and opening them to the divine light of the sun. Meriadek is to this day the healer of the blind, and the patron saint of the village of Saint Jean du Doigt; the waters of his miraculous fountain, now dedicated to St. John, are still said to cure all sore eyes.

On the day of the Pardon du Feu, or of St. John, a huge *Tantad* or pyramid of bracken, gorse, and branches is piled up in the valley not far from the church; the women and maidens bring ribbons, garlands of leaves and flowers to decorate it. At sunset the Tantad is ignited by some pyrotechnical device called the Dragon, which travels along a wire cable from the steeple of the church to the Tandad; formerly it was an angel bearing a torch that descended. As the flame rises and curls, the immemorial sacred cry of the

• See Borlase, *idem* figs. 334, 537 to 541, 553, 667, etc.

THE BIGOUDEN EMBROIDERERS OF PONT L'ABBE

solar liturgies, "Au Tan! Au Tan!" (the fire) is heard from thousands of lips as the blind pilgrims struggle for the front places near the fire, to which is ascribed the miraculous power of curing blindness under certain conditions.

Even some of the picturesque Breton dances, which may be seen at weddings, during the harvests, and at certain festivals are said to have a druidical origin.

Emil Souvestre thus describes one of these: "The maidens advanced in small rhythmical steps, eyes downcast and arms loosely hanging at the side, their heads slightly turned to the left; whereas the young men, with heads erect and an air of austerity, walked side by side with them. Then suddenly stopping they faced the maidens and, taking their hands, turned with them three times, and returned gravely to their places. One thing in this dance was striking: that in all the succession of steps, the whole band pre-

served a complete circle. All the evolutions were made on an axis with mathematical precision. One felt that this solemn and orderly round had quite a different origin to that of our joyous modern rounds. It was a survival of the sacred dances of the Druids with their regular interlacings, symbols of the movements of the planets. The modest repose of the maidens, the austere gravity of the young men, all pointed to an antique religious tradition. Watching the silent solemnity of the dance with its hidden joy and its air of duty, one felt that this dance had originated within the shadow of the sanctuary and that a mysterious significance was attached to it."

Although we have failed to find a satisfactory solution of the mystery which shrouds the origin of the Bigoudens, we feel that it must be sought in the lands of the rising sun; Heöl pervades their religion, their dances, the designs and colour of their embroidery.





LIFE with yon Lambs, like Day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly Guide.
Does Joy approach? they meet the coming Tide,
And sullenness avoid.

Wordsworth.



Barrington MacGregor



By OSCAR PARKER

LET us, when we are next accused of neglecting Shakespeare, remember to retort that in the winter of 1905 three of the plays of the "myriad minded" one, were simultaneously having "good runs" on the London stage. The retort will be more impressive if we do not add that the fact was unprecedented in our generation, and that many a year of the preceding quarter century had passed without even one revival of a play of Shakespeare. Nevertheless, let us properly rate the merit we have acquired, even though so late, and not ask too curiously whether this awakened interest is owing to a quickened sense of duty, or to the fact that Shakespeare has been a good deal advertised of late, or to the brilliant character of the revivals, or to a weariness with modern drama, or to a vague curiosity about the dramatic value of Elizabethan drama, or, finally, to a genuine and loving appreciation. Perhaps all these motives commingle in the audiences that steadily provide paying houses at His Majesty's, the Imperial, and the Adelphi, and, perhaps—it is permitted to hope—the baser motives are transmuting into the finer metal.

With "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Henry V." I have already dealt. Mr. Tree's production of "Much Ado About Nothing" at His Majesty's Theatre is so admirable as to stand on a par with the other two, and that is saying much. It is with some trepidation, let it be frankly confessed, that Shakespearian revivals at His Majesty's are anticipated. The temptation to create a gorgeous mise-en-scène is supposed to be irresistible by the management, and to be cheerfully condoned by the

patrons of this theatre, and gorgeous mise-en-scènes are apt to be distracting and domineering. But in this production Mr. Tree has staged the play effectively, and in doing it has sacrificed nothing of greater importance. He has left the comedy intact, and we are grateful for the boon. The only changes in this revival consist in transferring the action of the ball room scene in Act II. to the garden of Leonato's house in Act I., and in placing the love scene between Benedick and Beatrice in the cloisters of the church instead of within the edifice itself. And I believe that to everyone, who is not afflicted with a slavish reverence for even the mechanical structure of a Shakespeare play, Mr. Tree's production in three acts will appeal as peculiarly artistic and logical. For look at it. In the first act we have Beatrice and Benedick hotly engaged in that bubbling war of wits, that raillery at love and matrimony which marks them out as destined for one another, however little they may suspect it; and we have the quick and tempestuous wooing and betrothal of Hero and Claudio; and prompt on the breath of that erotic atmosphere comes the merry plot to turn the disdain of Beatrice and Benedick into a mutual passion. Then the second act is given wholly to the foul design against Hero, its consummation in the church, and its influence upon Benedick and Beatrice, who, already prepared to forego war for a sweet peace, are thus drawn together in mutual alliance against a common foe and in a common faith. And, finally, in the last act, the villainy is exposed, the lovers reunited, and with one last mockery of their old disdain Benedick and Beatrice defy "a



MISS VIOLA TREE.—"Much Ado About Nothing."-HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Photo by Frank W. Burford.

college of wit-crackers to flout them out of their humour." This division of the play is logically dramatic, and though, no doubt, it lends itself to three fine stage scenes, we are not bound to consider that that contingency had any influence in the arrangement. I, myself, believe that a good deal too much deference is paid by modern stage management to what is supposed to be a demand from the public for elaborate stage setting. The success of the Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre proves that conclusively. Give the public drama of real human interest, drama which from any intrinsic merit holds the intellect or grips the emotions, and the setting is of very little moment.

But to return to "Much Ado About Nothing," there was unquestionably a keen interest in seeing Miss Tree in a part which must make a more considerable demand upon the young actress than any she had undertaken hitherto. Of Miss Emery's rendition of Beatrice no one had any doubt. The part suits her to perfection. But Hero was another matter. The church scene is exceedingly trying, all the more because Hero, around whom all the action moves, has so little to say or to do, but Miss Tree plays it with a restrained pathos that carries conviction. She is not quite Shakespeare's Hero; she is too simple-minded, too unsophisticated and ingenuous for a maid of her time; but, this granted, Miss Tree's Hero is in this scene a very touching impersonation. She is as one struck dumb by the cruel slander, incapable at first of understanding its purport even, horribly conscious of some awful calamity which she cannot measure. When she staggers to the altar and kneels there *alone*, the voiceless pathos of the moment appeals to every sentiment of chivalry, and turns Don Pedro and Claudio into contemptible cads, whom one longs to kick, which was certainly not Shakespeare's intention. Mr. Tree does not make a quite convincing Benedick. The gay, light-hearted, flippant, young soldier, scorning love out of sheer fondness for bachelorhood, is not Mr. Tree's exact métier, which requires something of diablerie in the composition of the parts he most successfully effects. But still it is a robust piece of acting, virile and forceful, and the cast of the play as a whole is almost entirely satisfactory.

"Mollentrave on Women" presents one of those annoying enigmas which can be most obviously compared to the puzzling doubt in which Mr. Stockton's "The Tiger or the Lady" leaves us. Just as we shall never be able to solve quite satisfactorily whether Mr. Stockton's hero's trust in the unselfish devotion of his lady was justified or not, so the fall of the curtain on Mr. Mollentrave's experiments at match-making leaves us profoundly dubious whether he was an arrant humbug or an exceedingly clever *deus ex machina*. At the end of the second act the humbug is quite clear; at the end of the third the scales have returned to an even balance. It is a tribute to an undeniably clever piece of work on the part of both author and actor that this result is achieved. For if Mollentrave has really imposed upon us, we can better understand how he could impose upon his clients. I doubt if the play is destined to a long life, but I am convinced that every lover of comedy ought to see Mr. Eric Lewis's "Mollentrave" in Mr. Sutro's play at the St. James's. That irrepressible vivacity, that magnificent assurance, that superb conceit of one's self, that undying faith in one's theories, however rudely fate may deal with them form a comedy character study of undoubted interest. As a daily companion Mr. Mollentrave would get on the nerves, and help materially to people the asylums, but for a couple of hours he is a treasure. But it is only for the one part that the play will hold the boards; in no other respect has it a strong human interest. The persons on whom Mr. Mollentrave is able to practise his theoretical knowledge of women are rather weak and limp-backed specimens of the race. One and all they are either incapable of knowing their own minds, or else lack moral courage. Therefore they make very susceptible subjects for Mr. Mollentrave to practise upon, and therefore, too, we cannot but feel some contempt for them. The truth is, the play lies in the region of farce rather than comedy, and should be dealt with as such, for the scheme of it has only that superficial relation to reality, to real men and women, and to real life that distinguishes farce from comedy. We never get interested in the love affairs of Sir Joseph and Everard and Margaret and Lady Claude, but only in the overpowering personality of Mr. Mollentrave and his

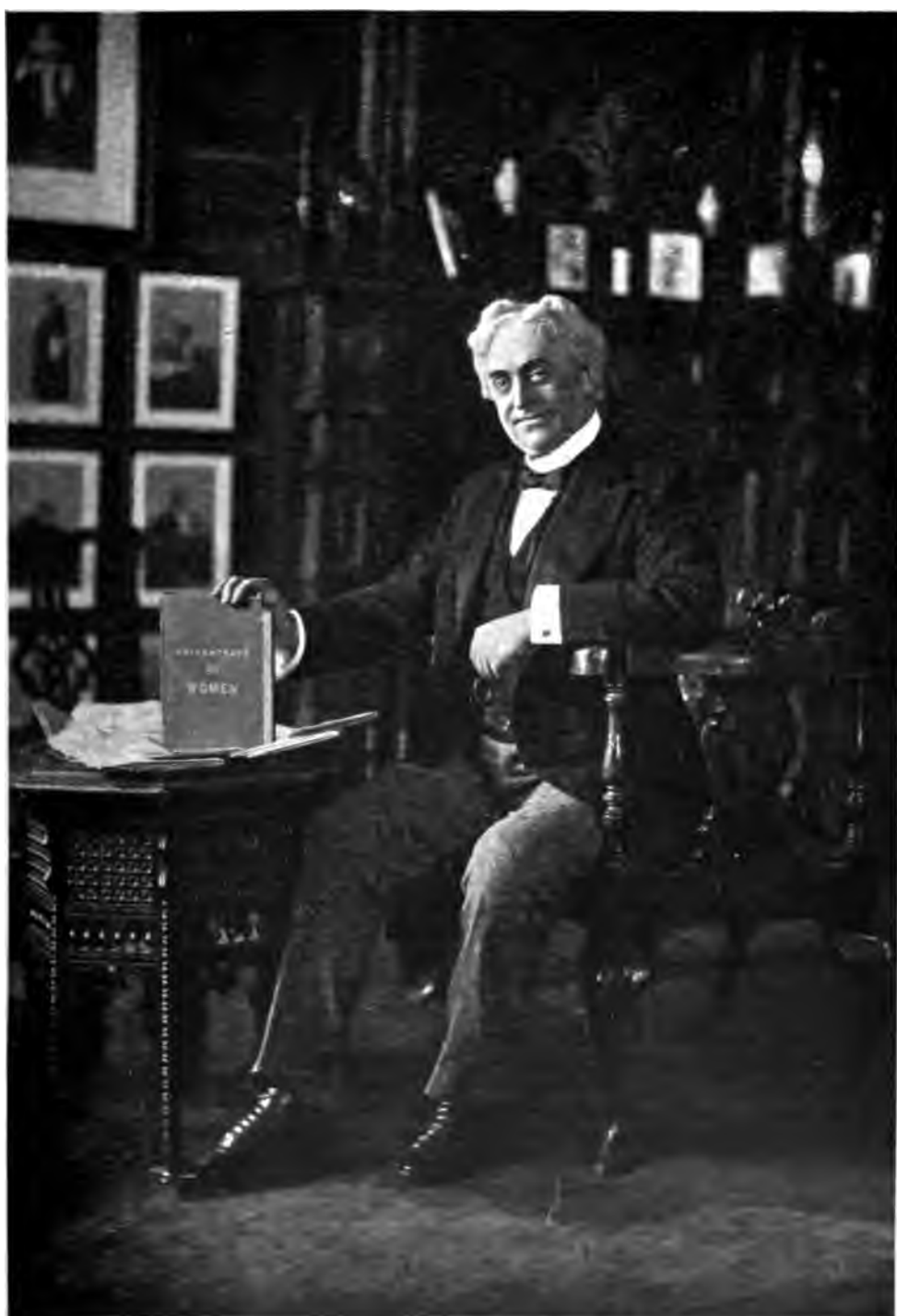


MR. BEERBOHM TREE.—"Much Ado About Nothing."—HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Photo by Frank W. Barford.

tempestuous interference with the course of love, and finally we are so piqued and tormented by an inability to decide whether the couples are at last rightly sorted by those interferences, or in spite of them, that the play clings tantalisingly in the memory.

I have already referred to the Vedrenne-Barker season of matinées at the Court Theatre. It is very gratifying to record that the venture has proved a success, and that these Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday matinées have drawn full houses. The plays announced for this month (April) are Hauptmann's "Thieves' Comedy" and Euripides' "Trojan Women," but the most important production thus far has been Mr. Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island." It has become an almost insufferable pleonasm to prefix "clever" to any of Mr. Shaw's work, and I will not be guilty of it. "John Bull's Other Island" is an example of the paradox that you may be as didactic as you please in drama, may make your characters talk endless lectures and yet be interesting. That is, provided you are a genius and have a sense of humour. "John Bull's Other Island" is a satire, a biting, acid satire. The dreamy, unfrocked Irish priest, who talks with the grasshoppers, and has discovered that worldly success and a clean soul are incompatible, is the only creature whom the dramatist cannot find it in his heart to satirise, but the fact that one righteous person remains is at least an answer to the charge too often made that Mr. Shaw is without convictions or reverence; unless, indeed, we strain the point too far, and in the Irish peasant's opinion that "Father" Keegan is a madman we find a jibe at his expense also. All else is, as I have said, mordant satire, and the pictures drawn are selected with the object of enforcing the satirical point of view. To describe the play as didactic is, perhaps, misleading, for though it is brimful of moral purpose there is no getting at the moralist's own convictions, except that everything is mischievous in the most inexplicable of worlds. He gives us some very salutary pictures, however, even if they lead no whither but to incline every man to think out the moral for himself. There is the Englishman, Broadbent, pushing, self-opinionated, unimaginative, obtuse, winning, not by any grace, but because, John Bull-like, he never

knows when he is beaten. There is the Irish farmer, with his political obliquity and readiness to borrow money wherever it is to be got, the Irish evicted peasant, with his everlasting "wrongs," the young Irishman, educated in England, who shares the imaginative fervour of his race, and despises himself and his people for it, the Irish parish priest, with his tyranny of rule and adaptiveness of policy. There is the Irish girl, Nora, proud, faithful through long years of neglect, giving herself at last to the man who knows his own mind and captivates her because he represents a new force, the force that will not be denied. And then we have the honest, humble worshipper of Nature and Nature's God, the student of life, the recluse, the unsuccessful man because success means captivity and degradation. And the only conclusive lesson of the hour is that for success, that which the world counts success, the qualifications are those of a steam-roller, dogged, persistent, untiring, unimaginative, soulless, crushing force. Broadbent goes to Ireland, arrives, sees, conquers. He captures a constituency, seizes a wife, turns a sweet countryside into a gasping, money-making summer resort, modernises the ruins, and never for one solitary moment suspects that he is the blundering fool he really is. Quite true that, if this is a play, we must revise our dramatic definitions, but if Mr. Bernard Shaw chooses, for greater vividness, to throw his gospel into dramatic form, it is not by any means necessary that we should bulwark ourselves with a definition for self-defence. He gives us two hours or more of delightful enjoyment and a good many more of serious contemplation after, and I, for one, am thankful for both. But let me repeat here what was said earlier in these notes as to the need for elaborate stage sets. Here is a play (or a series of sermons, if one likes, in dramatic form) with the very simplest of scenery, and I venture to say not one in the audience missed the elaborate and costly setting, regarded as so necessary. It is to be hoped that the time will come when the playgoer will look with suspicion upon the sumptuous dressing of a play as an artifice to conceal the emptiness of the body within it. As a matter of fact, it never makes a poor play "go"; it is little more than padding.



MR. ERIC LEWIS.—“Molentrave on Women”—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Messrs. Ellis and Walery



It is a commonplace to say that there is much significance in a name, and it is equally obvious to retort that names are nothing, and that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Both points of view are true, but there is a difference in the two pairs of eyes which are concerned in the observation. The eye sees only what it has the power to see, and imagination counts for little with those who are not sensitive to the appeal to the mind which is made by a beautiful name. For instance, the difference between March and April in this country is often simply a matter of longer days, and winter still lingers in our midst. But, speaking for myself, there is an infinity of distinction between the 31st March and the 1st April. There is something harsh and forbidding in the sound of the one date; there is something soft and enticing in that of the other. There may be snow and east winds on both days, but to the eye of faith and imagination a barrier has been crossed; a new year has really begun. I leave off my great coat on the 1st April in obedience to this feeling; if I feel chilly I simply whisper to myself, "April is here," and I am instantly warm. The wind, be it ever so keen, has lost its power to annoy us, from the mere fact that it is blowing in April and not in March. March is often more trying than either January or February, and I think this is partly due to the harsh monosyllable by which we describe the month, and however unpleasant April may be, the

music of her name helps us to bear her tantrums with patience. I know a man whose wife's name is Margaret, and he always calls her by that name. She is a very trying woman to him, but he says he is always thankful that he has never called her "Maggie," because reverence for the beautiful name "Margaret" helps him to keep his temper. He never can associate the ordinary words, with which the man in the street usually expresses his annoyance, with his wife's name. He says he could never condemn a Margaret to eternal damnation; but he thinks he could at least be rude to a Maggie. But April appeals to the man of imagination for other reasons than the charm of her name. She presents to us a paradox: she is sunshine and shower at one and the same time. She is the most feminine of the months: when she is seasonable she is never consistent. I have great sympathy with the April temperament. Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, used to say that it was quite possible to hold two exactly contrary opinions, provided a five minutes interval were allowed between the expression of each belief. But why should we insist on a five minutes interval? "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief," is the most perfect expression of the paradox of April in the intellectual world. Reason pulls us one way and intuition the other, and while we are sternly advocating our cause on the lines of the one, some power which we call intuition suddenly floods our whole being like sunshine, and at once we are intellectually in April. It is the same with tem-

perament as it is with opinions. "When things are at their worst they begin to mend" is an old saying, but the real reason for the change is often not that the things alter, but that a perfectly unreasonable hope has suddenly taken possession of us. We are seeing the things differently, though to everybody else nothing has altered. A cry which ends with a laugh is supposed to be evidence of hysteria, but it is as natural and healthy a phenomenon as an April shower. We may easily cultivate paradoxical philosophy, until the only logical course left to us is to stand on our heads. I am only pleading here for the possible superior sanity of those who have what appear to be unreasonable moods, and opinions which cannot be reconciled with each other. The man who prides himself on being faithful only to the bare fact as his reason apprehends it, and is always perfectly clear and definite in his opinions, is so only because he is, intellectually speaking, deficient in long sight: he is a near-sighted man. I heard Mr. Chesterton the other day defend Christianity; and in his characteristic way he showed that the three great virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, were only virtues when they were deprived of that sweet reasonableness with which so many Christian apologists have invested them. Faith was only a virtue when it implied belief in what was not demonstrable, otherwise it was only common-sense acceptance of facts. Hope was only a virtue when it was hope in the apparently hopeless, otherwise it was simply justifiable expectation of the probable, and Charity, when it was a virtue meant forgiveness of the unforgivable, otherwise it was simply justice. The ideals implied here are almost counsels of perfection, but it is their persistent presence in different crises of their lives which explains the unreasonableness of many people. In the nature of things, as human nature is constituted, these flights beyond reason are only occasional, but they often are taken when other influences set most strongly in an opposite direction. A cook in the employ of one of my neighbours, and who was, from no fault of her own, separated from her husband, confessed to her mistress one day, "Down in my 'eart I loves 'im still; but, oh! mum, he loathin' I 'ave." In her poor way she was struggling to express that double-

mindfulness which appears so unreasonable: in reality it is the most reasonable of all positions, for it allows the play of heart as well as of mind. The unreasonableness is only in the failure of language to give it adequate expression. In Oscar Wilde's striking book, "De Profundis," there is a passage which bears on this difficulty—"On the other side of the prison wall there are some poor, black, soot-besmirched trees, which are just breaking into buds of an almost shrill green. I know quite well what they are going through. They are finding expression." That is what is happening also when we are passing through an intellectual April. We must not be called insane because of a failure in expression. The border line which separates insanity from unreason is always difficult even for a Commissioner in Lunacy to determine. I heard the other day of an effort made by one of these gentlemen to decide the state of mind of a man who was brought before him. He asked the man what was his trouble, and the reply was that he was married to one of Satan's daughters. "But are not you happy with her?" asked the Commissioner. "Not altogether, replied the man, sadly. "You see, Sir, we don't get on with her old people."

Mr. Augustine Birrell

COLERIDGE'S once said that "lucidity
TABLE TALK. is one of the chief
characteristics of
sanity." But he qualified this hard saying by admitting that "lucidity is not simplicity." In other words, because a man is difficult to understand we have no right to say he is unintelligible, or that there is no meaning in what he says. To be able to follow an author who is thinking with a pen in his hand we have also to exercise our brains, but many people seem to demand in a writer that he should do their thinking for them. The charge of obscurity which is brought against writers such as Carlyle, Browning, and Meredith resolves itself into the statement that they are difficult, not that they are unintelligible, and the curious thing about all these so-called obscure authors is that every now and then there comes from them in the middle of much difficult and apparently involved thinking, some sentence which seems to go right to the heart of the matter under discussion.

and is inspiring, as well as illuminating. It would seem as if it were a law of the intellect, as it is of the natural world, that there should be an apparent waste of production in bringing greatness to maturity. Messrs. George Bell and Sons have lately brought out in their York Library a delightful edition of Coleridge's *Table Talk*. Coleridge's prose works are, I suspect, regarded by the average man and woman as something they cannot be expected to understand. They picture him as a philosopher, voyaging in the "high seas of transcendental philosophy," lost in the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its "sum-m-jects and om-m-jects." But Coleridge, who was frequently so obscure in his talk, as well as in his writings, was also one of the clearest and most penetrating critics this country has ever produced, and he who cares for criticism at all cannot afford to neglect the man who on so many subjects has said the best word that has yet been uttered. Carlyle in describing Coleridge's conversation, said, "Glorious islets, too. I have seen rise out of the haze, balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the unintelligible," and this edition of the *Table Talk* is peculiarly a selection of the islets of the blest. In order to get a glimpse of them it is worth while travelling in the fog for some time, for you know that the thought will shape itself into illuminating clearness at last. Take such thoughts as:—"The principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable," or "The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man," or "Sympathy constitutes friendship, but in love there is a sort of antipathy or opposing passions. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole." In the *Cornhill Magazine* for March there is an interesting article by the late Canon Ainger on the "Art of Conversation," and an important distinction is drawn therein between talkers and conversationalists. Coleridge, of course, was a talker; he knew scarcely anything of the art of conversation. The same might be said also of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Gladstone. Canon Ainger tells the old story how Coleridge once button-holed a friend and began to talk with his eyes closed, after his fashion, and how, after an hour or so,

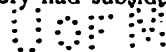
the friend, who could not well stay longer, silently severed the button with his pocket-knife, and stole away, returning after another hour to find Coleridge still talking with the button in his hand. Now, the artist in conversation depends on his audience, not on a button, for his inspiration. We don't tolerate such talkers now: we can all talk ourselves, and we insist on obtaining our rightful innings. But I always like to listen to any speaker who is thinking as he goes along. He may be hesitating and halting, and he may continually be wandering off the main road of his argument into little by-paths of his own fancy, but he is a relief to listen to after some glib talker who is perfectly at home with words, and who is a stranger to ideas. The best conversations occur when the talkers are thinking aloud: what is called an easy style has often no "glorious islets" at all, and no light and shade are possible. A habit of thinking aloud will lay a man open to the charge of obscurity, because in the mere expression of an opinion he is often only endeavouring to shape something which, until he spoke, was formless in his mind. He will probably contradict himself constantly in the course of conversation, but none the less he is usually saying things which are worth hearing. A good talker is not necessarily a good reasoner, and it is often his thoughts which are thrown out by the way which strike his hearers more than his argument. Indeed, the argument is evidently only being used by him as a peg on which to hang his thoughts. On the other hand, a conversation between two men who have both ready-made sets of opinions, and who are anxious that these should prevail, is only a species of game: it is far removed from the art of conversation. In one of the delightful little asides which add so much to the charm of his moods, Thackeray meditates on the rarity of gentlemen in the world. And he adds, "Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list." Let us, in the same way, think of the good talkers we have heard, and let us each make out his little list.

It has always been a
L'ENTENTE favourite theory with
CORDIALE. advanced thinkers of a
certain school that the
more we increase the means of communica-

tion between rival nations, and the more opportunities we provide for the inhabitants of various countries to become acquainted with one another, the fewer chances there will be of friction and of war. We have heard a great deal lately about l'Entente Cordiale. Sentimental politicians are fond of telling us that we are all brethren, and that but for the interested action of authorities in high places we should naturally be falling on one another's necks, out of the fulness of the love we bear to each other. I have myself talked in this strain at debating societies and in after-dinner speeches. Now, it is often a short step from sentimentalism to cynicism, and a very slight contact with the facts of the world as they are will produce this change in one's mental outlook. Let me illustrate my opinion by a little amusing experience of my own.

I found myself one day some years ago on board the Palace steamer, *La Marguerite*, with a return ticket to Boulogne. The cockney was on board in full force, together with other interesting varieties of the British species. We were tolerably crowded, but quite two-thirds of our number were evidently of the opinion that old England was good enough for them, and they therefore left us at Margate. Those who went on to France were, however, a very representative crowd of English men and English women. Most of us were in the sentimental stage, and were like cook in Leech's picture, "in that 'appy condition when we could love anybody," even the French. As we ran between the jetties which form the entrance to Boulogne Harbour all the sentimentalism in us was intensified when we saw the French on either side waving their handkerchiefs and welcoming us with cheers. Our own passengers broke out into the "Marseillaise," and I turned to my friend and gave enthusiastic utterance to the sentimental theory of the advanced thinkers. "Where," I asked, "is the evidence of the chronic suspicion and hatred of each other that we read about in French and English journals? Leave the people to themselves; they will instinctively become friends, and their swords will be turned into pruning hooks." As a matter of fact, if the people had been left to themselves on this particular afternoon they would have torn each other's eyes out.

When the boat drew up alongside the quay we were informed that she would be starting back for London in twenty minutes time. A large number of our passengers were visiting France for the first time, and they were naturally anxious to be able to tell their friends on their return that they had been on the Continent. So some thirty or forty honest, pig-headed Britons, who owed no allegiance to any Sovereign or President except Queen Victoria went on shore. At the expiration of the twenty minutes the boat started whistling, and then out of the neighbouring restaurants rushed back our forty passengers, men and women. But, in the meantime, the gangway had been taken possession of by the French police, assisted by the military, and they declined to allow anybody to return to the boat until the word of command had been given by their own officers. This was too much for the subjects of Queen Victoria, who, in spite of notices to the contrary, are accustomed to cross the line under any pretence. Still, there is no doubt that if they had been told to "move on" by a single ordinary London policeman they would have obeyed without much protest, and order would have been maintained. But to be ordered about by a set of domineering French soldiers and gendarmes, whom they had been taught in their school-books to despise, was not to be expected of Englishmen. Moreover, most of my countrymen who were visiting France for the first time that day evidently recognised in these men with strange uniform the individuals who had killed their grandparents and fellow-Englishmen at Waterloo, and hereditary influences were at work to inspire them to follow up that battle. A surging crowd pushed backwards and forwards along the quay, for everybody in Boulogne seemed to have come out to see the big English boat arrive, until at last one Englishman, rendered almost desperate by the idea that he was being illegally detained on a foreign shore, pushed a gendarme aside and made a successful bolt down the gangway. For a moment the gendarme held him by his coat-tails, but, as we all know that it takes three Frenchmen to settle one Englishman, the gendarme's unaided efforts were unsuccessful. Then, before the excitement at the Englishman's victory had subsided, an English



lady of solid proportions suddenly seized a gendarme by his collar, pushed him aside, and made for the gangway. She appeared to be saying, "Now then, out of the way, Froggy, and let me pass." Then the fun really began. The gendarme, scarlet with rage at this insult which he did not understand, drew his sword on her, and behaved as though he meant business. A howl of execration from boat and shore brought him to his senses; but from that moment peace was impossible. In vain our purser went on shore to calm his expatriated countrymen. The passengers on the boat were not in the mood to see peace restored. Most of us had now seen for the first time in our lives a sword drawn in sober earnest, and we felt the tingling of the war fever in our blood, all the stronger because in any battle which might ensue we should only be the spectators. When, at last, those on shore were allowed to return, anybody who had resisted authority was received with deafening applause. When the lady who had defied in her own estimation the whole French army came on deck she received a tremendous ovation, passengers of all grades crowding round to shake hands with her. And as *La Marguerite* sailed out of Boulogne Harbour these dreadful subjects of Queen Victoria sang at the top of their voices, "Britannia rules the waves, Britons *never, never* will be slaves," while those of our number who had no ear for music were shaking their fists at the French on the quay, and were hurling at them such pleasant and uncomplimentary taunts as: "Strike a woman, would you?" "Who won Waterloo?" "Who ran away from Hegypt?" "What price the Germans, eh?" "Could you eat a frog?" Fortunately for our reputation as a nation, the French obviously misunderstood, or did not comprehend at all, the English of these barbarians. They looked bewildered and troubled, and evidently regarded us, as well they might, as so many wild beasts. There was one French woman on board, but she prudently declined to stand up for her own nation. Moreover, she knew the English: she told me she had lived in the Whitechapel Road for five years, and that "some people 'ad not ought

to 'ave come out if they couldn't be'ave theirselves." I agreed with her, and congratulated her on her English accent, and on the apparent ease with which she had acquired metropolitan English. "It is," I said, "what would be called in the case of an Englishman and the French language, 'quite Parisian.'" She blushed very prettily, and said something about there being a few English gentlemen in existence, but if the compliment was intended for me it was undeserved. For I have to confess that I had richly enjoyed the proceedings of the afternoon, and although I felt in a way ashamed of the bad taste of my countrymen there appeared to me something intensely human about the whole business. During the voyage home I ventured to approach the heroine of the day on whom the French sword had been drawn, and to congratulate her on the stand she had made on behalf of the Englishman's liberty to do exactly as he likes wherever he may be. I found her still much excited, and the story of her experiences was growing in improbability with every fresh narration. "Such a tupney 'alfpenny blade when he did draw it, too! No wonder they git sat upon by the Germans!" she said to me with beautiful scorn.

So ended our afternoon call on the French: so ended my dream of universal brotherhood. Surely no nation in the world has such bad manners as the English, or can be relied upon to act with such bad taste in all emergencies where the opposite qualities would be most effective. Surely, also, no nation in the world takes itself so seriously and, consequently, with so little perception of the ludicrous as the French. I shall not soon forget the terribly earnest look of that French crowd in face of a very ludicrous situation. "But still the daily visits of *La Marguerite* may have helped to promote a better understanding," says the optimist. I doubt it. The only remedy with quarrelsome children is to keep them apart. None the less the result is often very amusing when they do meet, and at the next encounter of cockneys and French bourgeoisie may I be there to see the fun.



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MRS. SIDDONS.

After Gainsborough.

This portrait, which cost the National Gallery £1,000, has been valued at £10,000.

THE English Illustrated Magazine

MAY, 1905

BARGAINS IN PAINT

By HUGH BLAKER

THE financial history of the National Gallery affords some of the most astounding evidence as to the fluctuating value of the Old Masters that it is possible to conceive. Scores of pictures that were originally bought at considerable cost, or received as gifts, and gladly hung, have been relegated to the cellars, or sent to provincial collections, while on the other hand, there are many works for which a small price was originally paid, but which have come to be considered such treasures that to-day one is almost afraid to name a sum which would adequately represent their value.

Looking at the collection merely from the standpoint of a student of prices, we are struck by the very remarkable increase in value of some of the pictures in a comparatively short space of time. The fluctuation in critical opinion has enabled the directors, thanks to the bad taste of the experts of former times, to buy very great pictures at very small prices. Their occasional mistakes are atoned for many times over by the remarkable bargains that they have secured for the Nation. That these fluctuations will be just as noticeable in the future it is pretty safe to prophesy. If one had the necessary foresight, courage, and capital it is probable that he could, with a few thousands pounds build up the basis of a large fortune for his descendants.

To take a modern instance, how many times would an investor have doubled his capital if he had bought the etchings of Whistler twenty or thirty years ago when they were being sold for a sovereign or

two apiece? And for years one could buy his splendid lithographs for sixpence, or even one penny each. Again, did not M. Durand Ruel make a huge fortune by buying the works of the French impressionists—Manet, Monet, Sisley, Pissaro, and Renoir, when they could be picked up for a mere song? It is quite certain that the works of many of the men who are painting to-day (and which could be secured very cheaply) would be magnificent investments. But (always the "but") the question is, who are these Old Masters in embryo?

In the good old times, when prices rendered possible the purchase *en bloc* of collections, the would-be investor in Old Masters had the best chance, and after a generation or two several of the pictures would probably in themselves pay for the initial outlay. The National Gallery has obtained several bargains in this way, the best of them probably being the Peel collection. This cost £75,000 for seventy-seven pictures. Experts have valued it to-day at upwards of £300,000.

Perhaps one of the greatest bargains ever obtained in the picture world was for a work which hangs in the gallery devoted to the Early Flemish School, and which the man in the street might pass by almost without noticing. This is the famous panel, "Portraits of Arnolfini and his Wife," which was bought for the insignificant sum of £630. The painter is Jan van Eyck, who was probably the first to invent the art of painting in oils. This picture, executed five hundred years ago, is as perfect as the day it left the painter's

easel. Never was an artist more gifted or more humble than van Eyck. Some of his works for a signature bear simply these words in Latin:—"As I can, not as I would."

Van Eyck's "Madonna and Child"

day it has been valued at a ything over £20,000.

Another ridiculously cheap picture, and one of the most popular in the collection, from the point of view of both amateur and expert, is Andrea del Sarto's "Portrait



PORTRAITS OF ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE.

After Jan van Eyck.

If put up for sale this famous painting would fetch at least £20,000; it was acquired for the National Gallery for £630.

(8½ in. by 6 in.) sold some ten years ago for £2,500, working out at something like £50 a square inch. The work under discussion measures 2 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. ½ in., and in workmanship is in no way inferior to the "Madonna and Child." It cost the National Gallery 15s. the square inch. To-

of Himself," the subject of the well-known poem of Browning's. No praise can be too high for this portrait—

All is silver grey,
Placid and perfect with my art.

It was obtained for the paltry sum of

£270 from Sig. N. Puccini but forty years ago. Some experts would call £6,000 a moderate price for it at the present time.

An interesting and very popular picture which was picked up at a ridiculous price at the Louis Phillipe sale half-a-century

his eyes in supplication to Heaven. This was purchased for a paltry £265, but twenty times that amount would probably better represent its value.

Maroni's "Portrait of a Tailor," which, says an ancient Italian writer, "is so well



PORTRAIT OF ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Painted by Himself.

Though acquired for only £270, £6,000 would be a moderate valuation to-day.

ago is Zurbaran's "Franciscan Monk," one of the most characteristic pictures—if we omit the works of Velasquez, who enjoys a place apart—in the rooms devoted to the Spanish School of painting. Kneeling in his shabby and patched hood, the monk, clasping a skull in his thin hands, lifts

done that it speaks better than an advocate could," is the next one we pick out from the long list of bargains. It is said that such a good judge as Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A., considers this the best portrait in the whole gallery. It should be worth many thousands of pounds—per-

haps even running into double figures. Yet this was acquired in 1862 for the small sum of £320.

Piero de Cosimo's "Death of Procris,"

was indeed a fortunate one for art-lovers in this country. Thus, for the comparatively insignificant sum of £1,081 the nation obtained four masterpieces which



PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR.

After Moroni.

This picture has been variously valued at from £6,000 to £10,000; the Nation bought it for £320.

one of the best-known pictures in the gallery, quaint and naive in design, the subject of a poem by Mr. Austin Dobson, must also be counted among the cheapest. In the same year as the last three conspicuous bargains Lorenzo Lotto's most delightful portrait of a "Professor and his Brother" was purchased for £320—the year 1862

to-day would certainly cost thirty or forty times that amount.

Mention must be made, too, of Piero della Francesca's "Baptism of Christ." This remarkable picture was painted about 1460, and is full of interest from the point of view of the student of technique and perspective, being perhaps one of the



A FRANCISCAN MONK.

After Zurbarán.

Bought for £265; but its present value is at least twenty times that sum.



THE DEATH OF PROCRIS.

After Pietro di Cosimo.

The value of this picture is estimated at many thousands; but it was bought for the small sum of £176.

earliest examples of correct "foreshortening" both in figure drawing and architecture. The landscape, too, marks a distinct advance from the conventions of the painter's predecessors. This interesting picture cost £241, but would fetch a large sum at the present day.

In a list of bargains one could not omit such a masterpiece as Botticelli's "Virgin and Child, St. John and the Angels," which was picked up for £159 before the painter was boomed—first by Ruskin and then by the æsthetics of the "seventies." To buy it now one would have to pay several thousands. Romney's famous "Parson's Daughter" was bought in 1879 for the small sum of £378.

Others that can be mentioned from a cursory glance are Rembrandt's portrait of himself as a young man—one of the best examples in existence of his earlier period, and one of the finest pictures by the versatile Dutchman in the gallery. This was purchased for £800. Moroni's well-known "Lawyer" cost £528; Raphael's "Vision of a Knight" £1,050; Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons" £1,000—surely a great bargain; Mantegna's "Virgin and Child" £1,125, and the "Triumph of Scipio" £1,500; and Botticelli's "Glorification of the Virgin" £651.



BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

After Titian.

This picture could not be bought to-day for less than £40,000; it was purchased for £4000.

Of the larger-priced bargains mention should certainly be made of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," which was bought with two others for £9,000 in 1826. Apportioning the sum of £4,000 as its probable share of this amount, it must be considered as one of the best strokes of busi-

ness ever carried out on behalf of the nation. To-day it is a certainty that £40,000 would not buy it if it came into the market. Many competent critics affirm it to be the best picture in the gallery, and moreover that it is Titian's masterpiece.



TOLD IN A SOUTHERN VILLAGE

By PHYLLIS PROCTOR

HE sat smoking did Le Rossignol d'Arcadie—smoking on the doorstep with one eye fixed on a bantam picking among some decayed vegetables in a corner of the garden, and the other at the bottom button of his blouse. The button had once been covered with blue stuff like the blouse, but it was now half rubbed off, and showed the black tin underneath. All the other buttons were the same.

The squint of Le Rossignol d'Arcadie was useful sometimes, and his smile, when it revealed only the upper row of teeth, seductive, but he had a discoloured stubble around his lower lip and chin, and was unclean.

It was a very hot, blue afternoon; a large bee made a continuous buzzing as it leisurely despoiled each of the few wall-flowers the narrow garden contained, and there was a slight smell of burning wood in the air.

A fat mongrel calling itself a terrier lay at Le Rossignol's feet, ostentatiously panting, and now and then looking up into its master's face with a vacant glare born of heat and too much food.

Le Rossignol d'Arcadie laid the short pipe on his knee, pulled another shred of blue stuff off the button, and slowly scratched his head. Then he rubbed one sabot meditatively against the other and stretched himself. "Mon Dieu," he said aloud, yawning and showing two gaps in his lower teeth, previously hidden by the stubble—"Qu'ai-je?"

The bantam and a soiled-looking white cock of villainous appearance were engaged in a struggle for a lump of rotten cabbage; they neither of them wanted it in the least, but each was determined to balk the other in every attempt at possessing the morsel. After several feathers had been lost in the fray the cock, being the larger and stronger of the two, with a vigorous peck discomfited the smaller bird, and made off swiftly with his odorous prize to a neighbouring dunghill on the other side of the wooden palings; having determined to make the best of a

bad job, the bantam returned to her old pickings.

In the meanwhile Le Rossignol d'Arcadie had apparently answered his own question, for he was sound asleep, his large head thatched with reddish yellow hair flung back, his jaw drooping, and both hands hanging by his side. He had kicked off one sabot, which now lay near the bantam, and his legs well stretched out showed the shoeless foot protected by a coarse blue sock from which one big toe protruded.

The dog was also in oblivion, its matted sides heaving at regular intervals.

Le Rossignol d'Arcadie had always been known by that name; he was very, very dull, and very, very unattractive. "Jacques," said his mother to him a month or two before his second birthday, "thou art ugly, thou art stupid, but thou shalt be good, as good as thou art stupid and as kind as thou art ugly." Jacques grunted, made a staccato movement with his bare pink feet, and tried to ram one creased fist into his mother's mouth, who smiled gently and covered the tiny arm with kisses. No one ever kissed him now, but who could caress a Rossignol d'Arcadie? It was Henri who first christened him that—Henri, his clever, beautiful younger brother, whom he loved with an almost dog-like devotion, which the youth returned with a careless, good-natured tolerance. Henri really had an affection for his brother, but he was long in finding it out, and then Jacques' habits and appearance were so revolting it was better not to see too much of him.

Their father always felt aggrieved when he thought of Jacques; it was hard, he used to say, that when he had only two children one of them should be such an unsightly dolt, and he, too, avoided his elder son as much as possible.

Then one cold winter the mother died, and her first-born tried to live on patiently without her, hungering for a few crumbs of love which never fell.

They were poor, but every week several

sous were laid by in an old magenta teapot bearing the inscription in gilt letters, "Souvenir de Bologne." These savings were for Henri when he should marry pretty Zélie Roc, the blacksmith's daughter. Every evening these two walked the green lanes together, while their conversation usually ran as follows:—

"Zélie, es tu heureuse?"

"Mais oui."

"Mon cœur!" A long silence.

"Zélie, est-ce que tu m'aimes?"

"Mais oui!" breathed out in a rapturous whisper.

"Ma chérie!"

Two deep sighs of unutterable content would follow, and the lovers wandered on hand in hand under the sweet-smelling pines and along the banks of the river carpeted with bluebells like heaven "up-breaking through the earth." To each other there was heaven even in silence until they reached, at dusk, the tiny cottage in the valley that was Zélie's home, when Henri would say, "Au revoir ma mie, dors bien," as they kissed and separated till the morrow repeated the tale. Jacques loved Zélie too. He had loved her long before, when Henri was still at the stage of alluding impatiently to "lover's nonsense"; but he had never shown it. He would have thought it sacrilege to even dream of touching that sunburnt little hand with his lips, and the idea of making love to the owner of it never crossed his mind. That was before he was sure that her eyes were often fixed on Henri's face with a wistful gaze, and when at last the belief became a certainty, and that look was returned, he took it all as a matter of course. He had always been used to giving up everything to his younger brother; why should it be otherwise? Zélie could never love such an one as he, and besides Henri was so beautiful and *spirituel*, it was right that he should have the best there was to give.

Le Rossignol d'Arcadie sighed heavily and awoke as the big red sun was setting behind "Le Dent d'Achille" and the hay-makers were returning from their work. He could hear them singing as they came down the valley:—

"Il y était une bergère

Ron ron ron petit patapon—

Il y était une bergère

Qui gardait ses moutons ron ron

Qui gardait ses moutons——"

And now and then a burst of merry laughter came on a ripple of wind. By standing upon his stool and craning his neck Jacques could distinguish Zélie Roc stepping along among a crowd of men and girls.

He was just thinking how gracefully she walked when the gruff voice of his father behind told him to "hurry in and see about supper instead of standing gaping at a parcel of girls and fools like himself."

Jacques jumped down and walked hurriedly and unevenly to the truant sabot, which he carefully rubbed with the sleeve of his blouse and put on. "Lubber that thou art!" muttered his father; and as the youth slouched into the house, "See here, thou simpleton," he said, and whispered some words in his ear, at which the other started violently and turned white to the lips.

"Father, where is Henri?" he stammered.

"Gone to Beaucaire," was the laconic reply.

Jacques knew only too well why his brother had gone to Beaucaire. He received the news in silence, and in silence the father and son ate their evening meal.

Supper over, Jacques sat down on a stool in the shadow, and taking up a paper (it was seven months old) pretended to read, but the words, though he was not trying to say them aloud, seemed to choke in his throat, and his eyes, as he kept them fixed on the page, suddenly brimmed over, whilst a large drop fell with a splash on the information that a certain powder was "absolument ce qu'il y a de meilleur pour les soins de la bouche et des dents," which words he had been reading for the twentieth time in succession.

All the time he was saying to himself over and over again, "Que faire? Ah! mon Dieu, que faire?"

Just then a damp muzzle was stuffed into his hand, while a warm, soft body wedged itself between his knees. "Ah! mon Chicot," said Le Rossignol d'Arcadie, looking tenderly into the liquid brown eyes gazing into his with mute sympathy.

"Tu viendras avec ton maître — tu m'aideras—tu m'aimes n'est-ce pas?"

Chicot slobbered ecstatically, and in an excess of devotion tried to leap on to his master's knee, but he was too fat and old for such physical exertion, and descended to the ground with a thud, where he sat wagging his tail in a ferment of goodwill.

Jacques put the paper aside, and, kneeling on the floor, drew the old dog to him and laid his cheek against the broad sleek head. "Mon ami fidèle," he murmured.

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"I tell thee," burst out Henri stormily, "Zélie *must* not know. We were to be married in August and it is already June, and if she knew"—he stopped and passed his hand quickly over his eyes.

"Diable, mon neveu, if Zélie knew that thou hadst speculated with thine uncle's money she would not have thee, n'est ce pas?" The question came slowly, gravely, but with no sympathy in their intonation.

Henri was silent. He sat opposite his uncle in the fast darkening parlour of the little inn at Beaucaire on one of the six straight-backed wooden chairs which, with the same number of spittoons and a table, made up the furniture of the room. The misery of his present position rose up before him like a nightmare. What a fool he had been! First to borrow (without asking) his uncle's money, and then to let that toad André, the barber of Beaucaire, drag it all out of him at cards. What a night that was: he remembered the stuffy smell in the little room behind the barber's shop, the unceasing play hour after hour, and his agony of hope that the luck might turn; then the village clock slowly striking two, desperate fumbling in empty pockets, and André's taunting laugh. Oh! it was horrible, horrible. In a frenzy of despair he had told his father the next day, but he could not help him, and now he was practically penniless; the barber had fleeced him of his own and the money belonging to his uncle, and when Zélie knew what he had done she would never love him any more. Could he tell her? No, it was too great a risk; life without Zélie—the very thought seemed to make his heart stop beating.

The room was almost dark now. Henri

saw only in his mind's eye and with a sinking of the heart, the old man's yellow, puckered eyelids and uncompromising jaw. From the bar came the sound of clinking glasses and the slow dragging of a chair over a stone floor.

"Oncle, mon oncle, avez pitié de moi!"

The words rang out suddenly, sharply, in a passion of entreaty. At the same moment an unwieldy form resembling, in the dusk, a large mastiff, crept from underneath the tablecloth and stood on its hind legs between the other two occupants of the room. It was Le Rossignol d'Arcadie who had run all the way from the cottage to Beaucaire, a matter of three kilometres.

For a moment there was silence, and then Jacques with a quick gesture turned to the old man, but he was too late.

"Eavesdropper, beast!" said Henri in a low, hard voice, "hiding till the moment arrives to set my uncle against me and then off to try and marry Zélie Roc thyself. If thou were fit to touch I would flay thy flesh from thy bones. As it is—" He shrugged his shoulders, flashed a look of contempt at his brother and left the room.

"Parbleu! A sweet-natured youth," remarked the old man drily; then seeing the look of dumb misery on Jacques' gaunt freckled face: "Do not mind him, my boy," he said kindly. "Thou art worth ten of him, and came to beg him off I doubt not?"

"Oh, uncle!" cried Jacques brokenly, "if thou wouldst only say nothing this time."

"I must," was the reply. "For his good and the girl's the theft must be made known; in all probability he had the intention of paying the money back, but it was a theft all the same."

"Will nothing change thee?" asked Jacques, turning his head away with a hard-drawn breath.

The other extracted a toothpick from his pocket and thoughtfully applied it to his upper jaw.

"Nothing—unless thou canst jump from 'Le Rocher Pointu' to the lower ridge of 'Le Dent d'Achille,'" he added with a sardonic laugh.

"If I did that thou wouldst be silent?"

"Assuredly. And now come, my boy,



He saw Le Rossignol d'Arcadie lying on his face in the rocky hollow.

let us drink to Zélie Roc's new sweetheart whoever that may be."

The moon had risen when Jacques, the faithful Chicot by his side, left the inn and turned his face towards the little cottage on the hill.

There was a high wind, and the trees moaned in the darkness. A startled rabbit scudded across a patch of moonlit clover and disappeared in the black depths of brushwood beyond.

"The uncle—he was only joking, I know," said Le Rossignol d'Arcadie.

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Chicot was having a bath. Soft soap clung to his matted sides and dripped from his shining muzzle. One paw hung limply over the side of the tub; with this he made repeated, though futile, efforts to scratch a hinder portion of his body, but before the action was completed the paw was always thrust unfeelingly back into the lukewarm water. This was not a red letter day for Chicot; he had been beaten for something—he could not remember what; that was the cause for dejection number one; then he objected to being washed; dirt was warm, and the soap got into his eyes. Then he wanted his master. He was sure it must be a long time since he had seen him, for these disagreeable things had happened since, and he had chased two cats and barked at the baker as well. Chicot made up his mind he would not bear life without him any longer, and seeing out of the corner of his eye that Marie, the baker's little girl, who was washing him had turned away for more soap, he made a sudden spring, upset the tub, and dashed out at the open door.

"Eh! coquin!" cried Marie running out, her little round face scarlet with the exertion of scrubbing and vexation combined; "Reviens donc!"

But it was no use; Chicot, his nose to the ground, had already reached the brook at the bottom of the hill, which he crossed at a leap. Marie watched his plump brown body bounding over a fallen tree and then proceeded with a sigh to mop up the river of grey water with which the kitchen was flooded. "Where was Jacques?" she wondered. Henri had asked her the same question, saying he had not seen him since last night at "Le Bœuf

Noir" at Beaucaire. Henri seemed troubled she had thought. And what were he and Zélie Roc talking about so earnestly in the garden?

Zélie was sitting on a bench in the garden, her back towards the cottage, her face hidden in her hands. Henri stood over her; the little girl could see that he was very, very pale.

"I know thou canst not love me any more, Zélie," he was saying, "now that thou knowest all, but if thou couldst only pity me a little"—he stopped and the girl looked up, her dark eyes full of tears. "Henri," she said, "I do love thee—more than ever; let us help each other to be good."

When next Marie looked out the lovers were walking slowly down the hill, their arms intertwined.

Henri was in a dream of joy; and the other's one thought was an inward cry of gratitude to heaven that he had loved her enough to tell her of his sin.

The two walked far, and had climbed some distance up "Le Dent d'Achille" before they knew where they were. Hand in hand they stood on its lower ridge among the yellow broom looking up at the massive outline of "Le Rocher Pointu" flooded with crimson light from the now setting sun.

Suddenly the little hand holding Henri's tightened convulsively, and looking down, he saw Le Rossignol d'Arcadie lying on his face in the rocky hollow between rock and ridge, Chicot pressed against his side. The dog was asleep, but Le Rossignol d'Arcadie was dead.

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Henri sat at his open window leaning on the sill and looking out upon the peaceful night. A light wind stirred the trees, bringing with it a smell of new mown hay; there was a gentle sound of running water and a bat fluttered by and was lost in the darkness.

Love known too late is an ever-aching presence. A short dry sob shook Henri's frame, and he laid his head on his arms. "Jacques, mon petit Jacques!" he said, "Thou knowest I loved thee—is it not so?" he added pleadingly.

The night wind soughed in the pine-trees.



CUPID'S TASK

By E. F. MANNING

*Now he who for a casket sighs,
Wherein, alas! no jewel lies,
Loring where love hath laid no store,
Truly a thriftless fool am I.*

*Dear form, that will not with me stay,
Moulded thou art in mortal clay,
That time's rough handling soon must mar
And tears, and vigils, fret away.*

*But hearts are for Eternity;
So, prithee, Cupid play the bee,
And in a maiden bosom hide
Sweet honeycombs of love for me.*

*Sweets that are sweet, when your fair head
May wear a garland drooped and dead;
Then, when our wintry world is sear,
Love maketh, in the heart, good cheer.*

ESM

THE "BRANK" OR SCOLDS' BRIDLE

By B. H. CUNNINGTON, F.S.A. Scot.

Illustrated by G. Deubohn Armour

"The temper being hot and sometimes strong,
T'is meet to put a bridle on the tongue"

"IF you don't rest with your tongue, I'll send for the bridle and hook you up."

Thus it is said husbands in some English country towns may have threatened their wives when they indulged a scolding or malicious tongue beyond endurance, and this not much more than a century or so ago.

In some of the old-fashioned timbered houses in Macclesfield at the beginning of the last century were to be found—perhaps some remain to this day—hooks or staples driven into one of the uprights of the large open fireplaces, so that when a man found his wife in a bad scolding temper he might send to the town jailer to bring the bridle. This would be placed over the clamorous lady's head and fastened with a padlock or catch, and by means of a chain that accompanied the bridle she was then attached to the hook by the fireside until she had cooled her temper, or during her lord's pleasure.

The application of the "brank," "branks," "scolds' or gossips' bridle," as they are variously called, was at one time a fairly common mode of punishment for erring and unruly women. The earliest known mention of its use in England is to be found in the corporation records of Macclesfield in 1623, where it is referred to as a "brydle for a curste queane." It seems not a little strange that in the nineteenth century the primitive and barbarous brank should have been still in occasional use in the remoter parts of the country.

As late as 1824 the corporation registers of Congleton contain an account of its use for the benefit of "Anne Runcorn," a woman who was brought up before the Mayor charged with scolding and using abusive language to the churchwardens and constables of the borough, as they went

their usual rounds on Sunday morning, seeing that the public-houses were closed during Divine service. The Mayor, in sentencing the prisoner, said "that it was the unanimous opinion of himself and fellow-justices that she should have the town's bridle for scolding women put upon her, and that she be led by the magistrates' clerk through every street of the town, as an example to all the scolding women." This was conscientiously carried out, the town clerk's clerk being her conductor, in the presence of hundreds of the inhabitants.

The usual construction of the "branks" was that of a frame work of iron bands or hoops; certain of the parts were hinged so as to open to admit the head of the scold. In the front part was a tongue-plate or gag, so arranged as to fit into the mouth over the tongue in order to keep that unruly member quiet.

There were several varieties of the branks, and of those still in existence there are scarcely two alike. But they must all have been effectual, and some cruelly so, in keeping still the tongue that was wont to wag too fast and freely. Of this fact the curious may judge, if they care to examine for themselves the examples still preserved in museums, and occasionally on the walls of corporation buildings.

A chain was usually attached to the branks, by which the wearer might be led about the streets, or fastened up in some conspicuous and frequented spot—such as the town (or market) square—to serve in either case as a public spectacle and warning. We may well be thankful that we live in more humane times, and that we can no longer witness in our streets the degrading scene of a woman exposed to public obloquy, her head encased in a frame of iron, bleeding at the mouth, pelted with mud and all manner of garbage, and

forced to endure, with no means of redress, the brutal jeers and insults of a thoughtless mob. It has been suggested that as insanity was then a disease so little understood, in all probability many of the violent and noisy so-called scolds were in reality more or less insane or hysterical, and subjects that we should now consider fitter for treatment than for punishment.

It is not known when or where the

ment in Germany for certain military offences as early as the sixteenth century.

The brank is believed to have been used in Scotland long before its introduction into England. Perhaps this is the reason why it seems to have been more frequently used in the north and midlands than in the south. There are single examples, it is true, at Reading, Salisbury, and at Oxford, but the three counties of Lancashire,



▲ BRIDLED "SCOLD."

branks were first used. The word "brank" is of Teutonic origin, and signifies simply a bridle; it may well be that the punishment was originally derived from the same Teutonic source as the word itself. It seems likely, therefore, that the old-time brank, in common with so much that is modern, might have been labelled, "Made in Germany." It is said that similar instruments were used for punish-

Staffordshire, and Cheshire possess between them over twenty.

It is still possible to trace a progressive development in the form of the brank. The simplest type seems to have consisted merely of a hoop of iron made to open on one or two hinges, and to fasten by means of a staple or padlock. (Sketch No. 1.).

Attached to the inner side of this hoop was a projecting piece of metal to serve

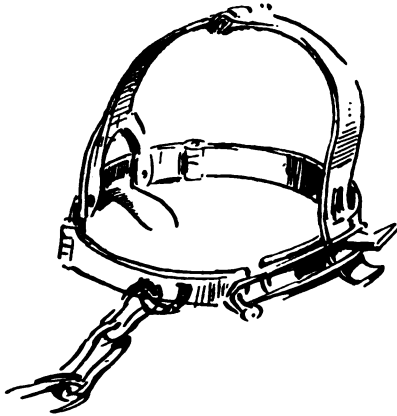


FIG. 1. SIMPLEST TYPE OF "BRANK."

as a gag or mouth piece. It must have been somewhat difficult to keep this simple contrivance in place over the mouth and head, and as time went on additional pieces were added to curve over the forehead, and to pass round the head as ingenuity and experience suggested improvements in the fit and stability of the instrument. Some of the branks still extant are quite elaborate and complicated affairs, resembling grotesque helmets with rude masks over the face, with holes for the nose, eyes, and mouth. Probably these masks were painted and decorated as the rough and unrefined humour of the day suggested, and sometimes they were further embellished with grotesque protuberances over the nose and mouth. (Sketch 2.).

The branks of simpler make are sometimes confused with the Scottish "jougs," but the two things were in reality quite distinct, and used for different purposes. The "jougs" were a distinctively Scottish punishment, and scarcely known south of the border. The jougs in Scotland took the place, and served the purpose, of the stocks in England.

The jougs was simply an iron collar, by means of which rogues and offenders were tied up as a punishment in some public place, not uncommonly to the church door or in the churchyard. The culprit was fastened by a short chain attached to the jougs, and as this chain was not more than a few inches in length it allowed of very little movement on the part of the unhappy wearer; thus to be tied to the jougs must have been an almost more irksome and un-

comfortable means of detention than that of the English stocks.

The brank in Scotland is said to have been used as an instrument of ecclesiastical punishment, and applied to church brawlers, and as an effectual silencer of heresy.

They were also used—at least, in Scotland—in the case of witches, not merely as instruments of torture—as, indeed, they were—but also to prevent the witch from exercising her supposed powers.

Deprived of the power of speech, the witch was believed to be powerless to cast spells and evil enchantments on those around her and on those who sought to do her hurt.

There is now in the National Museum at Edinburgh a brank of horrible construction that formerly hung for many years in the old steeple at Forfar, and was known as the "Witches Bridle." It is said to have been used to bridle witches when brought to death at the stake, or otherwise tortured, to prevent their malignant utterances, and at the same time to deprive them of the power of transforming themselves into other shapes and thus outwitting and eluding their tormentors.

This witches' bridle is merely an iron collar, hinged in three places, and armed with a cruel three-pointed gag of great size. This pointed triangular gag must have been most painful, and have caused severe wounds to the mouth of the poor unfortunate woman who was the victim of the



FIG. 2. EXAMPLE OF A MORE ELABORATE FORM.

superstitions of those times. The collar is dated 1661, and bears the words "Angus S" (Sketch 3.).

A fine example of the brank with several cross bands, giving it the appearance of a skeleton helmet, was found some years ago behind the panelling in an old house in the Canon Gate, Edinburgh, once the mansion of the Earls of Moray. The tongue plate or gag was, in this instance, not spiked, but of a size calculated to inflict great discomfort and even suffering upon the wearer. (Sketch 4.).

It will readily be understood that the severity of the punishment of "branking" depended chiefly on the size and character of the mouth piece. The "mouth piece," "gag," or "bit," is indeed the essential part of the instrument, the rest being only the contrivance to keep the gag securely fastened in the mouth. The gags vary much in size and design. Some are comparatively harmless, and need have entailed little actual suffering on the wearer. They measure from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 inches in length, and much depended upon the mere size of the piece thrust into the mouth. The longer gags must have caused a sensation of violent nausea, and added very much to the pain and misery of the unhappy victim, as well as lead to serious and even permanent injury. In some of the gags the edge of the metal is curled over, apparently with the humane intention to prevent actual injury to the mouth or tongue.

One of the earliest known branks now in existence is that preserved in the vestry of the Church at Walton-on-Thames. It bears the date 1633, and has inscribed on it, "Chester presents Walton with a bridle to curb women's tongues that talk too idle." It is supposed to have been given to the

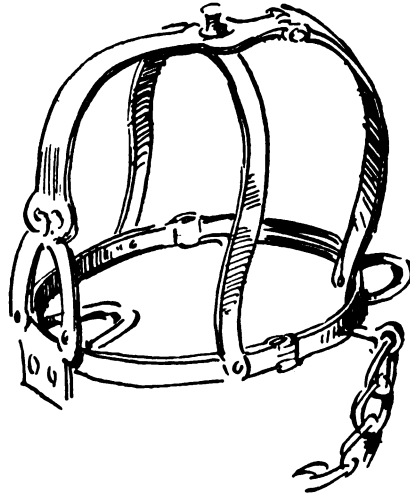


FIG. 4. SCOLDS' BRIDLE FOUND IN THE CANONGATE, EDINBURGH.

parish by a gentleman named Chester, who had suffered considerable pecuniary loss through the too free chattering of a lady.

At Stockport there was a brank of exceptionally brutal character. Dr. Hy. Heginbotham, the local historian, says "that the special characteristic of this brank is a peculiar construction of the tongue plate or gag. It is about two inches long, having at the end a ball into which are inserted a number of short iron pins—three on the upper surface, three on the lower, and three pointing backwards. These could not fail to pin the tongue, and effectually silence the noisiest brawler. At the fore part of the collar there is an iron chain with a leathern thong attached, by which the offender was led for public gaze through the market place." The torture thus inflicted could be increased at the will of the conductor by simply jerking the leading rein, and so lacerating the mouth of the unfortunate wearer. It would be hard to exaggerate the cruelty and callous brutality that the use of this barbarous instrument implies. It leaves one amazed that even our stronger-nerved and less-squeamish forefathers could ever have tolerated its use for even the most heinous of crimes, much less for the mere exercise of a shrewd, unruly, and perhaps ill-timed eloquence. There is no evidence of this brank having ever been actually used, but there is testimony to the fact that "the

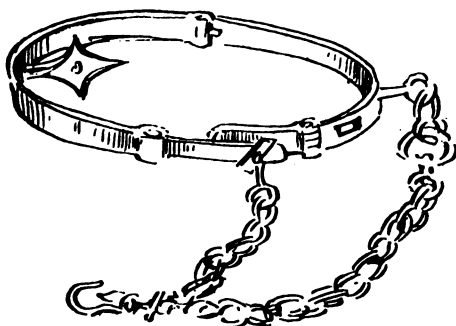


FIG. 3. A WITCH'S COLLAR OF 1661.

brank was brought to a termagant market woman, who was effectually silenced by its threatened application. It is only to be hoped—and it is easy to believe—that no closer acquaintance with this ghastly brank was ever needful to quiet the most determined shrew. (Sketch 5-).

There was at Macclesfield a brank of far less torturing nature. The gag is plain, and the end turned down, only one band passes over the head, and this is hinged to the hoop that goes round the neck, and provision is made for ready adjustment to any size head. The old chain still remains attached. Although the last time it was actually used is not on record, in the early part of the last century it was sometimes produced at petty sessions as a threat, and always met with the desired effect.

As already stated, the earliest mention of a brank in England is in the Macclesfield records of 1623, but in Scotland in the borough records of Glasgow there is mention of branking under date 1547. Old corporation records often afford some curious and interesting reading, and it is a thousand pities that they are not taken better care of than they sometimes are. The following is the Glasgow reference:

"Marione Smyt and Margaret Huntare, having quarreled, they appear and produce two cautioners, or surities, that thai sul abstene fra stryking utheris in tyme cuming, under the pane of X lib and gif thai flyte to be brankit."

Occasionally in other old corporation records, items such as the following occur. The Worcester records of 1685 "paid for mending the bridle for brideling of scoulds and for two cords for the same j s ijd (1s. 2d.)."

In the municipal accounts of Newcastle, under date 1595, we find. "Paide for car-

ing a woman through the towne for skoulding. with branks, 4d."

In the Kirk Sessions Records, Dunfermline, 18th November, 1652, we read: "She shall stand at the tron with the branks on her mouth." It has been said that the use of the branks was never a legal form of punishment in England. Nevertheless, in the *Encyclopædia of the Laws of England* under the word "scolds" it is stated that a scold, if a woman, was cognisable by the Courts Leet, and since the disappearance of those Courts is not prosecuted. The punishment was to put the scold in the ducking stool, or to put on her the branks, or scolds' bridle.

But be that as it may, that the punishment was one frequently resorted to by the Mayors and Magistrates of the 17th and 18th centuries, private as well as official evidence amply testifies. Pennant in his "Tour in Scotland" in 1772 speaks of having seen the branks in use for punishing scolds, and so roughly applied that the mouth of the wearer was made to bleed profusely.

In his "Curious Natural Histories of Oxfordshire and Staffordshire," Dr. Plot describes the public brank of Walsall, and maintains that as a punishment for scolds it was much better and more effectual than the commoner one of the Ducking Stool, for, says he, "the latter not only endangered the health of the woman by repeatedly sousing her in the water, but between each dip allows her free play of her tongue, whereas the branks is harmless and enforces perpetual silence, bringing shame for the transgression and humility.

There is no evidence of the branks ever having been applied to man. For the noisy, quarrelsome male shrew, we may presume, the stocks and the joughs had to suffice as quite adequate substitutes, while the more pictorial and vastly more effectual branks was chivalrously preserved for—shall we say the fairer or—the weaker sex?

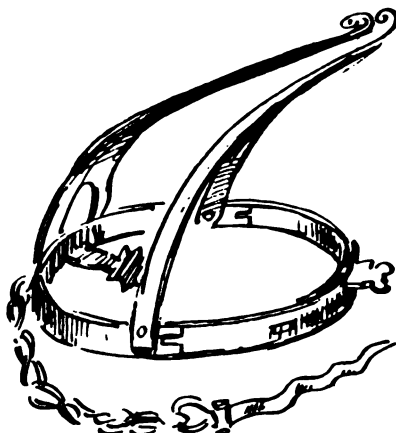


FIG. 5. AN EXCEPTIONALLY CRUEL FORM OF "BRANK" FROM STOCKPORT.

MORLEY'S RUSE

By JAMES BARRATT

IT was a terrible blow to Earnley Forester. The news that his uncle Mortimer, who for so many years had supplied him with a liberal income, had married—married Norah Beardsley, a girl to whom he had made love—fell on him like a bolt from the blue. Mortimer informed Earnley that in consequence his future allowance would be but a third of his present, and Earnley replied by refusing any assistance. He would not listen to details, for the situation touched him on a vital point. So he faced a problem.

For three days his chambers became the forum where the possible ways of making £3,000 annually by a man who had no particular aptitude for anything were discussed at great length. Probably the similarity of great minds accounted for the fact that the wisdom of a dozen of his bosom friends only produced a single idea—Earnley must go to Africa! What he was to do when he reached there did not transpire.

One afternoon Dudley Chevin strolled in, and after fixing his eyeglass so as to get a more complete view of the situation, diligently studied the Turkey carpet.

"Have you asked old Morley what to do?" he drawled after a while.

"No," snapped the recipient of much advice.

"Not asked old Morley? Oh, I say, you know he's such a deuce of a fellow for knowing things. Everybody goes to old Morley when there's trouble. Old Moore, we call him. Ha! ha! ha! Deuced funny, don't you think?"

Probably because he was in the habit of doing as "everybody" did, and also because no amount of thinking on his own part had shed any light on the solution of the problem, on the third day after the quarrel with his uncle, Earnley found himself in Morley Stuartson's rooms.

A young man of forty, who delighted in nothing so much as dealing with other people's difficulties, Morley Stuartson had cultivated an air of premature wisdom that would sit well on a sphinx.

"Make it up with your uncle," was his terse reply to Earnley's application for advice.

"Impossible! Out of the question," said Earnley.

"Umph! Well, let me see; you are engaged—Lady Muriel has——?"

"Two or three thousand a year; but that does not matter either way. I wrote to her explaining matters, and she kindly gave me my release."

"Whew! Hard hit?"

"Oh, no, that's all right," said Earnley. "It is the only good point in the whole business. We should have broken it off before, if either of us had been clever enough to think of a reason."

"Very well, then; you are free. Marry a girl with money. There are at least two who, I know, admire your impudent style."

"Thanks—but I've always said I would not marry a woman with more money than I had myself. I'm not going back on that, now I have nothing."

"Confound you, why did you come here asking for advice? Perhaps you'll tell me what advice you want?"

"I'm going to Africa," said Earnley, laughing.

"And what are you going to do there?"

"Don't know."

"But I do," said Morley. "I know you fellows who go to Africa. You haven't even fitted yourselves to fill the position of secretary to the M.P. for Middleton-on-Mud, but you expect to go to Africa and pick up—not a living—but an income. Don't be a fool, my boy. You'll do as many a better man before you has done—either go to the dogs, or the rogues."

"Well, I've got to do something. I can't live on air or sponge on my friends."

"Make it up with your uncle, my boy. That's the best thing you can do. Did he tell you how this match came about?"

"No; I don't think I gave him much chance. But if he had, it could not make any difference. You see—well, had he married anybody but Norah, it might possibly have been another matter. But—well, hang it, one can't take money from

the husband of the woman one has tried to make love to, even if he does happen to be your uncle."

Morley whistled.

"I admit a difficulty there," he said after a pause. "You'll have to make one of those two little women happy after all."

"I tell you I am not going to marry a woman for her money. I'm not that sort."

"My dear boy, you might have saved a deal of time and talk by not asking for my advice. But if you are determined on Africa, come down to Ravensworth for next week. I'll get some fellows there who have money in Africa and know something about affairs."

"Awfully good of you," said Earnley. "That is just what I want."

The following week found him at Ravensworth, the only member of a house party who had not strong vested interests in South Africa.

At dinner it was his pleasant duty to take in a millionairess, who, though her money had not been made in "Amurica," was just as delightful and fresh as if that had been the case not only with it, but with her also. She answered to the name of "The Minx," a title she had honestly earned by her numerous escapades. Her parents lay beneath the soil which had produced their wealth, and she, idolised and spoilt by them, came to England to be the worry and terror of a distant and elderly relative, whose ideas of "good form" revolted against everything about "the Minx," even to her name.

To save the family from scandal, the Hon. Mrs. Moulton Hunt reluctantly chaperoned this winsome, wilful charge, but all her efforts to get her safely married had proved in vain. Eligible offers had not been wanting, but "the Minx" had acted up to her name.

"It is quite impossible to make up your mind whether you like a man enough to marry him unless you keep him about you for some time," she replied to remonstrance on the subject of her treatment of her suitors. And as one after the other was dismissed, the Hon. Mrs. Moulton Hunt wondered whether this spoilt girl was to be her old man of the sea; or as she put it—"The cross that she was to carry to the grave."

The very evident fact, to the watchful eyes of Mrs. Moulton Hunt, that "the Minx" and Earnley had got a great deal of mutual satisfaction out of each other's society on the evening of their meeting, took her to Morley with strict enquiries as to Earnley's birth and family. The result being quite satisfactory, she announced to Morley her intention of leaving the young people to their own devices so far as her ideas of propriety would permit, and of applying her spare time to prayer for the development of their liking for each other.

It was inevitable from the moment of their meeting; but these external aids helped to hurry matters. For four days Earnley and "the Minx" lived in a heaven of their own making, from which they only returned to earth on the appearance of the portly presence of Mrs. Moulton Hunt, which generally heralded the approach of meals.

At the end of those four days Earnley's feelings had become too strong to remain unrecognised. He spent the greater part of a night pacing his bedroom floor, and the next morning he entered Morley's sanctuary and closed the door on the outer world.

Morley waited with raised eyebrows for his gloomy-looking visitor to speak.

"I must leave at once," said Earnley, briskly.

"But you came for ten days. I haven't done anything in your affair yet. What's the hurry?"

"You know well enough," Earnley blurted out.

"I thought I had seen reasons for your staying," said Morley, blandly. "I know of none for your going."

"I'm serious this time, Morley, and I know now that I never have been before. I am hard hit, and if I don't clear out I shall— Look here; I am not going to ask a girl for her love and then live on her money. And if I stay here I shan't be able to help myself."

"Don't you think you might find out whether the lady has any feelings at stake in the matter?" asked Morley. "And as for living on her money, the man who marries 'the Minx' will earn all he spends and a bit over if he manages her affairs."

But Earnley, like many another lover, was wallowing in a flood of feelings of his own worthlessness, and after half-an-hour's argument, Morley gave up in irritation and despair.

"Very well," he said at last. "Stay till to-morrow morning, and I'll say no more. I don't want to-day's excursion spoilt. Everybody is looking forward to it, and if you are away and 'the Minx' is miserable it will all fall flat. You owe me this consideration at least."

Earnley reluctantly promised and then left, his retreating figure being followed by a sardonic smile from his host, who shortly afterwards sent for another visitor of the opposite sex.

The Hon. Mrs. Moulton Hunt seated herself uneasily.

"My dear Morley," she said, "what ever is the matter?"

"I only wanted to speak to you quietly," replied Morley. "You said," he continued, coming quickly to the point, "that you would be thankful if something came of this—friendship between 'the Minx' and Forester."

Mrs. Moulton Hunt turned her eyes upwards as an earnest that her thanks should ascend if only circumstances would give them cause.

"It is her fifth season," she volunteered in explanation.

"Dear, dear! Fifth is it? I should think you would be willing to go—well, a little out of the ordinary course to bring it about, eh?"

"Out of the ordinary course, Morley? What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Moulton Hunt.

Morley looked sly, but did not answer for a moment. The lady seized on the look and used her very properly regulated mind as interpreter.

"My dear Morley, you are not proposing that I should countenance—— Good gracious! What is the world coming to?"

Words failed Mrs. Moulton Hunt, but her expression told of unspeakable horror.

"No! no!" said Morley laughing, "not so bad as that. The truth is, I have set my mind on bringing this match off—they are cut out for each other—and I thought we might help a bit."

Morley's plans for "helping" as told in

low tones to Mrs. Moulton Hunt seemed to cause her some surprise and considerable trepidation. But shortly afterwards she left the study to dress for the outing, her courage screwed up to the heroic by Morley's assurance that if they did not "help," Earnley would leave the following morning.

A short journey in motors and carriages brought the party to a place where Morley Stuartson's trim launch lay waiting for them. Then off they steamed for an hour up the pretty shallow tidal river until they reached the thickly-wooded isthmus on which stood the picturesque ruins of Crannock Castle. There luncheon baskets were landed and the merry party proceeded amidst much laughter to "do for themselves" in the tiny one-roomed bungalow that Morley had erected.

Earnley, gloomy of countenance, held aloof from "the Minx" and resisted all the inviting and inquiring glances she threw him between her merry laughing chatter with the others. After luncheon, when the party scattered, Earnley walked off inland by himself.

Morley intercepted the imploring look with which "the Minx" followed him. Taking her arm with—"Let us have a quiet chat, Minx," he slowly led her in the direction Earnley had taken.

"Has he told you that he leaves us to-morrow?" Morley asked, nodding in the direction of the retreating figure.

"The Minx" paled slightly as she answered—

"No; where is he going?"

"To Africa, or somewhere else where there is money to be made or death to be gained. The truth is, little woman, he is running away from a pair of very bright eyes, because something he calls pride won't allow him to ask for the love that shines in them, unless he has as much money as their owner. Rather silly, isn't it?"

"It's very unfair," said "the Minx" indignantly. "That is," she continued as if discussing the case of an outsider, "if he really cares for her and she really cares for him. What can it matter who owns the money; it belongs to both as soon as they are married."

"Exactly; that is just my view of the

matter," said Morley. "I know he really does care. Do you think she does, Minx?"

"I wouldn't own it even to myself, if I were she," replied "the Minx," with burning cheeks.

"Ah, I see, you'd answer pride with pride. Then I am afraid they will be parted, and he will start for Africa. Shall we turn back?"

The flame died down, and "the Minx" showed a pale and pleading face.

"Why are you tormenting me?" she asked. "You know I care for him. Tell me what it is you wish me to do. I cannot throw myself at him."

"All I ask is that you will give those eyes a fair chance. He is just the other side of the ruin now. Go to him and ask him to take you to the Crannock Tower. Boat starts back at six o'clock."

Morley stood watching her for some time, then he returned to the boat and talked to the captain, and so the afternoon passed. Gradually the members of the party strolled up, and sat on the banks or in lounge chairs on the deck.

* * * * *

Suddenly the captain consulted his watch, the sky, and the river.

"Tide's going and a storm is coming. Must start in five minutes, sir, or we shall get stuck on a bank," he said.

Immediately there was a wild scurry, everybody present looking for missing members of the party or for lost parasols and wraps; but at last Morley shouted—"All aboard, Captain," and after a few brisk orders and a shrill whistle, the launch steamed off and was soon running at full speed.

"Where are Mrs. Hunt and 'the Minx'?" someone asked.

"They have gone below with bad headaches," said Morley, "and wish not to be disturbed."

Soon the storm burst over the launch and everyone sought comfortable and sheltered corners. Motors and carriages met the party at the landing-stage, and all were glad to dash into one and so escape a drenching.

"The storm has upset Mrs. Hunt and 'the Minx,'" said Morley later on at dinner. "They have retired for the night.

I don't know what Forester's complaint is, but he has retired also."

That night, when all the house was quiet, Mrs. Moulton Hunt, a very shadow of her old imposing self, crept mysteriously downstairs and dropped into a chair in Morley's study, where a light still burned.

"Oh, Morley, what have you made me do?" she whimpered. "Not a snatch of sleep can I get for dreams of the Law Courts and dreadful newspaper scandals."

"The storm has upset your nerves," said Morley, with a smile.

"How can you make fun, Morley, when you know— Suppose, after all, that he—"

"But he will, I tell you," broke in Morley, hastily. "Don't you worry about that."

"And you are sure it will never come out that—that—I— Good gracious, Morley, however should I bear it? I should have to live abroad like—like Lady Wheatley."

"I promise you that it will never leak out," said Morley. "As a matter of fact, owing to the storm, not a soul in the house imagines but that we are all in our beds and asleep. By five o'clock to-morrow morning I shall join the launch, and before anybody is about I shall have been up the river, gathered in the lost property, and returned to my room; and not a soul will be the wiser."

"I shall come with you," announced Mrs. Moulton Hunt, firmly.

"No! no! Really you must go to bed."

"I shall come with you, Morley. I cannot spend all those hours haunted by evening newspaper placards covered with the words 'Society Scandal' in big red letters."

And she went.

* * * * *

It may be the gods smiled at Mrs. Moulton Hunt's trepidation; certain it is that the scene enacted near Crannock Castle must have tickled their risible faculty.

When "the Minx" caught up with Earnley she showed no trace of her recent conversation with Morley, as she said with a wickedly winning smile—



They rolled themselves in wraps and rugs.

"I want to see the old Tower."

The smile was quite irresistible. Against his will he smiled back and said—

"So do I. I'll slip back and see if there is time before the launch leaves."

"I asked before I came away. It does not start till six o'clock."

There are lovers, books tell us, who spend their time in watching the clouds, the sunset, and other moving beauties of Nature. Earnley and "the Minx" were not, however, of that type. In fact, so interested were they in each other that when, some forty minutes later, the storm burst over them, bringing with it the darkness of night, they were taken completely by surprise.

The Tower was a genuine ruin—it offered no shelter. But had it done so, it was clear that only by hurrying greatly could they reach the launch by the appointed time. And so they had perforce to battle with the blinding storm.

The very daintiness of "the Minx's" attire caused its own destruction and her discomfort. In a few minutes the ample yards of muslin and lace flounce and frill were winding their wetness around her lithe young limbs, so that she constantly stumbled and fell. Her big flower hat hung around her ears as if for protection, and sent forth murky streams indicative of the ruin above. And last misery of all, her little shoes refused to bear a ploughman's burden, and one after the other the heels succumbed to the wrench and were left in the mud.

When they reached the river, some five minutes before the appointed hour of departure, "the Minx" was far gone in misery.

Earnley's horrified cry — "Good heavens! the launch has gone!" failed to make any impression on her.

"Auntie and some of them must be staying behind for us," she said. "I expect they are in the bungalow."

But when this proved to be empty she seemed not at all concerned.

"They must have gone off in a hurry when the storm came, and forgotten us. They will soon find out and come back," she said, more cheerful now that she could rest her tired limbs.

Earnley paced the room and then stopped abruptly.

"You don't understand," he said. "It will be impossible for the launch to return until the next tide. There will not be enough water to float her."

At last "the Minx" understood, and, being exhausted, she met the situation with a flood of tired hysterical tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," pleaded Earnley. "There isn't a house within six or seven miles, and you are not in a fit state for me to take you there in the storm and darkness; but as soon as I've made you comfortable I'll walk over and see if I can get any conveyance for you."

Far from comforting "the Minx," this statement brought her to her feet shuddering and fearsome.

"Oh, Earnley, you must not leave me alone. I dare not stay here alone."

"But, dear girl, there is nothing to harm you. And, don't you see, it would be better for—people wouldn't—"

"I can't help it, Earnley. They must say what they like. I dare not stay here alone. If you try to leave me, I will follow you until I can go no further. What does it matter after all? It wasn't our fault. Ah! listen to that! You will not leave me, Earnley, will you?"

As if to add force to her fears the storm became more tempestuous every moment. Earnley advanced all possible arguments; but in vain. So he accepted the inevitable.

They soon found materials for a fire, but none for a light—the bungalow was free of candle or lamp; and then the few hangings were torn from their places and made to do duty as a wall, while the two occupants of the one chamber slipped out of their wet clothes, which were put to dry, and rolled themselves in the numerous wraps and rugs which the place afforded.

There is little need for the chronicler to pry into the unconventionalities of that night, except to record a few words that passed at intervals between two figures dimly seen in the flickering, uncertain light.

"You are not going away to-morrow, Earnley, are you?"

"No, not to-morrow." Then, after a pause, "Do you think a man should marry a woman for her money, Minx?"

"No—but," softly, "I think a man might marry a woman with money for love."

"Do you think she would always believe it was for love?" he whispered.

"I am sure of it, because she knows."

They were enjoying a good breakfast when they heard the panting of the launch and then Morley's voice. A few minutes later a haggard shadow of the Hon. Mrs. Moulton Hunt was weeping over a very bright-faced and undismayed "Minx" in the cabin, while Morley and Earnley paced the deck.

"I am glad it is all settled," Morley was saying.

"Not even to you can I tell how glad I am," replied Earnley. "But while we are on the subject you might let me know why you started before time and didn't find out that we were not on the boat until it was too late to turn back."

"Well," said Morley, with a grin, "it was like this. About three weeks ago I was accidentally responsible for bringing about the marriage which deprived you of your income. I unintentionally left Norah Beardsley and your uncle behind on one of our little excursions. You know Mrs. Beardsley, and so you can guess what use she made of the occurrence the next morning. Your uncle's fifty-two

years and immaculate character did not stand for much, for she soon convinced everybody that he was an unreformed Quex."

"Poor old boy," said Earnley. "How I went for him, too!"

"I don't think he needs your pity. Doubtless he would never have thought of marrying Norah without Mrs. Beardsley's assistance, but I have every reason to believe that he is now glad he had it."

"It suddenly struck me yesterday," Morley continued, "that with a very little assistance history might repeat itself and undo all the harm it had done quite unaided before."

"Was the storm part of your plan?" asked Earnley.

"No, but it came in very useful."

Earnley looked Morley up and down.

"Do you think you have acted——?" he started with a half-frown.

"My dear boy," interrupted Morley, "you came to me with a problem and I have solved it for you."

The two men's eyes met, and then Earnley held out his hand.

"Thanks awfully," he said.

Six weeks later there was a brilliant wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Well-paid servants are always discreet. They never tell stories, or at any rate not until the stories have lost their sting; and then they invariably give you the wrong names.

GARGOYLES OF GRIMOLDBY CHURCH

By KATHERINE LEE BATES

Gross, brutal demons, struggling to escape
From holy sounds, with half the body out,
Half-prisoned in the stone. Green lichens drape
Broad jowls, and weeds from monstrous shoulders sprout.

Midst these, two portrait busts, antiques ruffed
And capped, strain forth, the faces keen with strife.
Each head is plumed with grass, a ghosly tuft
Still quivering from that ancient rage of life.

EYES IN THE FINGERS

By WILFRED MARK WEBB, F.L.S.

THERE are still, unfortunately, very many blind persons in our midst, though it cannot be said that their presence is quite so evident as it was some years ago. The reason is not hard to find, for so well are the blind now taught, that even those who do not belong to the well-to-do classes are no longer compelled to become street mendicants, and force themselves upon our notice, for they are usually able to earn a fair wage by their own individual efforts.

Unless it is specially brought home to one, it is not easy to appreciate what the blind are doing or how much is done for them. The pedestrian who, when walking down Great Portland Street, pauses outside the windows of the British and Foreign Blind Association may, if he has time on his hands, gain from the objects unassumingly displayed behind them some little insight into the matter. A visit, however, to the genial secretary Mr. W. P. E. Barnes, who presides over the work of the Association within the buildings and, also it should be said, in the many directions which it takes outside, will show that a wealth of interest can be unfolded.

For instance, we may be made to feel how much we ourselves owe to the "three R's" by seeing what a knowledge of these can do for the blind, and before describ-

ing the work of printing that goes on at 206, Great Portland Street it will be advisable to touch first of all upon the system of writing which is now adopted, and upon which reading depends.

The method which was invented by Louis Braille is known by his name. The basis of the alphabet is six embossed dots arranged in two vertical rows, thus:—
::: the three towards the left being called front dots and the others hind dots.

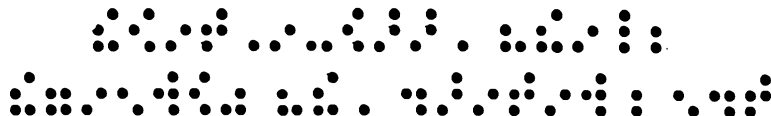
We may look upon the letters as being formed by the suppression of one or more

dots, but for practical purposes it is best to consider that we take such of the 63 combinations of six dots as are found convenient. For instance, the first ten letters of the alphabet, A to J, are obtained by making use of only the upper and middle dots; the addition of a lower dot gives the letters K to I, and similarly

the introduction of a lower front dot completes the alphabet (with the exception of W, which does not exist in French), and also forms signs for such words as "and" or "the." Again, the addition of the front dot without the hind one enables "ch," "gh," and so on to be arranged for, and the last of the series stands for the English "W." By prefixing a sign to the first ten letters we get the numerals 1 to 9 and the cypher,

{ A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
{ K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
{ U	V	X	Y	Z	and	for	of	the	with
{ ch	gh	sh	th	wh	ed	er	ou	ow	W

THE BRAILLE ALPHABET.
INCLUDING SYMBOLS FOR A FEW COMMON
WORDS AND DOUBLE LETTERS.



THIS COMPLETE SENTENCE IN "BRAILLE" CHARACTERS CAN BE READ
BY MEANS OF THE ABOVE ALPHABET.



THE WRITING FRAME.

The hinged brass guide is shown detached.

while by using the middle and lower dots for like symbols, the punctuation marks are arrived at. It is unnecessary to go into further detail, but we may point out that other signs which can be similarly made, stand for prefixes, suffixes, and even for whole words. As already indicated, the dots are embossed, and to read them the fingers are passed over them as in the old Moon system.

In writing "Braille," a slight complication occurs, as it is much more easy to emboss by hand from the back of the paper. Hence in writing manuscript the lines are begun from the right side, as in the case of Hebrew or Sanscrit, but in order to read the result the paper is turned over.

A simple but ingenious contrivance secures that the lines shall be straight, and at the same time that the dots shall occupy their proper relative positions. It consists of a flat board, a double guide plate, and a style. Two illustrations of this writing-frame are given, the first representing the apparatus with the guide plate out of posi-

tion, and its two halves apart so as to show not only the rectangular spaces in which a letter is made, but also the corresponding six little pits in which the embossing is done with a style. The hinged flap at the top, which holds the paper firmly by means of four pointed pins, is seen as it appears when raised up.

Before the second photograph was taken, the guide was placed in position, and its upper plate raised. A sheet of paper was next fixed under the flap, and the upper plate of the guide shut down upon it.

At the end of each two lines the guide has to be shifted, so that the two projections on its underside drop into the holes next below. These holes can be seen in the first illustration. The last line is left blank on the right-hand pages for the following reasons:—When the paper is turned over to be written on the other side



THE WRITING FRAME
WITH BRASS GUIDE AND PAPER IN POSITION
FOR WRITING.

The dots are made by passing the style through the perforations in the guide plate.

it is arranged so that the upper pins in the flap go through the holes that were previously made in the paper by the lower pins, and the writing face is thus raised a line. This ensures that the dots will appear as pits between the lines on the side already written upon, and will not interfere with them. There will, therefore, be a line on the second page beneath the lowest on the first. For writing notes, a small pocket apparatus has been constituted, and in some forms grooves on the under plate take the place of the series of six holes. An example made of zinc is illustrated.

The paper used for Braille manuscript is the tough sort, known as "Manilla," and to preserve the dots

after they are made, the whole sheets are brushed over with shellac dissolved in methylated spirit.

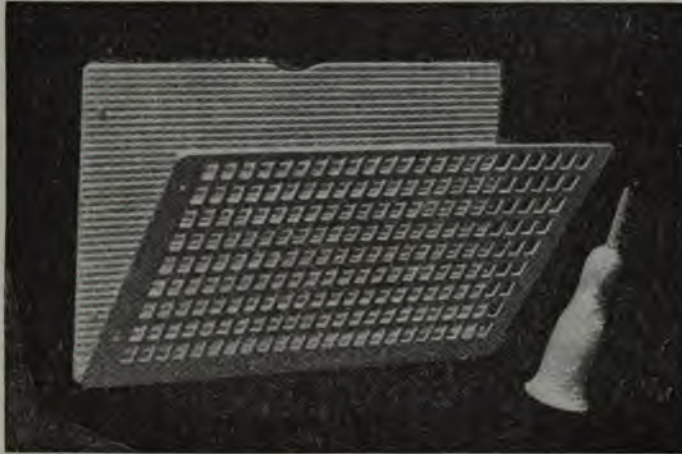
The power of reading and writing Braille, opens up the whole of our literature to

the blind, and enables them not only to communicate with their sightless fellows, but also with those blest with eye sight who have taken the

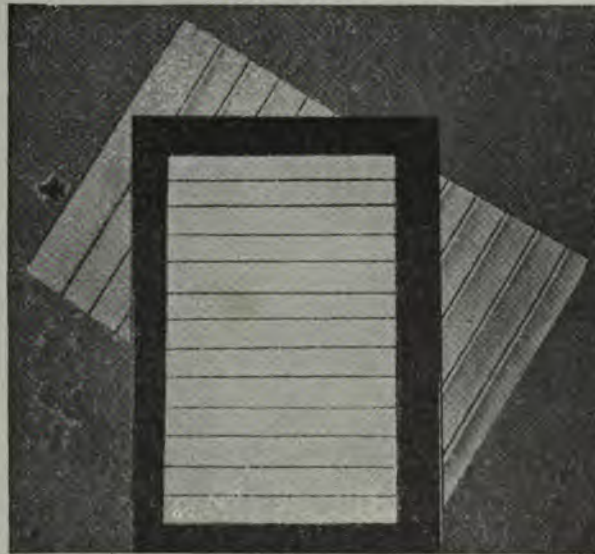
trouble to learn Braille. In this connection it may be mentioned that hundreds of well-to-do ladies have mastered Braille. Moreover, a living can be obtained by producing manuscript, for often a single copy only of a book may be required, and then it is not worth while to go to the expense of printing it.

Hitherto, we have considered only writing and reading, but arithmetic can also be learned and

sums carried out with the help of an arrangement such as is shown on page 131. This consists of a covered-



A POCKET WRITING FRAME.



DEVICES FOR KEEPING ORDINARY WRITING IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

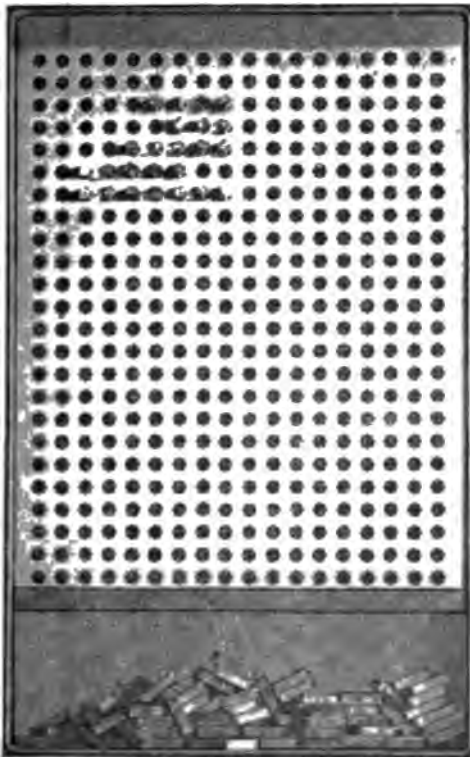
Intended for those who have lost their sight after having learned to write.

in tray, in the top of which are a number of regularly-arranged star-shaped holes, into which small blocks of metal-like type can be inserted.

These have various characters on their ends, and they can be placed in the holes, so that they make one of several possible angles with the sides of the tray. By this means the various figures are easily recognized. We have set out a simple multiplication sum in the tray before photographing it, and a representation is also given of the characters and the numbers that they represent.

By the use of further type with the necessary symbols, algebra may also be successfully worked.

We may now turn to the printing in Braille characters, and begin by pointing out that no type is used. Instead, sheets of thin brass or zinc are taken, which, when doubled together like the covers of a book are the size of the pages required.



THE ARITHMETIC FRAME.

With this frame all simple sums can be performed by the sense of touch.

ARITHMETIC.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Multiply} \quad 9657 \\ \text{by} \quad 309 \\ \hline 86913 \\ 28971 \\ \hline 2984013 \end{array}$$

With type this becomes:—

AN EXAMPLE OF A SUM IN MULTIPLICATION.

Observe that only two distinct types are used, the different numbers being distinguished by the way these are placed in the holes

A folded metallic sheet is placed in a special machine worked by a blind operator, who touches a key for each of the dots required to make a letter; then by means of a pedal the little embossing points which have been thus put into position are pressed against the plate. In this way pits are made on one side of each thickness of metal, and projections on the other; the size of these pits is regulated by six little holes in a die behind the hollows corresponding with the six possible points required for the different letters.

After one page has been written, the plates are reversed, and a second page is embossed, so that the letters come between those already made.

In printing, two of the double plates are placed side by side on the machine, and a piece of damped paper twice the size of a page is placed so that one half goes between two of the metal faces and the other half between the other two. Pressure is then applied, and four pages of Braille characters are printed, or, strictly speaking, embossed.

To exactly follow this stage of the process, it must be recognised that each one of the inner metal faces which meets the

paper bears the projections of one page and the pits of the second. These fit their fellow pits and projections, and pressure causes them to mould the softened paper, so that it, too, when taken out has raised

Messrs. Palmer and Co., the electrical engineers have constructed what is called a "conveyor." It is a huge iron chamber 30 ft. in length, running along one of the walls, and heated within by means of steam pipes



DICTATING COPY TO THE BLIND.

The blind operator is embossing metal sheets for the printing machine.

lettering on both sides, with sunken places between.

Till recently, the old Columbia hand-presses, formerly used for ordinary printing work, were alone employed, but now most of the work is done on a machine shown on page 133, which is one such as is used for cutting out envelopes, and is more powerful than is really necessary, while the pressing part of it is always in action. New machines have been designed for the special purpose, and have been adopted since this article was written.

When the sheets come from the press they are still damp, and require to be dried. In the old way they were suspended on wires, and were not ready for use for some days. Hence the process of making Braille books or magazines was an exceedingly slow one. Now, however, a very clever contrivance has just been installed, which gets over the difficulty.

An electrical motor now supplies the power for the printing machine, and

from a neat and compact boiler below. Hanging from an endless chain inside the conveyor are baskets, to the number of 53, and in each of these a sheet of paper is put as it comes from the machine.

By a system of pulleys, the speed of the



TWO METAL EMBOSSED PLATES, WITH A SHEET OF PAPER BETWEEN, READY FOR THE PRESS.

motor, which amounts to 1,700 revolutions per minute, is so reduced that the driving wheel of the conveyor only goes round five times in the minute. The result is that it takes ten minutes for a given basket to travel through the conveyor, and during this time the embossed sheets are thoroughly dried.



THE MODERN PRINTING MACHINE.

The process can be made continuous, for on this page) a damp one can be put into as a dry sheet is taken out (see illustration its place.



CONVEYOR FOR DRYING THE PRINTED SHEETS.

Each basket travels through in ten minutes and comes back to the attendant who removes the dry sheet and puts a damp one in its place.

No. 26. May, 1905.

Already the number of works which the Association has printed in Braille is not far short of 1,000, and the output is 30,000 volumes per annum, and each month several magazines are regularly published. The books include all kinds of school books, science primers, religious books, English classics, and fiction. The great difficulty met with is the bulkiness of the books, the Braille characters having to be spaced out to admit of their being read by touch. The embossing of course, also adds greatly to the thickness of the works, which cannot be printed on thin paper. It may come as a surprise, but Green's Short History of the English People occupies seventeen volumes when put into Braille. The expense is also very considerable. Here we may mention that it has been found possible to produce music



A BOOK PRINTED IN "BRAILLE" CHARACTERS.



THE BLIND ARE TAUGHT GEOGRAPHY BY
MEANS OF RELIEF MAPS.

in Braille. Now, as music is one of the few pleasures of the blind, and as through it they may often get a living, the Association usually bears the bulk of the expense. It costs 30s. for labour alone to "Braille" three songs for a customer, who is charged 3s. 9½d. for them, so that the Association stands to lose a considerable amount in this branch of its work.

The Association is incorporated under the Companies Acts as a non-profit making concern, but, like most institutions whose province is to do good, it usually goes to the other extreme, and has an overdraft at its bankers.

Another matter to be borne in mind is when packing and storing Braille literature that no pressure must be put upon it, lest the dots be damaged, and this makes the keeping of a large stock somewhat difficult.

Before leaving the subject of printing, it should be mentioned that at 206, Great Portland Street, a monthly magazine is published in ordinary type, which deals with all matters connected with Braille, and in which a list of new books in

Braille is given. It is to the credit of publishers that never once has permission been refused for a work to be copied in Braille for the benefit of the blind.

There are Braille typewriters, and they have but six keys, each of which can make one of the dots required. Some blind persons have become exceedingly expert with the ordinary typewriter, but in copying, of course, have to be supplied with writing that they can read by touch.

There is a shorthand form of Braille, which can be written at the rate of 120 words a

minute with the help of a special kind of typewriter. The paper used in this



A SPECIAL NEEDLE IS REQUIRED FOR THE BLIND.

It can be threaded by the sense of touch, and the thread will not pull out.



PLAYING CARDS FOR THE BLIND.

Each card is distinguished by raised dots on the back.

machine is in the form of a continuous ribbon, so that no time is wasted in taking it in and out.

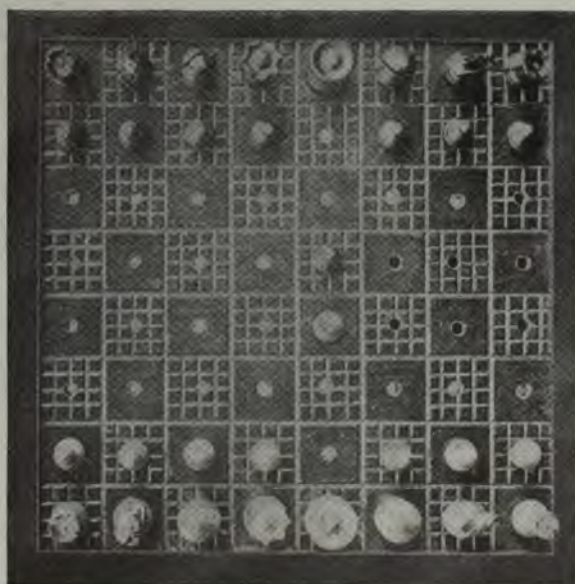
Those who work the embossing machine at the offices of the Association have a person of normal sight told off to each of them, who dictates the matter to be ultimately printed. At times, transcriptions in Latin, Greek, Modern Continental, and even Oriental languages have to be produced. These are more costly, as a special knowledge is required.

The next serious item for our consideration is the excellent series of raised maps which are made for the blind, though for seeing persons they should prove in many respects superior to the ordinary flat kind.

Many games, too, are arranged for the benefit of blind persons. For instance, *packs of cards with their descriptions em-*

bossed on the backs, so that the suit and value may be told, are sold by the Association. The draughts and chessmen have pegs which fit into holes in a special board so that they do not fall over, and deep

groves in the black squares enable these to be easily recognised. The tops of the white pieces are raised or pointed, while the others are smooth or rounded. We should mention that there are some very enthusiastic chess players among the blind, and the magazine "Progress," which is printed in Braille characters by the



CHESS BOARD FOR THE BLIND.

Association has a monthly chess column.

Among other matters which are of interest are the watches specially constructed for the blind. These are hunters without glass, and have extra strong hands to permit of their being touched. Raised

dots round the edge of the dial indicate the points where the figures for the hours stand. Self-threading needles should be mentioned, and arrangements for those who have gone blind so that they can keep their ordinary handwriting in straight lines across the page. One of these takes the shape of embossed lines on a special paper, while the other is a little frame with elastic stretched across at regular intervals, and having a hinged back. Within this, an ordinary sheet of writing paper may conveniently be placed.

We must not forget to say something with regard to the blind carpenter on the staff, who for twenty-five years has done admirable work which he has never seen. We show him in his workshop, where he makes writing frames and all the various shelves and stands needed

in the work of the Association, in addition to carrying out all the necessary repairs. Work that cannot be done by the employés at the offices is given to blind persons out-

side, especially the copying of books of which specimens are only occasionally wanted. The covers of the "Braille Review" — the magazine printed in ordinary type, and already alluded to — are devoted to a "Blind Workers' Employment Bureau," in which we find the names of basket, brush, and mat makers, carpenters, chair caners, knitters, a coal agent, masseuses, teachers, and a number of piano forte tuners.

In conclusion, we may say that every

thing possible is done by the Association to help the blind and to utilize all the modern appliances that can be adapted to the purpose.



THE BLIND CARPENTER.

Now in the employ of the British and Foreign Blind Association.



The sun is set, the swallows are asleep,
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air,
The slow soft loads out of damp corners creep
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.
Shelley -



KHALIL THE JUGGLER

▲ TALE OF INDIAN GIPSY FOLK.

By CORNELIA SORABJI

I.

KHALIL THE JUGGLER had come to England for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.

It was at his own desire, in a way, and yet it was not. His duty to the tribe constrained him. For there were no Court performances now, as of old, yielding a goodly pile for the gipsies' treasure-hole; and the entertainments at Government House, or the dreary school treats, where he made one of the "shows," were all that were left him, beside the *al fresco* juggling in private gardens. Then the world had grown critical and pagan—like a wrinkled old man who has been oft deceived. People questioned more and believed less. "How was it done?" was their only cry; as if your art were a thing like a clock in a glass case, with works that you could watch moving, and pull to pieces, and oil, and put right again.

"How is it done?" *Tchut!* A rat found a piece of turmeric. Said he, "I'll keep a druggist's shop." A man painted a picture. "On what palette mixed God His colours for the making of that man or woman?" says he . . . It was weary work performing before folk who hated a mystery. Yet—there was that treasure-hole, and Khalil's the duty to fill it.

And fate had shown a way. An Englishman's *chaprassi* had come to fetch him to a large, dingy office-room—square and ugly, with its rows of ledgers and forbidding office table; and here, sitting cross-legged, on the jail-made carpet, he was told the way to get rich.

"Could not the god of wealth have sent him the message in more picturesque fashion?" he mused.

"I am taking a troupe of jugglers to England for the Indian Exhibition," had said the agent. "Will you come? It will make you rich, and you may even perform before the Queen."

"Before the Queen!" Ah! there was

some recompense at last for the school-treat performances. Was it not the right of his tribe to play before royalty? And all the old kings were dead, and during his chieftainship, not once . . . but here was atonement. And *such* a Queen too! Worth a dozen of the late empire—an Akbar come to sovereignty. . . . So, he agreed. And that night, round the watch fires, in the company of the tribe—



THE AUTHORESS.

every man of it, and of one woman, his wife, alone admitted to the councils—he told them of his resolve and his bargain.

"Itching palm!" said his wife. "And you would leave me! Let Nubbhi go. The dragon of the sea may devour you. The pork-eating Westerns will defile you. When you return I may not let you touch my hand. Will your bag of gold content you then?"

"Nay, but," he said, "mother of my son, this is foolish talk, when thou knowest—what thou knowest. Yet even so must I go. The burdens of our clan it is mine to bear." So he had gone, commending to his brethren the wife and the small boy of but five hot weathers. Ah! but to leave that child was hardest of all. He had just invented a new part for him in the garden juggling. He was the pert detective; and how the boy loved the role.

"Ah, *mia!* you old cheat," he was taught to say. "You brought that mango tree buttoned up inside the stone. I've found you out, you devil-taught sinner. I could do that trick myself—a thumb on a button! Why, it's as easy as ringing the lightning bell in a Sahib's house."

"Do it yourself then, wisdom-born," would say old Khalil, with a fond chuckle. And the air of omnipotence about the little creature was fascinating, as he turned the hard, dry mango stone about to find the button—as fascinating as his pretended discomfiture when defeated.

"He was afraid that I would be too sharp for him, so he brought the wrong stone. Oh! he's a ripe one!" the child would explain to the delighted crowd. "But that fire-eating trick, now, when he puffs smoke and live-coals out of his mouth, I'll expose *that!*" And he would climb up on to Khalil's back, while the juggler made his preparations, peeping over his shoulder, and testing the temperature of magic-hardened cheek or exuding flame, only to leap down hastily with burnt fingers and rueful face, half between laughing and crying. For, after all, the fools were the people in the crowd—for was not his "play" a kind of *jadu* (magic) too? And were not all the secrets his and his father's?

Over the *ball-and-cup* trick his role was impertinence.

"I'll pull your beard, old man. You've cheated. I saw you put the ball under the red cup. I'll pull your beard, and then I'll expose you to these honest people, who trust you to do devil's tricks and not human cheatings."

"What! you would pull your old father's beard—you, a child, a span long?"

"Yes, even I, an honourable man-child. To clumsy, donkey-born, stone-headed old men I owe no reverence."

And then would follow a game he loved, the baby fingers clutching at the juggler's henna-dyed beard, and slapping his well-tanned cheeks. . . .

Ah! well, it was all over.

"Guard the child as your life, Nubbhi," he said to the brother who would act regent. "And teach him the trade. He must juggle better than the best of us."

"You have spoken," said Nubbhi; "it shall be done."

The voyage was long. Khalil and the other jugglers lay in a quasi-hold below the second-class deck. They cooked their own food, so the rules of their religion were easily kept; but it was a cramped, messy life.

Stretch of sea and sporting porpoise for outlook. Yes; but it betokened a freedom in which you had no share, here on a few square feet of wood. Place beside it the lovely Indian common, God's twinkling sky, and the wonder of the star-lit darkness, where the watch-fires had died down in the gipsy encampment, and the southwest wind blew fresh and strong and withal mysterious, laden with the untold secrets of the new day. . . . But he would go back to it all, and to find—what? he wondered. If only he could learn the great *destiny* trick, one little ball there was should never slip between the fingers of fate. Such a little one. Great God, do not overlook it!

One day, after life in London had settled into the monotony of the Colonial Exhibition, they took him to see a celebrated English juggler. Khalil enjoyed himself hugely. "My little son would call this man-cheatings, and not devil's wiles," he chuckled. "But I never knew before that brick and mortar, or boarded floors,



DORA CURTIS
1905

With burnt fingers and a rueful face.

or even white shirt-sleeves might all alike serve in the mysterious temple of magic. Hi! but my little son would play his play to some purpose here!"

At last came the summons to Windsor. But a month remained of Khalil's contract with the agent, and he was in excellent spirits. He would justify his "royal"

traditions, and then sail for the dear brown, wind-swept common.

"I should be sorry not to take you," said the agent, as he collected his troupe. "But had you not better stay behind? Your cold is heavy."

But Khalil would not be stayed.

"Now," said he to himself as he entered

the presence of the great Queen and made his low and graceful salaam. "Now, I speak to the Queen by my art, and in the name of all my tribe, and in the name of my little son—God bless him!"

And he juggled as even Khalil the Chief had never juggled in his life. Here was no attempt to prove him a cheat. He knew it. Royalty and divinity were akin in every nation. *She* understood the language of the mysterious.

It was a damp, windy night, and Khalil's cold was not improved by the journey back to London. At the end of a week the neglected ailment, in a climate foreign to his constitution, had turned to pneumonia, and the doctor, whom the agent brought in, said that he could not possibly live more than a few hours. He heard the news with the equanimity with which all Indians treat the inevitable.

"Bring me," he said, "the Memsahib who speaks my language." She had often noticed him at the Exhibition, and cheered him with a sound of the limpid Urdu consonants. . . . That which he had so say made no great strain on his gasping breath.

"Tell my wife, and the little son, and my tribe that the Great Juggler has out-juggled poor Khalil somewhat earlier than he reckoned. . . . But the gold for the treasure-hole—get it through the agent and send it them. My wife's trinkets were in pawn to Panna for this fatal journey. . . . Redeem them. . . . Nubbhi will be head of the tribe till the boy is of age. . . . He must make my boy juggle fair and deftly. . . . God's sword-point sometimes—finds the human body—in the basket trick of life; and—my old limbs cannot wriggle out of the way. . . . But I've kept the tradition of the tribe, and the *Malika-i-muazzama* (the exalted Queen) herself is proud of her Indian jugglers."

A little later, "The Memsahib will see that the funeral rites are Mahomedan?" And finally, with a radiant face—"Wah! wah! Maha Jadugar ko Jae!" (Bravo! bravo! Victory to the Great Juggler!).

II.

The tribe was encamped on a great brown plain on the lonely road to the jail.

The jugglers liked the proximity. It emphasised their freedom. They were the only human beings within ear-shot who were neither slaves nor the keepers of slaves. It made them one with the birds and winds, and that rippling, laughing coquette of a rivulet, playing hide and seek yonder.

The hills rose stern and barren against the horizon, and the hot, fierce wind of midsummer was whirling up dust and pebbles and stray dead leaves as it sang wierd songs to the understanding heart of these ragged, wild-looking creatures. How they harmonised with the dreary ante-monsoon landscape! There was even peace in the unrest of such utter unity.

And now darkness came slouching westwards—leisurely enough and stealthily enough, on this long April evening. But the gipsy watch-fires frightened him away, so that you saw the little encampment in brilliant relief.

There were the men in a knot by the donkeys, their short earthen pipes held flute-wise in both hands, and passed from man to man after a long energetic pull. The Indian knows not the Western luxury of laziness while smoking—except, perchance, when the snake of the *hookah* is rightly adjusted.

The women cooked the evening meal, Khalil's wife superintending, and going from fire to fire to question and criticise. Babies slumbered blissfully in pretty gipsy-made cradles—bright red or yellow sarees swung between a pair of bamboos, and kept in motion by a casual kick from any passing foot. Other children played "spy and catch" among the goats and hens and pariah dogs—promiscuous travelling farmyard. One or two huts there were, thatch walls and thatched roof—back to the worst of the wind, face, doorless, looking towards the western hills. And here lay the sick, the mother of a two-days'-old baby, and a girl of twenty—the sun-stricken "*Kam-bakht*" (luckless one) as they described her. . . . Nubbhi was talking as he peered into the darkness, a hand over his eyes to shut out the firelight; and the women stayed their chatter to listen.

"It is a carriage on the road from Can-

tonments, brothers; and one dares to walk towards us— a woman."

"Hear her errand," said the men.

So Nubbhi approached me.

"Is it news you bring of Khalil?" he asked, prescient.

"Yes," I made answer.

"The tribe must hear," said Nubbhi. And then louder, "Brothers, the Miss Sahib brings news of Khalil."

"Bring her to the encampment," came from the ragged chorus; and Khalil's wife pressed forward, for gipsy women are free and unveiled.

To announce death to these philosophers was no painful task.

"If God's rod makes no noise, is it not because He has the right to wield it?" they asked.

At news of his dying cry the whole tribe rose to its feet.

"*Jael jael! Maha jadugar ki jael!*" (Victory! victory! The victory of the Great Juggler!).

It rang out triumphant, and the hot, fierce winds carried it passionately to the grim mountains. But then fell a silence; and the women sent the wail of the death-chant after the pæan of victory. Khalil, their master juggler, had gone to learn more tricks of one greater than he; but— they were sorry.

To his wife no man or woman dared say a word. She held her head unbowed in the pride of a grief that brooks no eye-witness, and an adoration that knows no shame. Khalil was hers, and Khalil had not feared to die. But his little son crept to her in half-understood terror, and him she clutched and held to her breast.

"My son," she said, "the tribe is yours. Till you are of an age to declare your will Nubbhi shall rule."

"Nubbhi shall rule," repeated the boy.

"Ay, Ay! son of Khalil," said the husky voices of this wild, fierce-eyed, hungry, hairy rabble, "we are yours to a man, and Nubbhi is your deputy."

Then courteously Nubbhi turned to me:

"Is there more?" he asked.

"Yes, this. You shall see that Khalil's widow and son want nothing."

"Nothing shall be wanting to them," shouted the men.

"And you, Nubbhi, are to teach the

boy and make him juggle fair and deftly."

"Fair and deftly; ay! ay!" said the chorus.

"Khalil made his 'share' towards the treasure-hole," I continued, "and the money will reach your hands in due time. He wished that the jewelry of his 'house' (wife) might be redeemed. Soon, I hope, the banker and his bonds will be at my house. I will send you word. Will you come?"

"The Presence is gracious," said Nubbhi. "We shall be there."

It had been no easy task recovering Khalil's dues, or finding the banker. For "*Panna, son of Lalchand*," was the only address I had; and as of bankers by name "*Panna*" the town held many; and as the jewels were pawned for an eighth of their value, the search was exciting. But much persistence and some wariness had finally proved successful. And on the day appointed came Panna, sleek and gross. The jugglers were littered about the porch and garden, had been there three solid hours, half the tribe of them, with Nubbhi and Khalil's wife and son in the foreground.

Now the chief actors squatted cross-legged on the coir-matted verandah. There was the banker arranging the jewels on a piece of Turkey-red, his greedy eye seeming to snatch at each little thing as he put it down, and opposite him the widow, serious and dignified, with her son beside her; such an important piece of comicality he was—one little fat hand on each knee, as he craned forward to inspect the bright gee-gaws.

For Nubbhi I was concerned; he looked far from well, and leaned against a post with an air of detachment and irresponsibility quite new to him.

Our business needed some diplomacy; but even bankers with crafty eyes can produce the remnants of a heart. And after he had heard the story of Khalil, and looked on his small son, Panna consented to part with the jewels at much less than the amount he could claim on his bond.

"So God works miracles," muttered Nubbhi in the background. "Miss Sahiba, this was true juggling."

After this little incident my juggling friends came often to see me and "*salaam*."

Periodically, too, Khalil's wife and the boy were brought to me, as if they were held in trust at my bidding. Any little thing which the boy learnt was rehearsed for me—the tribe always forming applauding audience.

Not a week passed but some of them would appear, and beg that they might juggle before me, unfeed.

Nubbhi haunted the front porch, looking each time worse than before. Once he was redolent of *Moura* (the country liquor).

"Nubbhi," said I, "you are a Mussulman, and you've been drinking."

"I own it, Presence, but I am ill, and the fire burns my throat and eases it. But command me, and not a drop shall touch my lips again."

And I knew Nubbhi would keep his word.

He told me his story one day. Khalil and he had wooed the same girl. Khalil always won whatever the contest; so Khalil it was who owned her. To himself remained still the joy of service and worship.

"I might have taken her to wife now that she is widowed," said Nubbhi, "but Khalil entrusted her to me. What would you? Trust is like the oath of a man, who may break it? As for her, she knows nothing of my story. And I; am I not happy in teaching her son and in serving her. But I am ill, Miss Sahiba, and when the time comes for that great going-out—the peace-time—I have that which I would tell the Miss Sahiba, for Khalil's widow's sake."

The next day he was back again.

"Miss Sahib," he said, "I have been thinking. . . . The tribe owes you gratitude. And that we are your debtors make us *glad*. Do you understand that Miss Sahiba?" he added wistfully. "We whose freedom abhors a burden are glad to be burden-bearers since the Miss Sahib is creditor. But we would give you something, not to ease the burden, no, but to show that we love it. Now, which of our possessions would be acceptable to the Presence we know not; but, talking by the watch-fires last night, it was decided among my caste-brethren that the gift should *cost* us something. So, this it is to be. You

shall name that trick which best pleases you, and I, Nubbhi, shall teach it you."

"But, Nubbhi," I said, "no one but the tribe may know your juggling secrets."

"Even so," he made answer. "Yet we have vowed to teach the Miss Sahiba."

When I refused to be taught he was genuinely unhappy.

"*The sword trick*," he urged. "Learn it, Miss Sahib. See—it is, as we think, our best, and I brought the boy and the basket to teach it you. Khalil's son has learnt it, and you shall take the sword and practise while he h'ides in the basket. You will believe in our gratitude when you hold the life of Khalil's son at the end of your sword-point."

But, naturally, I would not accept his sacrifice. It was the only time, I hope, that I disappointed Nubbhi.

One morning, when the earth was at its greenest and everything seemed shouting for joy, a somewhat shocked domestic came to announce that the "compound" was full of gypsies—a sick man in a palanquin among them—and that they asked for their Miss Sahib.

It was poor Nubbhi in a condition that looked very near death.

"Listen, Miss Sahiba," said he. "My face will tell you how small a part remains unwound of this poor juggler's thread of life; and lest the end should come suddenly I bade them bring me here. Nubbhi is no beggar. Certain gains I have—money, yes, but honestly gotten, apart from my trade (no matter now the story); and with that, as my brethren know, I may do as I will. To Khalil's widow and son I leave it."

He raised himself on his elbow: "My brothers hear and forbear to touch it. It lieth where he" (and he pointed to a tall black-bearded gypsy), "where he knoweth."

Not a man rebelled.

"Khalil's widow is twice our trust," they said.

"Further," said Nubbhi, "the Miss Sahib is our friend, and has been our benefactor. What that meaneth as an oath on every head ye know. 'Eat' that oath, man by man. See ye keep it."

"Ay! ay! we know our Miss Sahib is our friend," said the chorus.



The tribe was encamped on a great brown plain.

He turned to me then and said his humble adieux. I begged him to go to hospital—said I should arrange it.

"Should these be allowed?" he asked, pointing to the crowd.

"No," I confessed.

Then—"Does the Miss Sahib *command* it? For if not I would I might die on the brown *maidan*, there, in the place where the Miss Sahib first saw me, my face upturned to God's sky."

"Go, Nubbhi," said I, "*Khuda hafiz*—God be with you."

As they lifted the palanquin he turned to me with a last wistful look. "And after all the Miss Sahib never learnt the sword trick.

But," anxiously, "the Miss Sahib knows that I would have taught it gladly."

"Yes, yes, Nubbhi," I assured him, "I know."

And that was the last that I saw of Nubbhi, the brother of Khalil, the faithful guardian of Khalil's wife.

Some days after, they came to tell me he was dead, and that, dying, he said to him of the black beard:

"If the Miss Sahib should ever want to learn that sword trick, teach it her."

But the Miss Sahib did not. Yet more than one invaluable lesson has she learnt from the jugglers on that wind-swept common.

THE FEN COUNTRY

By G. BASIL BARHAM

GIVE me once more a glimpse of the sky with its endless unfolding
As the mist breaks clear of the land
And the red sun glints on the Fens,
And covers the Level with gold.

Give me once more the breath of the keen stinging seabreeze upholding
The mild wet wind of the land,
And the long drawn sigh of the Fens,
That mingles the New and the Old.

Let me once more hear the song of the birds in the morning
And the gentle drone of the bee,
As it flits o'er the sedge of the Fens
And thanks its Creator for Life.

Give me the sharp startled cluck of the fowl giving warning
As the sparrowhawk glides through the air;
Give me back those sounds of the Fens,
The song of the Land in its strife..

Give me once more the sky in the fierce black midnight of thunder,
And the wet earth thrashed by the rain,
As the storm breaks over the Land—
The dear loved Land of the Fens.

Let me go. I will tear all the bonds that may hold me asunder,
And will go, scorning trouble or pain.

For the smoke of the city is strong, and I choke, and its ways are not mine.
Let me go! I have finished my work, and I dream of the throb of the pumps.

I will go, scorning trouble or pain,
I will give up the life that I planned,
And will go back, and die in the Fens.



BATTLE HARBOUR, THE CAPITAL OF LABRADOR.

LONELY LABRADOR

THE LAND OF DESOLATION

By P. T. McGRATH

STRETCHING north from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the confines of the Polar seas, lies the vast unpeopled peninsula of Labrador—the land of desolation. To the average man it is a mere geographical abstraction, with less of meaning than the wildest wastes of Central Africa, for the daring explorer has never penetrated its fastnesses, and the earth-hunger of the nations does not seek satiety with a slice of a region given over to snow and ice and the few fisher-folk who occupy its bleak and barren coastline.

Labrador is the Alaska of the North Atlantic. It is the eastern pendant of the hemisphere, as Alaska is the western. In the physical characteristics, the climatic conditions, and the general features of existence there, both are akin. Both own the domination of the Frost King. Both are barren, treeless, snow-clad wastes.

Both are cut off from the outer world for six or eight months of the year by the impenetrable barrier of the floes and bergs. Both require that man should labour incessantly amid the most wretched surroundings in order to obtain the means to sustain life. A mere existence is the utmost that seems possible in such regions, apparently destined by nature for the Eskimos, and for them alone.

Labrador is the largest unexplored territory in the world to-day. It forms a vast irregular parallelogram between the Atlantic Ocean, Hudson Bay, and Belleisle Strait. In extent it is half as large as Europe, while its population is but that of an American village. Its total area is 520,000 square miles, and it is occupied by a scant 10,000 humans—3,000 Indians, 3,000 Eskimos, and 4,000 Livyeres. The latter are white people of British descent, and are known as "Livyeres" (live heres,



A LIVYERES' STATION ON LABRADOR.

or permanent settlers), to distinguish them from the nomadic Newfoundland codmen who visit the coast every summer. The word "livyeres" caused an amusing blunder on the part of a British warship captain who visited the coast a few years ago. He reported that it seemed to be settled mainly by descendants of an Irish family named "Liviere." These Livyeres are scattered along the whole stretch of coastline, in scores of harbours, where they are partially sheltered from the gales which beset this rugged and storm-beaten land. The Eskimo, most of whom have been christianised by the Moravian missionaries from Germany, occupy the northern extremity of the region, away towards Ungava Bay, where a young Episcopalian clergyman has recently gone to labour among a tribe of them who are steeped in the darkness of paganism. The Indians are a miserable remnant of the Algonquin race, and roam the interior trapping and hunting, bartering their peltries for food and necessities at the Hudson Bay Company's posts.

As in other lands, these weaker races have steadily deteriorated from contact with the white man and his vices, and their ultimate extinction is only a matter of a comparatively short time. Even the livyeres are declining, for the Newfound-

land census taken last year shows them to have decreased 500 since the previous enumeration.

Labrador was first discovered by Lief and his Norsemen in 990, who named it Helluland, "the place of the naked rocks." This description fits it admirably, for it is a wilderness of sterility. The region is a vast solitude, bare basalt cliffs stretching along for hundreds of miles, devoid of greenery and living things, lonesome even to the birds and wild animals. Nature fashioned it in her grimmest mood, a vast and terrible desert of rock, the frowning shoreline scarred by frost and torn by the angry waves. Cabot sighted it in 1497, but its earliest settler was a Basque fisherman named Bradore (from whom it takes its designation) early in the next century. Cartier explored its southern coast in 1534, and brave Henry Hudson cruised north past its forbidding ramparts on his famous voyage to the Arctics, when he discovered the Bay which is still called after him. Then the French colonised the Southern section, fronting on Belleisle Strait, and made it the seat of a large fishery late in the seventeenth century. They built forts at Bradore and maintained a garrison of 500 men, relics of whose occupation are still to be found in the vicinity. Pirates and Sallee rovers frequented the coast to

bury their plunder and repair their ships, and some of them had their strongholds there where they gave battle to the frigates sent out to harry them. In 1760, owing to the miseries which the long and dreary winter entailed and the ravages caused by the wars for the mastery of Quebec, France abandoned Labrador, and England annexed it to Canada. Some years later it was transferred to the jurisdiction of Newfoundland; then to Canada again, and once more in 1809, it was restored to Newfoundland, of which it has been an appanage ever since. The fur traders operated through Canada and wanted it attached thereto; but the fish traders had their headquarters in Newfoundland and desired it administered from that colony. Thus it became a shuttlecock, bandied about as one or the other acquired the ascendancy in the Councils of the English King, until the advantages of its control from Newfoundland were seen to be unmistakable, and then it passed under the charge of the island province.

Even to-day, at the dawn of the twentieth century, it remains only a cod-fishing base, simply that and nothing more! To all intents and purposes it is merely a strip of coast occupied by the

Newfoundland fishermen during the summer months, and containing only the erections along the seaboard which a maritime industry would require. In the offing are the cod-banks, their teeming wealth of fish life now diminished in plenty from having been drawn upon for centuries. In the background lies the untraversed wilderness, extending away for hundreds of miles, with but the infrequent wandering savage or trapper to awake the echoes of the primeval solitudes.

Nowhere in the world at this time are civilised people faced with the stark and stern realities of life as they are in Labrador. Nowhere is the struggle for existence attended with such desperate hazard against hostile nature, such frightful discomforts, such utter unrelieved misery. To the settlers along the Labrador coast, life in its dreariest, most hopeless form is ever the portion. Monotony, isolation, cold, hunger, the cheerless, desolate expanse, the lack of social intercourse or education—these are their environments. But the livyeres cling to it and seem to be happy. A mission doctor got a place for one of them in Montreal, and the next season was surprised to see him return. The man explained that he had left



A LABRADOR HARBOUR.

Canada because it was "too lonely" there. Yet anything more lonely than Labrador it would be impossible to imagine. Even in the summer, when the full fishing force is on the coast, 30,000 people do not make a big showing when scattered over a thousand miles of seaboard.

To reach Labrador one must go by ship, and the first sight of the land is most depressing. The naked mountains, grim and gaunt; the barren slope which stretches to the surf, the broken chaotic coastline, the jagged islets which sentinel the shore; and the cold pitiless waves breaking against the rocks—all combine to impart a forbidding aspect not easily equalled. Every few miles, however, there is a harbour, as if Nature, in fashioning the region, had in mind the needs of the hardy fishers who would venture there in quest of cod, and require many shelter ports in their perilous calling.

For Labrador is the scene of the strangest annual migration known to the world. About 25,000 Newfoundlanders—men, women, and children—with all their household possessions, sail there every spring to pursue the coddling industry, returning home again in the fall after the fishery has ended. Sometimes reports come of direful marine tragedies enacted on that frowning seaboard, or of hundreds of fishing craft icebound early in the summer, or of failure in the voyage and consequent destitution the next winter in the fishermen's homes. The sandy banks off the coast of Labrador are the home of the lordly cod, the king of food fishes, and it is in the quiet harbours along that shore that the cod-catchers locate. Fully a thousand schooners pass north each summer to trawl these waters, sometimes to succeed and sometimes to fail. Unfortunately, the blanks outnumber the prizes, for the icefloes linger about the region almost every summer, and the fish will not venture into the frigid shallows, but remain in the ocean depths beyond, where they cannot be caught. This fishery is all important to the Newfoundlanders; it represents food, clothing, and material comforts to them. If it yields a good harvest there is widespread prosperity, but if it fails, there is absolute destitution. In this latter fact is, all too often, epitomised the

history of this great lone land. Fishing is virtually the only occupation of the people who frequent the coast, and a bad fishery is a national disaster, involving a depleted exchequer through the necessity of drawing on its resources to supply the essentials of life to those who have been unfortunate in their cod-catching venture.

His schooner and fishing gear, with his "room" on Labrador and his home in Newfoundland, constitute the wealth of the island fisherman. He builds the vessel himself, rigs and outfits her, sails her to and from Labrador, and constitutes her his temporary home for the four summer months. In her hold are salt to cure the catch and provisions to maintain the crew; her decks are littered with impedimenta, and her living rooms crowded with the human beings who make up her personnel. Some crafts carry to Labrador extra "hands" to fish from the shore in small boats, and often a schooner has 150 souls aboard. All the vessels are sailers; never a steamer ventures there except the mission launches and the mail boat which plies along the coast every fortnight from St. John's. She makes 90 stops each trip, at every harbour where a few fishers are located, that their mail may be delivered and their orders for supplies carried south. As she goes, every variety of scenery, and of human industry associated with the region is unfolded, and the sightseer who makes the trip will be unable to complain of lack of novelty.

It is picturesque to see these schooners force their way north, sometimes through the ice-floes, and again creeping along in the fog with the whole ocean dotted with bergs, to graze one of which would mean disaster. The fishers push along so daringly, because the unwritten law of the coast gives the first arrival in any harbour the right to choose the best location to set out his fishing gear, and this means much in so precarious an industry. But when they meet adverse weather, or are stopped by floes, the sanitary and hygienic conditions on board one of these crafts, where scores of people are penned up, can be more easily imagined than described. Only two years ago diphtheria broke out in one of these boats, stormbound in Griquet Harbour with 146 persons, and over 30 of

them died, for there was not a doctor within hundreds of miles. Many a terrible tragedy of the sea occurs in this desolate region, evidencing alike the perils which the fisherfolk endure and the heroism which animates them. Recently the schooner "Czar," bound for Labrador with a company of 22 men, 17 women, and 26 children, went ashore on the Cabot Islands in the thick of a midnight fog. The crash sent a stream of shrieking, nearly naked women and youngsters to the deck, impeding the men who were trying to cope with their desperate situation. The hull

children who witnessed the catastrophe added to the horror of the scene. The remaining men patched up a boat with canvas, and when the storm abated got a line ashore and thus rescued all hands. The islet was barren, and the upturned boat the only shelter for the mass of shivering humanity. The eggs and bodies of penguins, eaten raw, were their only food. For three days and nights they remained in this terrible predicament, and then another schooner, passing by, was signalled, and took them off.

The "Puritan," another vessel also



A FISH DRYING STATION ON LABRADOR.

pounded abroad and the water flooded the holds. The waves smote the deck and sought to sweep the wretches overboard. Food, clothing, light, shelter, intelligent effort—all were unattainable. The humans could only await death or daylight, all being lashed to the masts. When morning broke the strongest swimmer fastened a life-line to his waist and tried to reach the shore. He was caught by a cruel wave and dashed into pieces against the rocks. A second met the same fate. Two brothers then tried it, only to perish likewise, while the heartrending cries of the women and

bound for Labrador, was caught in the ice in Belleisle Strait, and crushed. She was sinking rapidly, and would have gone to the bottom with her whole personnel, 52 souls, but that an outgoing craft, seeing her signals of distress, bore down on her and took off the crew, the crushed hull disappearing within an hour. The rescuing vessel landed them in Sablon Harbour, as she had not food enough for all hands for the long voyage before them.

Such experiences as these are not uncommon, and the fisherfolk count them in the risks of the voyage when they start.

The only wonder is, indeed, that with the vicissitudes of fortune they have to undergo, more fatalities do not mark the annual prosecution of this fishery. When gales sweep that coast in the autumn, vessels are often driven ashore, with their catches of cod, and the fruits of a whole season's arduous labours, and sometimes the owners' lives, are destroyed. In September, 1886, the worst storm in the history of the coast arose, and 83 vessels were swept on the rocks or sank at their anchors, 147 lives being lost. But the most tragic individual disaster in the history of this northern seaboard was the loss of the schooner "Queen," on Gull Island, in the late autumn some years ago. All on board made their way safely to the rocks, but the ship sank. They were without food or drink, and though in sight of a settlement, had no means of making their presence known. Everyone of the 27 persons perished miserably of slow starvation, and not till the next spring, when some bird-hunters visited the rock and found the diary kept by one of the castaways, was the mystery of their fate solved.

An establishment on Labrador is known as a "fishing room." It comprises the residence of the owner or agent; a bunk-house for the men, stores for salt supplies, and for housing dried fish; stages for cleaning the cod, and flakes for drying it. The residence is usually a comfortable frame house. The men's shelter is frequently roofed with sods. The stores are somewhat similar. The stages are rough sheds built upon still rougher wharves. The boats lie at these stages and discharge their loads of freshly-caught cod, which the men impale on "pews," or single pronged forks, and toss up to the stage, where a boy receives them and throws them to the "splitter." This man, with two rapid cuts, severs the head and splits the fish along the abdomen. A quick twist and he jerks out the liver, which he drops into a barrel near, that it may melt and become, after refining, the cod-liver oil of medicine and commerce. Another dexterous movement and he disembowels the fish, dropping head and viscera down a hole into the landwash. Then the headless cod is washed free of blood, after which it is soaked in brine for some days. This brine

is next drained off, and the fish spread on the flakes to dry. The flakes are platforms of poles and twigs, exposed to the full sunlight and a free circulation of air. After some time the fish is as hard and sapless as leather, and is then stored for shipment, this constituting the curative process. Practically all the work on the fish on shore is done by the women and children, the men confining themselves to the labours afloat.

Four classes of fishers engage in this great industry—stationers, floaters, sharemen, and linemen. The former are the most affluent, conducting the larger "rooms," and frequently employing several schooners. The "floaters," or green fishers, "are those who do not occupy a shore station, but keep to their vessels the whole time, cruising hither and thither, salting their fish wet, or "green," into the holds, and drying it in the fall after returning home. "Sharemen," are employes of the larger operators, fishing for a "share," usually one-third of their catch. "Linemen" are the poorest class of all. They are mostly "livyeres," who seek for a cod a mile or two off the land with hook and line, instead of the more modern appliances now in use. These consist of trawls, bultons, nets, seines, and traps. Trawls are stout ropes, buoyed at intervals, and having hundreds of hooks depending from the main cord by smaller lines. Each hook is baited, and the fish caught are removed from the trawls daily. Bultons are like trawls, but are fastened to the shore instead of to an anchor in the offing. Nets are contrivances in the meshes of which the fish get entangled as they swim by. Seines are large nets with which a section of water is swept, the fish enclosed, being drawn to land and killed. Traps are immense square wells of netting, buoyed on top and hanging down towards the sea-bottom. One side has an opening, or doorway, with another piece of net stretching out from it, called a "leader," and serving to direct the fish into the opening, where they are "trapped." This well is overhauled daily, and its contents removed; and at times twenty tons of cod may be found in it. A trap is an expensive accessory, costing £80, and if a whale or shark gets into it and tears it



FISH MAKING ON LABRADOR.

abroad in struggling to escape, or if it breaks from its mooring in a gale and drives ashore to be rent by the rocks, the unfortunate owner suffers an additional hardship. However, twine and needles are abundant, and every fisherman knows how to mend a net, so that repairs can usually be made which will admit of the traps being worked again. The total annual catch of cod along Labrador is about 400,000 quintals (quintal 112lbs), all of which is shipped to the Catholic countries of Europe, to Brazil, and to the West Indies. Large quantities are sent by sea-going vessels direct from the coast, but the major portion is brought back to Newfoundland to be more fully dried, and then goes forward from St. John's, the great exporting centre of the colony.

Cod is the universal medium of business in Labrador; coin has no place in the economy of trade there. Many of the livyerers have no acquaintance with money, but pass from childhood to old age without handling a dollar. They obtain their food and clothing, fishery gear, and supplies from some trader or middleman, and are ever in his debt. Their life is one of unceasing toil and hardship, and the climatic rigours render their existence even more miserable. Their huts are the poorest, their food is the coarsest, their clothing the scantiest, and their labour brings the most meagre return. How they contrive to support life through the bleak

winters in that desolate region, separated from the outside world by the fies, is a standing mystery. Practically every essential to existence and comfort has to be brought to the coast. With the short summer, and the rarely-absent frosts at night, cereals cannot be raised, and vegetables will grow only in the sheltered bottoms of the great bays. In the northern part there is no wooded growth. A tree was planted at Nain thirty years ago by the missionaries, and though carefully tended, it is now only 26 inches high. Game birds and animals supply the larder in part, but flour, pork, and other provisions have to be imported. There is not a horse in the whole territory, and only one cow. A few goats are kept by the well-to-do "summer-men," but sheep are unknown. Even for medical purposes tinned milk has to be used; the livyerers never see this fluid in any form, and sugar is as great a luxury, its place being taken by molasses, known to the fishermen as "long sweetness." Hens are kept by some settlers, being housed in the same rooms as the family, but as they feed on fish debris in part, their eggs are not the most palatable. Large, gaunt Eskimo dogs, strong and savage, serve as beasts of burden, attached to sledges which they draw over the snow, communication between the scattered hamlets being possible by this means alone during the winter.

There is no regular form of government

in Labrador, and no elaborate official machinery. A primitive, patriarchal sort of rule prevails; the people are simple, trustful, and peace-loving; their isolation preserves them from any of the worst forms of modern excesses, and while trivial disputes will arise from time to time, grave offences are unknown. The collector on the revenue cutter, and the mission doctors, hold appointments as justices of the peace, and dispose of such few cases as arise, but

islets. Needless to say, there is neither railway, telegraph, telephone, nor tram-car; indeed, there is not even a road. All intercourse is by boat, and the only apologies for an avenue of travel on land are the paths which lead from the jetties to the hospitals. The largest settlement on the coast has about thirty houses, and in some harbours is but one family. Industries other than fishing are unknown; there is no mining, lumber-



MOONLIGHT ON A LABRADOR FJORD.

on the whole thousand miles of seaboard there is not a court-house, jail, or policeman; other adjuncts of progressive communities—the saloon and the poor-house—are also lacking. Nor is there a theatre, club, or other place of amusement. Hotels, inns, or boarding houses are not to be found, and the visitor will be wise who stays on the steamer or schooner which brings him, or pitches his camp on the sheltered bank of one of the

ing, or manufacturing. Stranger still, where the coast is so much frequented, there is not a lighthouse along the whole seaboard, and nothing but the marvellous expertness of the Newfoundland fisherfolk in navigating the ice-laden, fog-veiled waters prevents more frequent shipwrecks there.

Labrador has only one resident clergyman, though three or four work up and down among the fishers during the summer.

Until recent years it was without even a doctor. Then the Colonial government put a physician on the mailboat—one medico for 35,000 people! More recently the British Deep-Sea Mission established itself there erecting two hospitals, one at Indian Harbour, for the northern, and the other at Battle Harbour, for the southern section. The former is open only during the summer, but the latter remains in operation the whole year, the doctors and nurses taking turns to spend the winter there. The Mission Superintendent cruises with the fishing fleet, in a fine little

to procure coal. There is nothing more creditable in the story of modern conflict against poverty and destitution than the record of the Mission's work in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and nursing the sick livyeres of Labrador.

The spiritual enlightenment of the "livyeres" in the remotest harbours, can be gauged by the following story, guaranteed by the clergyman who, journeying along the coast in the summer, was a party to it. He called at a hut of a woman who had been bereft of her breadwinner, and was offering her religious consolation, tell-



LOADING FISH ON LABRADOR FOR MARKET.

hospital steamer donated by Lord Strathcona, and there is a steam launch attached to each hospital, for the conveyance of serious cases from the outlying harbours. The Mission is doing a great work for the moral and medical betterment of the fisher-folk, and deserves every praise. The boon it confers on the whole coast is inestimable, and the doctors have been able to materially improve the circumstances of the poorest class of livyeres by large distributions of clothing every fall, chiefly to the women and children, and of foodstuffs to the men, in return for their cutting of wood to feed the boilers of the hospital-ship and launches, in a land where it is impossible

ing her to "put your trust in the good Lord who died for us."

"Deary me," she replied, "is that Great Man dead? Why, the whole world might die and we not know of it down here!"

An illustration of their mundane simplicity is equally pathetic. A widow was complaining to the revenue collector, who embodies every official status in his own person, that the customary dole from the government had not reached her.

"Well, ma'am," he explained, "the money has not come from England yet. The Queen hasn't sent it."

"Oh, I suppose it'll come later," was the comment. "Maybe she had a bad fishery

herself." The livyere sees nothing, comprehends nothing, beyond a "good fishery" or a "bad fishery." Fishing represents the sum of human existence.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case in modern surgical annals occurred there three years ago. A little girl of four escaped from a house in midwinter, got lost in the snow, and before she was found again her feet were badly frost-bitten. The parents tried every remedy known to them, but without avail, and the legs mortified till the child was in danger of death. To save its life the father took a sharp axe and cut the two feet off, dressing the mutilated limbs with some of the rough-and-ready appliances which necessity suggests. Wonderful to relate, the child lives and is still alive, and is now walking on artificial limbs procured for her by the mission doctor, who vouches for the story, and has photographs showing the little sufferer with her legs off.

Labrador in the summer months, with its myriad icebergs sailing along in stately procession, its invigorating climate and its health-laden breezes, is an attractive retreat for the wearied city-dweller, but in the fall and winter it is as a land accurst. On the south coast existence is tolerable, but as one goes north the more appalling the condition of the settlers becomes. It is doubtful if there are any civilised beings in the world, who have not offended against the laws, so utterly desolate as those who voluntarily settle in Labrador. Siberia has doubtless worse regions, where human agencies have contributed to devise penal inflictions, but for pure natural discomforts Labrador stands unequalled.

Perched among the rocks are the rude homes of the livyeres. In many places the fronts of the huts are upheld by posts, while the rafters rest on convenient ledges, and ingress and egress are by means of ladders. Timbers securely stepped in heaps of stones are tightly wedged against the houses to prevent their being overthrown by the gales, while the roofs are lashed down with heavy ropes, that some boisterous gust may not uplift the thatch. The people themselves are scarcely less wretched. Groups of miserable grown folk and starving children are to be seen in every harbour. The livyeres contrive

to get along with perhaps less clothing than any other civilised beings, and that, too, in spite of zero weather for eight months of the year. Anything more pitiful than these half-clad, half-fed children it is impossible to conceive, and the inevitable consequence is that the pitiless severity of winter bears most harshly on the little ones, inducing consumption and other diseases bred from their herding together and the lack of wholesome food.

Industrial conditions on the coast are well-nigh incredible. The livyere gets credit for his fish at two dollars a quintal, and receives in exchange therefor food and necessities at Klondike prices. Third-rate flour costs eight dollars a barrel, sour molasses 70 cent. a gallon, musty tea 60 cents. a pound. When a man's catch of cod averages about 20 quintals a year, the problem of existence is well-nigh unsolvable, for these are his staples, with cod, herring, and shellfish to eke them out. Almost every fall the Government has to send stocks of food to the coast, to be doled out to the neediest during the winter, for they would otherwise starve. A noble trait in them is that the most wretched can always count on a share of what their less-desitute fellows possess; therefore, when disaster comes all are reduced to a uniform level of misery. The Mission is doing much to better their lot. It does not foster reckless relief, but feeds and clothes those really deserving. Last year it distributed 140 sacks of clothing along the coast, and every season this practice is pursued. In the light of existing realities one wonders how they survived at all before the Mission started work "down" there. A curious reversal of the accepted order of things is that in Newfoundland it is customary to say that you are going "down" to Labrador, or "up" to the States. The Mission treats over 3,000 patients yearly, over 300 being classed as serious, and yet a few seasons ago there was not a physician on the coast at all. I cannot close this paper better than by quoting the published opinion of Dr. Grenfell, Superintendent of the Mission, who says: "The wretchedness of these livyeres cannot be exaggerated. Their lives are one continuous struggle against starvation, and many pass from childhood

to old age without once knowing the enjoyment of a decent suit of clothing. Hunting and trapping are their sole occupation during the winter, and they think nothing of travelling one or two hundred miles, into the very interior of the peninsula, to the Hudson Bay Company's stores, to exchange their peltries for ammunition and necessary foodstuffs. In the early spring they catch seals in nets when the ice breaks up, or salmon and trout in the rivers, which products are bartered with the codmen when these come along, for hooks, lines, and boats to fish with, and food to sustain their families while so engaged. Their summer's catch of cod goes to procure a winter's food, and the exorbitant prices charged make it almost impossible for them ever to save anything. In bad years the Government must intervene to keep them from perishing. These conditions are the ones under which generations have lived and passed away, on this forbidding territory, and all authorities competent to speak on the subject, agree that unless the whole system of fishing and trading on the coast is altered, there is no hope of ever effecting any improvement. Even if the fisheries are good, there is nothing available for these settlers except a mere pittance, a miserable semi-starved existence, in fact enough food to maintain life in them, and enough clothes to keep them partly

covered. The only alternative is for the Newfoundland Government to grant them free passages to Canada or the United States, or transplant them on to its own coast, where they might try to do better.

Such is Labrador, and such it must continue to be, in the very nature of things—a base for the workaday fisherman during the summer months. Its remoteness and the eight months ice embargo preclude the possibility of its ever becoming largely settled, and its inability to produce the necessities of civilised life is another detriment. Words can supply only a very imperfect portrayal of the abject misery which affects the coast, the reality has to be seen to be properly appreciated. There are hundreds of people in a state of semi-starvation. They have been so for many years past, and will be so in the future. Instead of dooming them to lifelong poverty or continuing the present system of pauperising them, it would be infinitely better to transfer them to a region where they could engage in other pursuits, and cease to be a burden on the colonial exchequer. It is but poor philosophy which condemns these wretched beings to the certainty of starvation, nakedness, and the miseries born of bitter cold and indifferent shelter, and to the ever-present danger of perishing during the long winter from any or all of these causes.



CREW OF A LABRADOR FISHING SCHOONER.

THE BISHOP'S BUSINESS

By MARGARET PURVES

THE Bishop of Bampton leant back in his chair and smiled. Before him lay the letter that had caused his train of thought to skip about two-score years.

Presently he picked the missive up, and examined it more closely.

"Very well done indeed!" he murmured approvingly. "But Goggles could have done it better! We got what we wanted, too! The Head was a decent sort of fellow—perhaps he remembered a similar petition granted. But this is a more serious affair." He pocketed the "Round Robin" petition, and sat trying to bite some thought out of the serviceable-looking brown pen handle.

He was young—for a bishop. Below his bushy eyebrows there lurked a humorous expression in his grey eyes. He had not long borne the honours of his present position; what presently when he felt his ground he might find a way of eluding them seemed more than probable.

Perhaps his inexperience made him enthusiastic: or the proverbial New Broom had something to do with his earnestness in dealing with this almost impertinent request of the parishioners of Houndwood.

Namely, that it might please his lordship to confer on the Rev. Archibald Marletta, vicar of Houndwood, another and, if possible, more remunerative Benefice.

Now, what struck the Bishop as suggestive was the fact that forty-five people should mutually agree that their pastor deserved preferment.

Taking down certain bulky books, he found that the Rev. Archibald Marletta's income was £400 a year and a few acres of glebe land.

As things went, the Bishop was aware that this stipend was far from being below the average. From the same book he was also made aware that the vicar in question was on the right side of fifty, and had occupied his present living since he was fully ordained.

At this moment the Chaplain-Secretary entered: the bishop felt that only respect of office prevented a reproachful look, coupled with a few words of admonition

as to the brevity of time, and the pile of letters waiting perusal. All-important as the Chaplain knew to his cost, having spent two hours weeding them out from a couple of now overflowing waste-paper baskets.

"Be seated," said the bishop genially. "To the parishioners of Houndwood an acknowledgement of their letter, which shall in due course receive consideration."

When the secretary had finished writing there were three more replies ready. The bishop was taking time by the forelock—a foolish practice, the chaplain considered. Were there not a hundred and one emergencies for which that forelock should be reserved?

The Bishop of Bampton glanced up and smiled, one might say almost boyishly, into the discreetly-reserved eyes of the chaplain, who was old enough to be his father.

"Your lordship has doubtless some direction to give in view of your short absence?" The words were spoken gravely.

"Dear me, I had almost forgotten that I was to have a holiday. Really, I fail to see the need of it. Look here, Brooks, you go instead. A blow by the sea will do you more good. Why, I haven't expended any strength yet!" As if to prove the words, or invite a challenge, he stretched out two remarkably powerful hands.

The Chaplain would have smiled: the bishop saw his lips twitch, then he remembered just in time the presence of a superior.

"That's decided," remarked the bishop cheerfully.

The older man shot him a keen glance; before he withdrew it a curiously soft expression for an instant dimmed the steely blue eyes.

"Your lordship must excuse me for mentioning the fact, but it would scarcely be etiquette for me to accept. Nevertheless, I thank your lordship."

"Then you decline," the bishop interposed curtly.

The Chaplain bowed, and smiled, relieved. He knew the position of servility so well that any other seemed as unseemly

as for him to go forth in the morning clad in grey flannels.

CHAPTER II.

EVEN the crow would have to fly a considerable distance, if it were seeking livelier scenes, from Houndwood to any place of importance.

Others less gifted had to make a day's journey of it, and either return at some unseemly hour or spend the night with friends.

And yet some people in Houndwood were staid and old-fashioned enough, even in these stirring times, to consider this an advantage. A few, to be counted on one hand, were conservative enough to think that the beauty of the world was compassed in their deep mossy dales and flowering banks; that there was music enough in the rippling stream and the orchestra of birds to satisfy.

What did anything matter outside a radius of ten miles?

Among these contented few Anice Marletta, the vicar's daughter, stood foremost. Her home was the whole world to her.

She dreamt of nothing more divine than one day resting in God's peaceful acre, where, to her fancy, there must come to her in summertime the sound of singing, and the pattering of children's feet on the paved path.

Strangers—for even they at rare intervals visited Houndwood—looking for the first time at Anice experienced a strange thrill. The divine contentment that was expressed in every movement; every glance from her eyes that had somehow managed to retain the freshness of childhood; every slowly-spoken word that she uttered, called up with startling distinctness the remembrance that this old world had once been a Garden of Eden.

The villagers loved her: the strong and gay felt stronger and happier for her presence: the old and dying glad that she was there to shed a ray of brightness when darkness falls.

For her sake there had been silence and a surface contentment all these years, lest her eyes should be dimmed and her heart saddened by the knowledge that her father was no favourite.

"Do men gather grapes off thorns, or

figs off thistles?" the vicar on a certain Sunday in the year asked his parishioners.

Looking at Anice, as she sat so still with peace emphasised on her sweet face, they had a proof that it was possible.

Archibald Marletta had trampled on their rights: had sided with the Squire that it was right and proper that they should live in uninhabitable houses from one week to another, spending every farthing with a sigh of regret.

Besides all this, the man was quarrelsome. And had he not always the whip hand when he could in thinly-disguised words soundly rate them every Sunday?

Sometimes they marvelled in a blank kind of way why they went to Church at such times. On a Monday after one of these disguised scoldings some old fellow would flick his red handkerchief and declare that he would not do so again.

But next Sunday, custom, or the love of looking at Anice, found him there as usual. To his slow imagination there would gleam a smile of triumph in the vicar's eyes: a curve of disdain on his thin lips: more hunching, if possible, of his thin shoulders till one might have imagined a perpetual shrug of contempt.

This, then, was the Archibald Marletta the people knew. But Anice loved a very different man. There was no one quite so good and clever as her father. In her innocence she praised him to the very faces of these discontented ones.

If they smiled they turned aside to do so.

Strangely enough, in his own household the vicar was the man his daughter considered him.

She had kept house for fifteen years, ever since her mother died, and she had ceased to devote special hours to study. She had put away the books with a sigh of relief, and had now well nigh forgotten all they contained. Days devoted to house-keeping, visiting among the people, the making of her simple frocks, the guidance of Mother's Meetings, and her school children, left little time over for leisure or more ostentatious accomplishments.

Very quickly, indeed, the Seasons succeed each other; they always found Anice as peaceful and contented.

But Fate, either jealous of such humdrum happiness, or as a reward for

patience, had an awakening for Anice Marletta close at hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE few helpers had left the church, and Anice was finishing the harvest decorations. Dusk was falling, but there was still plenty to do. She worked quickly and easily, as one who knows exactly from long practice how each sheaf of corn or bunch of fruit ought to be placed.

At present she was decorating a window, and every now and then had to descend for fresh supplies.

So engrossed was the worker in her progress that she did not notice the entrance of a stranger, who, in the usual manner of strangers, had come on arrival to inspect the grand old church.

"Allow me," said he, taking in the situation at a glance, and handing up her fresh supply.

She looked down, and a middle-aged man in blue spectacles looked up. She thanked him, and took the handful carefully.

For a little time they worked in silence: the newcomer not sure if she cared to carry on a conversation even in subdued tones.

"This is not the first time that you have helped to decorate a church?" Anice said, when the silence was becoming oppressive.

"By no means—nor the last, I hope," the stranger said. "When we have finished will you show me round?"

"My father can do that best; it is one of his great pleasures pointing out the beauties."

"I am sure you are equally fond and proud of them?"

Anice smiled: he wished she had answered.

A little later they finished; then Anice went to send her father. The stranger watched her until she was out of sight.

The vicar made his appearance presently, and did the honours of the old church pompously.

To all of which the stranger listened deferentially. Now and then interlacing an apt remark or answer.

Archibald Marletta began to thaw. It was so seldom that a man of culture came to Houndwood that such an opportunity was too good to be missed.

It ended as George Stuthbert intended: he was invited to share their cold supper.

He was more charmed than ever with Anice without her hat.

"A little piece of genuine old Dresden," he admitted, when he walked reluctantly away to his humble lodging, with the firm intention of taking the vicar at his word, and "making himself at home with them, and dropping in any time that he was passing."

He decided to pass frequently.

For a week he spent the bulk of his time chatting pleasantly with the vicar. When he was unfortunately engaged Anice did her best to keep him amused. He seemed pleased with her smallest efforts: to her slightest and most inexperienced remarks he listened with profound interest.

The rest of the time Stuthbert spent in making himself popular among the people: listened to the many plaudits of the goodness of Anice with interest, and presently to the labourers' grievances gravely and sympathetically. He became so popular that one of the Forty-Five confided in him their daring venture of the "Round Robin;" the bishop's prompt reply to think their request over. The man's words called up to the hearer's vision a bishop dressed in white and gold, sitting on a gilded chair on a raised platform, who had nothing else to do but listen to complaints. Stuthbert smiled: he was a student of human nature, and did not think it necessary to disturb these ideas.

So it came about, at the end of that wonderful week, that George Stuthbert and Anice Marletta loved each other. That this love was to be acknowledged was, as yet, on the lips of the gods.

CHAPTER IV.

SLOWLY the bishop dictated the following letter to his secretary:—

"Dear Mr. Marletta,

I have much pleasure in offering you the living of Astwood Royal, full particulars of which I enclose."

When the Chaplain had withdrawn the bishop still sat with that quiet smile of satisfaction upon his face.

There would be no doubt of Marletta's prompt acceptance, as the change was in



The Bishop raised her fingers to his lips.

all respects to his advantage. It would be a scientific instead of an agricultural district.

Two days elapsed, while the bishop watched the post bag with interest. At last Marletta's answer was in his hand.

Rapidly he scanned the contents, smiled, and re-read more carefully. Then the pathos of the business appealing to him, he frowned.

The Vicar of Houndwood's answer was:

"My Lord,

"Your lordship's letter has received my careful attention. While sensible of the great honour your lordship has done me in offering the living at Astwood Royal, I feel that, as I have lived at Houndwood so many years, I must consider the feelings of my parishioners in the matter. They, I am assured, would be adverse to any change.

"At my time of life, as possibly your lordship is aware, having won the affection of one's people, it is hard to start the uphill work afresh.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your obedient servant,

"ARCHIBALD MARLETTA."

After a few moments thought the bishop called his secretary, and made arrangements to visit this little out-of-the-world place, where a man could consider affection before preferment. How needlessly, only his lordship knew!

When the news of the Bishop of Bampton's proposed visit reached Houndwood Vicarage, it startled everyone into activity. The King himself could not have caused more commotion. From attic to cellar the vicarage was made even more spotless.

Anice herself undertook the cooking for the first meal for the bishop. She felt it would be something like sacrilege to permit Jane's red hands to touch food destined for so great a personage's sustenance.

Certainly, all these preparations took Anice out of herself—a self from which she was continually receiving surprises. They all dated from a certain week that had passed on wings.

But the stranger had vanished into that outer world: only the startling change in Anice's face gave warning that he had ever been—at least, to a casual observer!

For Anice the world was for ever changed.

She thought a little sadly as she prepared things, how different it would be if George Stuthbert had been coming.

At length all was in readiness. A surface calm reigned in the house. The bishop would be with them in about an hour. It was between the lights, but the vicar would not have the vicarage illuminated for the arrival.

Anice, in her pale grey Sunday frock, stood waiting nervously in the hall behind her father when wheels were heard.

The vicar called up his pompous manner to aid his growing nervousness. The bishop entered the hall: the vicar called his daughter forward—as if she were still a child in pinafores; quite as bashfully as in those olden days she obeyed.

Having been taught that it is rude not to look at the person you are shaking hands with, however much you would rather not, she lifted her black-fringed eyes.

The bishop raised her fingers to his lips. To her father's amazement she laughed gaily.

The bishop led her to the drawing-room: he smiled when he saw certain changes, and drew her still nearer.

The Vicar of Houndwood stood staring at him stiffly. Again Anice laughed happily.

"My lord, this—this is somewhat—ahem—eccentric!"

"Not at all. The most natural thing in the world, I assure you!" He felt in his pocket, and brought forth a pair of blue spectacles, put them on, then held out his hand to the vicar. "George Stuthbert is my baptismal name," he remarked, still holding Anice's hand. "And I think I can, with your consent, sir, persuade your daughter to do me the honour of sharing it."

"It was quite natural that the Bishop of Bampton should give his father-in-law preferment," everyone agreed. "Very nice, too, for the vicar to be so near his daughter."

And the Forty-Five of the "Round Robin" held their peace.



By permission of the Rev. G. E. Fletcher, Rector of Chaldon.

A FRESCO OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

THE SERMON ON THE WALL

A RELIC OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

By LAURENCE MORTON

IN the district round London, go which way you will, there are numerous places where some relic of by-gone times is preserved; little-known and unimportant maybe, yet full of interest once the details of its history are supplied. Chaldon Church (Surrey) contains such an one; it can, moreover, be reached without any great trouble, a point in its favour with those who like to make short rambles abroad with an object in view. For the reader also, the following description and illustrations may have some interest.

Chaldon is a little village quite out of the beaten track, amongst the Surrey hills, and lies about six miles south of Croydon. It may be reached, after taking the train to Stoot's Nest (L.B. and S.C. Railway), by a pleasant walk of a little more than three miles over Farthing Down, which we noticed was purchased by the Corporation of London under the Open Spaces Act of

1870. The Londoner may, therefore, consider himself at home. After walking over the Down, across which a rough track does duty for a road, we passed into a shady, winding lane, two small cottages being at the entrance on the left. This lane, after one run downhill, brought us up the hill on which the church is situated. It is surrounded by a little churchyard, and there is at the back a building now used as a farm, which was formerly part of a manor belonging to the de Culvert family.

The church dates back to early times, being mentioned in Domesday Book; some of the arches now remaining are of the twelfth century. The bell hanging in the porch is the oldest in Surrey, and is dated 1250; it is inscribed "Campana Beati Pauli," and is in good condition; the rim is two inches thick, so that there is reason to expect that it will be heard for many years to come. The church is also pro-

vided with a set of bells worked by hand-levers.

In the chancel there is an old stone monument, dated 1562, bearing a lengthy exhortation to remember the poor. Under the altar lie buried two of the de Culvert family, who came to England at the time of the Norman Conquest, and who subsequently owned land in this neighbourhood. The piscina is on the east wall, instead of its usual place on the south side of the chancel: the remains of another are to be seen in the north aisle, the east end of which was evidently a chapel at one time, but which now ends on a line with the chancel steps. The old altar table stands there at present, still very sturdy looking. The pulpit is of carved oak, and bears the following inscription:—

PATIENCE
LAMBERT,
1657.

This lady was the donor as well as the artist. The panels are plain, except for the above, and are bordered with different designs; the carved ledge is wide, and slopes upwards, supported by twisted iron bars. This good dame lost no opportunity apparently, of putting her name forward: even her husband's tomb bears these words:—"the husband of Pauline Lambert."

The gem of the church, however, in point

of antiquarian interest, is the painting with which the west wall was decorated, somewhere near the year 1200; this wall, by the way, is of the Norman period, and has one small window near the top. The painting was discovered in 1870, previous to which it had been hidden with whitewash; the figures are in outline, against a brown background, no attempt whatever being

made at shading. It occupies the width of the middle aisle wall, and is divided into four portions. In the centre is the ladder of salvation, on the upper half of which a few figures are seen ascending to heaven, the reward of their righteousness; at the head of this ladder is a half-figure of Christ, bearing a cross, while on either side are the sun and moon. The lower part is devoted to depicting the punishment of sin; a pictorial repre-



By permission of Rev. G. E. Belcher.

CHALDON CHURCH.

sentation of "facile descensus," for those who descend outnumber those who ascend.

The subject appears to commence in the right-hand corner with the Tree of Life and the serpent crawling among its branches. In this same division is shown the "Bridge of Spikes," upheld by two big demons; there is a fifteenth century Yorkshire poem which contains the myth that the holders of certain occupations were predestined to this kind of punishment. From

right to left, the figures on the bridge are a mason, bricklayer, two women with a piece of stuff, and a man with a bowl. Underneath the bridge is seen the end of an usurer, known by his pouch and the money falling from his mouth, typical of ill-gotten gains; two small demons are "attending" to him with pincers, while he is being burnt. On the left of the ladder is a huge cauldron, into which two demons are pitchforking people; this fate was supposed to be specially reserved for murderers. On the right of the cauldron is the

small figure representing a lady having her hands bitten off by a dog—as a punishment and a warning against the overfeeding of pet animals whilst the poor and needy were left unconsidered and uncared for. In the extreme left are three people whose feet are being eaten by a wolf, the punishment of a gay, worldly life.

The dedication mark of a Maltese cross, surrounded by a circle, is placed below this portion.

In the upper division on the right we find Christ walking over Satan, who is bound



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FROM A DRAWING OF THE CHALDON CHURCH FRESCO.

figure of a man, with staff and wallet, also a bottle in his hand, concerning whom there is a legendary tale. He is supposed to have parted with his cloak for wherewithal to drink, and to have been overtaken by a terrible disease, during which time he suffered from equally terrible visions as to future punishment. The legend goes on to state that as he was repentant he was allowed to recover, though why he is shown at the wrong end of the ladder is a mystery. The demon immediately on the left of the ladder is engaged in helping people to descend to his domain. Behind him is a

on another Bridge of Spikes; this signifies sin conquered. Towards them flies an angel with a scroll, which bears no wording but may be meant for "gospel news." Here, also, an angel is seen helping two souls to heaven; this is supposed to represent the translation of Enoch and Elijah, who, according to the Old Testament Scriptures, did not die after the ordinary manner of mankind. In the left division stands the archangel Michael, weighing souls, while the devil is engaged in trying to tamper with the balances. The three small figures are supposed by some to be the three

Marys. The angel above is carrying the repentant thief straight to heaven, the entrance to which is guarded by the angel below him.

The effect of all this is not nearly so gruesome as may be imagined; it was meant as a warning, and possibly succeeded in its intention; for in olden times there was no scruple made of frightening folks to works of righteousness, the lasting good of which may, perhaps, be called in question. It would be interesting to know the motive which prompted the obliteration of this painting. Most "whitewashing" is put down to Cromwellian troops; yet the

division of the sheep from the goats was sufficiently marked, and should have satisfied the most ardent Puritan. Perhaps 'twas the manner, and not the matter, which displeased.

Besides the clue it affords to prevalent religious sentiment, this painting is one of the earliest specimens left in England of mural decoration, and taken as a curiosity alone repays one well for the visit.

I feel specially indebted to the Rev. G. E. Belcher for his permission to reproduce his photographs of the painting and the church.

MAY

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

LOVE, languid with his lonely play
That led to other hearts' undoing,
Threw his keen darts and bow away,
Gathered of vervain one sweet spray,
Disguised him as an April day
And went a-wooing.

But April's coy, reluctant mood
Unstable was for sweethearts winning;
They would by lovers brave be wooed—
Neither by wanton nor by prude,
So scourged poor Love with hawthorn rood
For his sweet sinning!

"O bluebells, ring a chime for me,
For I am May, from Fairyland!" . . .
She found Love crying bitterly—
Flung him a rose, to hold in fee
A kiss—and, laughing, Love and she
Went hand in hand!



THE LONDON OPERA SEASON

A FORECAST

By GEORGE CECIL

ONE of those entertaining works of reference which cater for the enquiring public gravely asserts that opera is "a dramatic entertainment in which music forms an essential and not merely an accessory part"—and that the "*libretto*, or book of words, rarely possesses any claim to literary merit." Modern opera (so far as the Covent Garden establishment is concerned, means a little more, for it includes works which are, in many cases, furnished with an admirable plot, singers who are, for the most part, competent—many of them being in request in Paris, New York, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Milan, Naples, Berlin, Dresden, Brussels, and in other cities where opera is given, one of the finest orchestras to which an artist could wish to sing, and a list of subscribers which includes all the best known people of Mayfair and Belgravia, Kensington—and the Western wilds which lie beyond. The King and Queen invariably take a box; the Duke of Fife, the Duchess of Port-

land, Lord Crewe, Lord Clarendon, Lady Londonderry, Lord Pembroke, Lord Portsmouth, Lady Mountstephen, Lily Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Leeds, Lord Ilchester, Lord Harewood, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Mrs. Bischoffstein, Lady Naylor Leyland, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Sidney Holland, Mrs. Mackay, and Mrs. Arthur

Paget are amongst the *habitués*; and Colonel Probyn, Mr. Henry Oppenheim, Mr. Arnold Morley, Mr. Ralf E. Lambton, Mr. H. V. Higgins, Madame Patti—or, as she is often termed, the Baroness Cederström, and Captain Holford are box-holders. Other supporters are Mr. Hartl—who spends his life listening to operas, Lady Colin Campbell—who seldom misses an important performance, Mr. Higgins—of the Syndicate, Lord and Lady de Grey, Lord Escher, Mr. Pierpont Morgan—who is by far the most artistic and enlightened of millionaires, Sir Alfred and Lady



Photo by H. W. Barnett.

MADAME MELBA.

Harmsworth, Signor Tosti, Mr. Robert Hitchens—whose excellent *critiques* are amongst the few which are worth reading, the Editor of *Punch*—Sir Frederick Burnand, Sir Douglas Straight—who controls the destinies of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and various minor scribblers—who implore their better-informed friends to explain to them the difference between a bassoon and a baritone, and if Melba sings Mimi or Musetta!

Until Augustus Harris assumed the direction of affairs operatic, the operas were performed in Italian — irrespective of the intentions of the composers. Thus, "Carmen" (which is essentially a French work) was given in a language which does not show it to advantage; "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Roméo et Juliette," and "Die Meistersinger" also were provided with Italian words; and several other operas were handicapped in like manner. But when "Druriolanus" revived the so-called "Italian Opera," he took council with Lady de Grey, M. Jean and M. Edouard de Reszke, Signor Mancinelli, Herr Herman Klein, and other practical people—with the result that after he had "run" two or three seasons each work was sung in its original language. So thoroughly did he go into the matter, that he even determined to give English (and English musicians!) a chance, and invited the composer of "The Better Land" to try his hand at the most interesting form of music. The experiment was, alas! not a success: neither "Signa" nor "Harold" survived many performances, while the audience

showed that it preferred operas by Meyerbeer, Wagner, Gounod, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Bizet, Mozart, and other approved masters. After this, a few people still pestered the management to produce operatic inanities of the "Idiot Boy, or Dumb but Innocent" type—examples of which nearly every ballad-monger has hidden away in a fire-proof safe, but the astute Sir Augustus (rendered doubly wise by his experiences) declined to again grovel at the feet of Patriotism.

The Harris régime was remarkable for the re-introduction of the "Star-system"; — casts which rivalled in brilliancy those which were associated with the late Mr. Mapleson's seasons were arranged. The once celebrated Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache quartet found its counterpart in Madame Albani, M. Jean and M. Edouard de Reszke, and M. Lassalle, and the services of Madame Nordica, Madame Sybil Sanderson, Signor Ancona, Madame Valleria, Signor Foli, M. Maurel, Madame Schalchi, M. Ravelli—whose ringing high notes were



SIGNOR SCOTTI.

so effective, Madame Melba, Madame Calvé, Signor Padilla, Signor Cotogni—an excellent baritone, Signor de Anna, Madame Ella Russell—who sang Violetta, Leonora ("Il Trovatore"), Zerlina ("Don Giovanni"), Marguerite, Linda, Susanna and Papagena so admirably, Madame Fuchs-Madi, Madame Fohström, Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, Mdlle. Dotti, Madame Renée Richard, Madame Marie Engle, Signor Del Puente—the original Escamillo in England, Madame Maravina—a Russian soprano who sang in the season 1892, the ever-ready Fräulein Bauer-



M. MAUREL.

meister, M. Plançon, Mr. Bispham, and Senor Francesco D'Andrade—the Spanish baritone who always used his voice with that artistic reserve to which the average British warbler attaches so little importance—were secured. During this period, almost every opera of note was revived; Poncielli's "La Gioconda" was produced; Mascagni's over-rated "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz" were introduced; "Faust" was given in French for the first time; Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" (with Senor Francesco D'Andrade and Madame Ella Russell) made its bow; "I Pagliacci" was "put on"—with Madame Melba and Signor Ancona; and "Le Prophète"—with M. Jean and M. Edouard de Reszke and M. Lassalle, "Le Nozze di Figaro"—with Madame Albani, Madame Sigrid Arnoldson, M. Maurel and Madame Nordica, and a special performance (in French) of Goring-Thomas's fine opera "Esmeralda"—with

M. Jean de Reszke, M. Lassalle, Madame Melba, and M. Winogrodoff delighting the *cognoscenti*. A poor work by M. Bemberg, "Elaine," served to provide M. Plançon, M. Jean de Reszke, and Madame Melba with music which was unworthy of their talent; a certain performance of "Les Huguenots"—with Madame Albani, Madame Melba, M. Jean and M. Edouard de Reszke, and M. Plançon was talked of for days; in the early nineties M. Van Dyck charmed the town with his Faust and Des Grieux; and the celebrated "Carmen" cast which included Mdle. Zélie de Lussan, Madame Melba, M. Jean de Reszke, and M. Lassalle was *the* event of a season of artistic triumphs.

Upon the untimely demise of "Augustus Druriolanus"—as one of our few wits once dubbed him, it was feared that Opera might once again sink into the oblivion from which he so sportingly rescued it. At this critical juncture a powerful Syndicate took over the concern, and—with the renewed support of the subscribers—carried on the campaign. The moving spirits of the undertaking were Lord and Lady de Grey, Lord Esher, and Mr. Harry Higgins, who, with the assistance of Mr. Niel Forsyth—the tactful secretary, and M. Messenger—the "musical adviser," have ever since continued the business in a manner which is satisfactory to those who have



M. SALIGNAC AT DEJEUNER WITH MADAME SALIGNAC.

put money into the venture. Artistically, the arrangements leave something to be desired, for a certain proportion of the singers who are engaged (from constant wrestling with strenuous Wagner rôles) have somewhat overstrained voices:—the German contingent are mainly engaged for "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Das Rheingold," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," and other works which would probably be less effective if sung by artists of

the Caruso, Sammarco, Journet, Eames, Plançon, Renaud, Melba, and Calvé type. Certain irresponsible music-critics (?) have wildly hinted that "Caruso would be heard to advantage as Tristan, and that Hagen and Brünhilde might have been specially written for Plançon and Calvé!" Fortunately for the long-suffering musical public, Mr. Higgins is far too sagacious

to spoil his singers' voices; such is his forethought, that he is content to divide the company into those who have mastered Wagnerian parts, and those who have not, allowing the latter to delight us and the former to surprise us.

The Royal Opera Syndicate also is decidedly enterprising, for, considering the shortness of the season—and the difficulty of getting sufficient rehearsals, it gives its patrons as many novelties as they can reasonably expect, while its policy of occasionally producing a masterpiece by some music school "Professor" who has caught

the highly receptive ear of the patriotic public is a kind—if not a wise one. During the last few years, the operatic Powers-that-Be have risked their reputation by giving "La Princesse Osra"—by a Mr. Bunning, whose efforts some misguided patriots prefer to Beethoven, Sir Charles Stanford's "Much Ado about Nothing"—a most unfortunate title, as it turned out, and a short (fortunately, very short) German opera by a Miss Smyth. In spite of

the results which attended these ill-advised productions the suburban patron still clamours for a repetition of each masterpiece—with a cast drawn from Non-Conformist choirs, or from the ranks of those who have qualified by obtaining engagements to sing at the blameless "Sunday League" performances. Luckily for Covent Garden shareholders—and for the



intelligent lover of music, Mr. Higgins and his coadjutors follows the example of that wise reptile, the deaf adder.

It is proposed this season to produce "Madame Butterfly"—with Fräulein Destinn, Signor Caruso, and Signor Scotti, and, if possible, under the direction of its distinguished composer. When the opera was first given in Italy, it was hardly a success:—indeed, coming as it did after the delightful "La Bohème," it was particularly disappointing, and gave alarmists occasion to think that Puccini would go the way of Mascagni. But Puccini, wise in

his generation, made a careful examination of his new opera, and practically re-wrote it—or, at all events, so improved it that competent judges now speak well of it. Leoni (whose "Ib and Little Christina" at once promoted him to the front rank) has prevailed upon *la direction* to give his operatic version of the grim American play—"The Cat and the Cherub"; the gay "Don Pasquale" is

to be revived—with Signor Bravi, Fräulein Bosetti, M. G'libert—who makes even the smallest part interesting, and the veteran M. Maurel—who will, no doubt, repeat the triumphs of his younger days; and there is a talk of Beethoven's noble work "Fidelio," being "mounted" with Fräulein Terkina, who, in spite of her none too agreeable quality of voice makes so splendid a Leonora. The revival of "Fidelio" is, however, problematical, for the state of the Croatian *prima donna's* health is precarious now-a-days—so precarious that (anxious though she is to keep faith with her audience) she cannot

count on being able to appear. Under these circumstances, Fräulein Destinn might be asked to "be ready" with the *rôle*. She has already carefully studied it, and if her Leonora is as fine a performance as is her Donna Anna, she will thoroughly console us for the absence of her more experienced fellow-artist. Besides, it is now some four years since "Fidelio"—in many ways a unique work—has been given in London with competent singers; consequently, it behoves the management to

make every effort to revive the opera with all the *éclat* which it so well deserves. If the choice lies between the common-place "Andréa Chenier" (which is threatened) and Beethoven's *magnum opus*, there can be no two opinions as to which is the more important of the two—since Giordano's concoction is one of the numerous modern efforts of genius which are not a gain to musical literature. Should the Syndicate be unable to give the "Andréa Chénier," it may well be excused breaking its rash promise; if it decides to substitute "Fidelio" it will earn the thanks of every lover of music in the kingdom.

"Faust" is certain to be dished up as often as the occasion warrants—perhaps more frequently than is desirable; "Aïda"—which will please where Wagner bores—is on the list; "Un Ballo in Maschera"—in which Fräulein Selma Kurz' Oscar and Signor Caruso's Ricardo captivated us all last season—is to be one of the stock operas; and the ever-fresh "Il Bar-



bière," "La Bohème," "Carmen," "Don Giovanni"—in which Signor Scotti sings the "Deh vieni alla finestra," so discreetly, "Lohengrin," "Lucia di Lammermoor"—in which Madame Melba's prolonged shake in the "mad scene" alone is worth the price of a seat, "Rigoletto"—for Signor Sammarco. "Roméo et Juliette"—in which it is to be hoped M. Journet (finest of Frère Laurents) and M. Salignac (who sings and acts Roméo so well) will be heard, "Tannhäuser" and "La Traviata"

are amongst the regular operas which are to be given. Those who admire the genius of Wagner may spend happy evenings listening to "Die Walküre," "Das Rheingold," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde"; and "Die Meistersinger"—with all its wearisome length—will be put in rehearsal for the benefit of Herr Van Rooy, whose fine singing would be heard to greater advantage if the part of Hans Sachs were judiciously pruned. There is also talk of "The Flying Dutchman" being added to the list, with Herr Van Rooy in the title-rôle and Fräulein Destinn as Senta.

It may be remembered that "La Tosca" was to have been revived last summer—with Signor Scotti and Fräulein Ternina in their original characters, and that owing to the indisposition of the Floria Tosca it had to be indefinitely postponed—till this summer. Should Fräulein Ternina be available, it may be given with M. Dalmorés (who is to sing throughout the season) as the unfortunate Caravadosi, Signor Scotti as the villainous Scarpia, and M. Gilbert as the Sacristan—which, it may be remembered, he sang and acted so admirably when the work was first per-



HERR VAN ROOY.



HERR BURRIAN.

formed here. "Les Huguenots" too will be included in the *répertoire*, Signor Caruso being the Raoul, Fräulein Destinn the Valentine, and M. Journet the Marcel—a part in which he shows to such advantage that it would almost be sinful to allow another year to pass without as many representations as possible of this fine opera. Following the lead of the Opéra Comique, Paris, the authorities also have decided to add "Orfeo" to the season's attractions—when Madame Kirby Lunn will, doubtless, show to advantage as the lover of the ill-fated Euridice, besides appearing as Amneris, Brangäne, Ortrud and in the other rôles with which her name is associated. In addition to the above-mentioned operas, the management have in reserve Humperdinck's charming "Hänsel und Gretel," Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis," Massenet's "Manon," "Herodiade," and "La Navarraise," Isidore de Lara's well-meant effort—"Méssaline," Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," and a number of other works which have at different times been tried before a Covent Garden audience—with varying degrees of success, while should M. Messenger elect to avail himself of home-made talent, half the composers of

drawing-room ditties and several highly respectable organists are ready to oblige him with concoctions, the music of which is likely to provide considerable entertainment.

Many of last year's singers have returned;—besides those to which reference has already been made, Frau Knupfer Egli, Fräulein Bella Alten, Fräulein Josephine Reinl, Madame Sobrino—whose bright and artistically used voice has always stood her in such good stead, and Miss Parkina have had their contracts renewed; Miss Agnes Nichols also is re-engaged—for Donna Elvira, Micaela, and various Wagner characters; Madame Suzanne Adams will again be heard as Marguèrite de Vallois ("Les Huguenots") and in several of the other rôles which form this hardworking artist's extensive *répertoire*; Herr Burrian, Herr Hèrold Herr Reiss—who is so conscientious that he plays each of his small parts as carefully, as though it were of the utmost importance, M. Dufriche and Herr Krauss are of the company; and M. Cotreuil, M. Seveilhac, and Mr. Hinckley will be heard in the operas in which they appeared when they were here last. The "official list" does not make any mention of M. Renaud, M. Salèza, Madame Clementine de Vere, Miss Mary Garden, M. Plançon, Mr. Heckmondt, M. Van Dyck, Mdlle. Zèlie de Lussan—whose *Carmen* is a thing to remember with joy, Miss Marie Brema—whose qualities as an actress more than make up for her deficiencies as a singer, Mdlle. Rêvy—who has appeared in an extraordinary number of rôles for so young a singer, Madame Charlotte Wvns—who was heard to advan-

tage here two seasons ago, and Mdlle. Olitzka—whose beautiful round, warm voice has recently delighted Milanese audiences. Nor have engagements been negotiated with Mr. John Coates—our leading tenor, Mdlle. Calvé—who is almost certain to be in London before long, and Mr. Robert Maitland, whose fine voice—so even throughout—will shortly enchant German audiences. Madame Nordica—who is undoubtedly the greatest of all *prime donne*, also is amongst those whom one would like to hear again, for, unlike Madame Melba—whose successes have



been gained in operas which are comparatively light, she has sung music of every description and with a distinction to which few of her rivals can aspire. Nor are Mr. Bispham—than whom there is no cleverer singer, Madame Fames—whose treatment of "Dove sono" and "Porgi Amor" is a delight, and M. Alvarez to be heard—according to the present intentions of the Syndicate. But before the summer has run its course, there is no saying

who will not appear at Covent Garden:—a season seldom passes without a dozen singers who were not originally engaged being asked to appear in the rôles which have helped to gain for them the positions they hold. Consequently, the above-mentioned artists may be looked upon as a reserve corps, each being ready to sing if the conditions are favourable.

Chief among the new-comers is Frau Wittich—from Dresden, whose Brünhilde and Isolde are said to be amongst the finest impersonations of the day, Mdlle. Rauney—of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, Fräulein Bosetti—from Munich,



MISS EDNA THORNTON.

Fräulein Böhnne—who is lent to Covent Garden by the Breslau Opera House, Signora Simeoli—from Milan, Madame Paulin—a Brussels singer, Miss Edna Thornton—who has improved so greatly of late, Herr Menzinsky—who is one of the lights of the Konigl Theater at Stockholm, Herr Sommer, Herr Raboth, Herr Zador—from Prague, Mr. Whitehill—an American Woolfram from Beyreuth, Herr Goritz—a Trans-Atlantic German of New York City, Signor Bravi—whose Italian admirers are many, Herr Wildbrun—a Beyreuth bass, M'iss Ludlam—an English soprano who has mastered the difficulties of singing in German, Frau Morena—a Munich mezzo-soprano, and Herr Hüpeden. It will thus be seen that the Syndicate has got together a fairly representative lot of newcomers, the majority of whom will—judged by past experiences—justify their selection.

There probably are amongst readers of *THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED* a certain number who, though musical, have only a bow-

ing acquaintance with opera—and no great liking for music in its most advanced form. Those who are of a cheerful disposition will find "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Il Barbiere," "Don Pasquale," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," and "La Traviata" agreeable works; people who are enamoured of the "Everyman" type of composition are bound to revel in "Götterdämmerung," "Rheingold," and the rest of the Wagner masterpieces, with "Der Wald" as light relief; and the average music-lover of good taste may book seats for "Aïda," "La Bohème," "Carmen," "Fidelio," "Les Huguenots," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Roméo et Juliette" without regretting the outlay.



MADAME SOBRINO.



Photo by permission of Julia W. Henshaw.

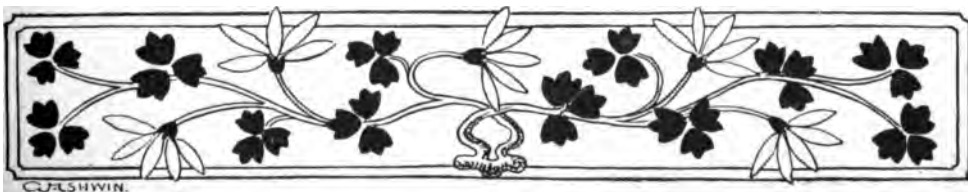
MOUNT MACDONALD, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The huge crest of the Selkirk Mountains tower a mile in vertical height above the gorge in which is seen a snow shed on the railway line. It is the climax of mountain scenery.



THERE is no April in the air to-day ;
 Hurrying, scuffling, the great clouds shoulder by,
 With here and there a cold blue pond of sky
 Among their rifts ; and, shrieking on his way,
 The churl North-easter storms the open down,
 Nipping the gorse-blooms back to bud
 And sternly chiding the lime trees back to brown,
 Checking the stirring flood
 Of buds that a touch of sun would show you reddening there.
 The black-thorn bears but wee seed-pearls of bloom ;
 And the celandine, that last year left no room
 For a missel's footfall under the hedge,
 Shows scarcely a star of hope in these days of gloom.
 Violet, wind-flower, cuckoo-pint, all despair ;
 And down in the sedge
 Not a flag-flower kindles a gold and purple star.
 The grey sea shivers, deep, morose, and chill,
 And slavers the dull, dank sand with a writhing lip of foam,
 And the squadrons of rooks caw home
 To the haggard elms 'neath the hill
 That crooks its naked spine against the light.
 Far out a hull-down steamer smudges a trail
 Of smoke across the grey ;
 And the skeleton day, that has never been bright,
 Slinks slowly away.
 The skeleton day ! But somewhere down in the west,
 Where the sun is a fiercer lover, and woodland ways
 Are 'ware of the spell of your feet, the great broad breast
 Of the kind earth-mother grows full, I surely know ;
 Orchards brim, blushing with pink-lipped, scented snow ;
 The wind-flower sways
 In the grassy paths of the wood ;
 Bluebells in flood
 Sweep in a waving sheet of azure through every ride.
 April, there, is a maiden strong and serene,
 Confident though tender-eyed,
 Facing the passionate future of July womanhood,
 Secrets the blackbird sings her ; the throstle's fife

Is shy without of the green
 Of the brake; glad for the life
 That pulses and beats and races, fulfilled with blood,
 Fevering creation's veins in its forward strife.
 But better for me, dear heart, the tiger wind
 With lips of snow grinning thin over fangs of ice;
 Better for me the brown, dead gorse on the hill
 That frowns on the tortured elms; the wrack that flies
 In jostling, changing progress over the skies;
 The bitter, slate-coloured sea,
 With the blackguard, tramping steamer's smudgy trail
 And the lecherous lip of foam that is never still;
 Better for me the day—huddled, blind,
 Hopeless, screaming into a leaden west—
 By far than the generous breast
 Of the sweet earth-mother, brimming vail,
 And hill, and mountain altars of incense from all God's flowers,
 For me who have done with the hours
 And seasons of hope and spring.
 For I would not be mocked with laughter against my mood,
 With the blackbird's song and the throstle's fife,
 With the rustle of new-born leaves.
 The young year's a pitiless thing,
 Calmly forgetful of other young years dead,
 Like a beast of prey at feast on a sister's blood,
 Reckless of aught but life,
 Heedless of all the red, ruined remnants of last year's spring,
 Where they lie shed
 Under the grasses and flowers she claims her own, the raiment that cleaves
 For an hour to that fair, false body of hers, and shall fade, I am glad
 To think, and leave her sad
 To mourn 'mid the speckled sheaves
 In the whirling September rain.
 To me is she false and fair, but you, dear heart,
 Ponder her tender ways; you shall find her true.
 Tread in the track she threads through vales swaying blue
 With hyacinth chimes;
 And regret me a little for all the dear, dead times
 That we waited and watched for the hornbeam leaves to part
 For the first shy nightingale's home-coming,
 And tracked the last white may and the first June rose.
 Regret!
 And forget the wind with the icy wing,
 And the sullen sea
 And the elms, and the dead brown gorse, and the steamer that throws
 Her smudgy trail across the rounding grey
 Of the day.
 All these forget,
 And me.





By OSCAR PARKER

THE second act of "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket reveals the British public as sentimentalists of the deepest dye. That most charming domestic scene, where all hearts are playing on the chords of family love, and proving to our delighted satisfaction that the specific gravity of blood is a good deal greater than that of water, starts the blissful tears of whole audiences who ordinarily affect to be ashamed of emotion. It does something more: It makes the British Philistine oblivious—for the moment, at least—of whatever has been reprehensible in the tender love story of the young couple whose complete forgiveness is not only anticipated, but ardently craved for. "Everybody's Secret," and the way it is received, proves—if any proof were needed—that our stern British morality is, in some of its phases, at least, a mere pose, and, given the inducements, melts incontinently into a tempering and forgiving mood. Mrs. Grundy's code is an inflexible law to everybody excepting herself.

But one is driven to ask why the adapters thought it necessary to cast any sinister shadow over the ante-nuptial days of Dick and Nell. Why have they suffered their heroine to be prejudiced in the eyes of their audience, before she has even been seen, by her husband's explanation to his parents that he married her "because it was the only decent thing to do?" In Pierre Wolff's "Le Secret de Polichinelle," the play which Mr. Robert Marshall and Mr. Louis N. Parker have adapted for English audiences, the young couple are living an altogether irregular life, for which the French mind would find much

excuse in the French law forbidding and rendering null the marriage of persons under age without the consent of their parents. The adapters naturally shrank from transferring this situation boldly to their English setting of M. Wolff's theme. They saw clearly enough that an English audience would breathe a different atmosphere. Here the law does not forbid the marriage of adolescent youth and maid, and the little family circle in which the father and mother were not husband and wife, though the French mind could regard it with complacency, would be shocking to the British conscience. Therefore, the baronet's son and the Bond Street flower girl must be presented to us as duly dwelling under the sanction of wedlock. So far so good; but why go farther? Would not the mésalliance between the well-born lieutenant and the flower girl be a quite sufficient excuse for the initial secrecy, a secrecy which always tends to perpetuate itself when once established? When the play opens, their secret is more than five years old, and just as the parents of Lieutenant Parkes are gaily planning a suitable marriage for their son he discloses to them the astounding fact that he already has a wife (who used to "serve the customers") and a five-year-old son. That revelation strikes me as quite adequate to the situation without the intimation that the marriage was one of necessity. We are so accustomed to the stony-hearted and implacable parents in story and play that we are prepared to concede their right to be flinty upon at least that much provocation. And if the adapters had thought likewise they would have avoided the only



Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN—"Everybody's Secret."—HAYMARKET THEATRE

unpleasant flavour in the very delectable dish they have set before us.

"Everybody's Secret" is a play of one act, for the first is a prologue, the third an epilogue. But the second act is a gem in its way. The scene is in the flat of the young couple, and the five-year-old son, inimitably played by Miss I. Hawkins, is the unconscious soul of the whole scene. Both the grandfather, Sir Michael, and the grandmother, Lady Parkes, each in fear and trembling lest the other discover the lapse into stern unforgiveness, pay surreptitious visits to the little flat, and are instantly, irretrievably conquered by the grandson. The scene is full of delightfully-convincing touches of human nature, of that true humour that lies so warm in the arms of pathos; it palpitates with life and the tender homely charm of domestic love, and with a sense of quivering expectancy. And it is perfectly acted. What it might be without that sympathetic interpretation one shrinks from thinking. Mr. Cyril Maude's Sir Michael is absolutely finished to the last effective expression of voice, manner, gesture; Miss Bateman, as the young wife and mother, is the most convincing argument her husband could advance to convert the prejudices of his father and mother, while Mickey—the wonderful Mickey—makes us forget—and that is the acme of acting—completely forget that it is acting at all. We give him our hearts instead of our hands.

Herman Heijerman's "A Case of Arson," of which an English version is being played at the Haymarket Theatre, is in M. Henri de Vries' hands a veritable *tour de force*. The single scene presents a magistrate's preliminary inquiry, according to criminal procedure in Holland, into the circumstances attending the burning of a factory, in which a little child of the owner has lost its life. Arson is suspected, and the magistrate's suspicions have fallen upon a half-witted brother of the owner. One by one the several witnesses are called and interrogated, sharply, even mercilessly, and the interest of the audience is almost instantly drawn to tension by the skill of the dramatist and the amazing truthfulness of the presentation, so that we seem to be witnessing a profoundly touching drama of real life. There are nine characters—the magistrate, his usher, a police sergeant, and

six witnesses. All the witnesses and the sergeant are played by M. de Vries, and an astonishing performance it is, astonishing not only for the rapidity with which the changes of dress and "make-up" are effected, for that is a very minor matter, but astonishing in the complete effacement of the actor's personality in all the parts he takes, and the effacement of each assumed personality in every other part he represents. From the burly police-sergeant to the poor, shrinking half-witted Ansing is a physical, no less than a mental, collapse, and so, too, is the contrast between the sturdy aggressive house painter and the little, deprecating, mild-mannered Post. But his John Arend, the owner of the burnt factory, is as convincing a piece of work as can be seen on the London Stage, never passing the bounds of truth, appealing to our profoundest sympathies by the subtle art with which we are made to realise the mental anguish of the man without a touch of exaggeration in voice or manner.

It is permitted, I suppose, to wonder at what stage in the writing of "Mr. Hopkinson" Mr. R. C. Carton decided that it should be a farce and not a comedy of manners. Until the appearance of the vulgar little millionaire of Tooting, we are in the region of pure comedy, and throughout the play not a character, except Mr. Hopkinson, is drawn with that breadth of exaggeration that unmistakably suggests the farce. Nor is there a single incident that is necessarily a travesty on life. Furthermore, it is quite possible to imagine the title role to be played with sufficient restraint and truth to also come within the scope of legitimate comedy. But Mr. Carton has elected to call his drama a farce, and Mr. James Welch has taken his cue in elaborating Mr. Hopkinson on that line, and Society may breathe easy in the pleasant assurance that in this picture of decadence Mr. Carton has simply drawn upon a fantastic imagination, and pictured nothing that ever was or could be under the sun. I am not quite of that opinion myself, and, at all events, it is to be hoped that if, a century or two hence, some writer, attempting to reconstruct a vivid picture of social manners in the beginning of the twentieth century, happens upon the printed play of "Mr. Hopkinson," he



Photo by Lizzie Casvall Smith.
MISS IRIS HAWKINS—"Everybody's Secret."—HAYMARKET THEATRE.
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will find himself warned off a too serious use of it by the plain intimation on the title page that "This is a Farce."

For, taken as a comedy, the play would disclose the most sordid, selfish, repulsive of all possible social conditions. The Duke of Braceborough is a spendthrift and a libertine, and not above practising a heartless deception upon his friend, Lord Addleton. The Duchess is over-ready to take up a wretched little "boulder," pitchfork him into

Society, and

marry her

niece to him,

because he

has £40,000

a year. Lord

Gawthorpe

draws the

line at elope-

ment with

married

women only,

and borrows

a thousand

pounds from

Hopkinson in

order to take

a honeymoon

with the lady

Hopkinson

was to marry

the day after.

The Hon.

Otho Durs-

ingham en-

dures the vul-

garities of the

millionaire

for what he

can make out

of it, and the

Earl of Addleton proves how antiquated the doctrine of *noblesse oblige* has become by acquiescing in his daughter's marriage to Mr. Hopkinson and his £40,000 a year, though he takes no pains to disguise his contempt for the son-in-law proposed to him. Is it any wonder that, with these examples of cupidity before her, Miss Eliza Dibb, who holds some compromising love letters which "Hoppy" wrote before he came into his fortune, is also induced to feather her own nest warmly, and demands, and gets,

£5,000 as her solatium for the breach of promise? Such is the attractive little circle of unscrupulous sharpers in which poor Mr. Hopkinson, with his social ambitions, gets handsomely fleeced, in spite of his economical soul. And in the end he loses his aristocratic bride, and falls back on Eliza, who, it is safe to say, will know how to manage him and his £40,000 a year without attempting to unduly hurry the task of making him a gentleman or herself a lady.

There is no

question of

the construc-

tion which

Mr. Welch

puts upon his

part. It is

superlative

farce from

his entrance

to his final

exit to meet

Eliza "round

the corner."

And yet it is

artistic farce;

it is not an

outrageous

piece of bur-

lesque, for

Mr. Welch is

fully con-

scious that

he has only

to be the

"counter

jumper"

transferred to

an aristocratic

environment

to get the de-

sired effect in ludicrous contrast. The tinge of exaggeration that he allows himself is obtained by simply ignoring the sedative influence which such surroundings would have on the least impressionable of mortals. He could not continue for six months to be quite so hopeless an "outsider" as Mr. Hopkinson remains. Miss Compton's Duchess of Braceborough is a very finished piece of work, subtle and convincing, a true comedy part, distinguished by a suggested sense of the humour of things and the futility of being bet-



Photo by Thiele.

MR. JAMES WELCH—"Mr. Hopkinson"—WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.



Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith.
MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH—"The Walls of Jericho."—GARRICK THEATRE.

ter than one's environment. She is the ideal exponent of the philosophy of "What's the odds so long as I'm happy." Miss O'Malley is not furnished with a very captivating part in Lady Thyra, for the cynical is not youth's—particularly feminine youth's—pleasantest quality, and the dramatist leaves her no choice between the roué, the "bounder," and maidenhood. She invested the part with just that touch of hardness overlying the romance of natural girlhood, which the situation required, and it was not her fault if the appeal was rather to our mental judgment than to our hearts.

That a play takes a quick grip upon the play-going public is not alone sufficient ground for predicting a long run; the initial success may be due to superficial brilliancy which dazzles without convincing, but it is clear that the comedy by which Mr. Alfred Sutro has leaped into fame, "The Walls of Jericho," has qualities of permanent power and interest since, after holding the stage of the Garrick for more than four months, it shows no symptoms of a declining popularity. It may be safely said of a play, in which occur so many dramatic pauses in the dialogue as are to be observed in "The Walls of Jericho," that it abounds in situations which absorb the interest of the spectator. To create that feeling of suspense in an entire audience, holding it in breathless anticipation of a dramatic climax, is the achievement of the dramatist; while to take full advantage of that moment of suspense—to emphasise it by prolonging it to the verge of the unbearable—is the art of the accomplished actor. I do not now recall a play in which the actors make effective use of so many of these silent dramatic interludes as in "The Walls of Jericho."

Mr. Sutro has taken a theme which has for the moment a very real and dominating attraction for many people in very diverse social strata; namely, the idiosyncrasies of that particular section of society dubbed the "smart set." Where this section begins or ends it would puzzle any of us to discover, but we seem to be agreed that there is a particular social slab which the term fits. It gambles for largish sums, both its men and women; it talks slang; it gets into debt recklessly; it ridicules or, at least, shirks the domestic virtues; it flirts; it

worships wealth; its honour, like its charity, is strictly a matter of personal convenience. Mr. Sutro is not the first who has held the mirror up to this decadent social wing, which is no merely modern excrescence; it is as old as civilisation itself. But Mr. Sutro has contrasted it very vividly and boldly with a ruder and more primitive creed of social and domestic obligation, and has shown that the two are at mortal feud, and there is no compromise between them, nothing but complete surrender on the one side or the other. Jack Frobisher (M. Bouchier), a millionaire from the Antipodes, stands for the primitive virtues; his wife, Lady Alethea (Miss Vanbrugh) for the devotee to pleasure, scandal, bridge, and "going the pace." If it had so happened that heredity had left her with no heart to speak of, there would have been a tragedy, and it comes near to tragedy as it is. But the saving grace of a remnant left warm amidst the frost-bites that have deadened nearly all that is best in her character saves the situation at last, and prevents a final rupture between husband and wife. This reconciliation we anticipate, of course, but it is not till near the last that we are allowed to see how it is to be effected, and therefore the interest is maintained at full flood till just as the final curtain is about to fall.

Thus we see that the success of "The Walls of Jericho" is not due to the originality of the theme on which it is based. It follows rather from the dramatist's method of presenting and developing that theme, and from the exceedingly clever use he makes of his materials, and, furthermore, by his good fortune in being interpreted by a company of exceptional ability. With almost the opening lines we are brought face to face with the divergent interests of husband and wife which threatens a domestic tragedy, and every incident thereafter is designed to emphasise that divergence and deepen our sense and apprehension of the approaching calamity. And I must emphasise the point that Mr. Sutro has given us an almost consummate study of character as well as manners. The contrasts are sharply defined; the development consistent. These are real men and women; this is a living story; these are vital episodes. That is why the play moves us so strongly. There



Photo by Bassano, Ltd.
MRS. BROWN-POTTER -- "Du Barri."--SAVOY THEATRE

is not an incident that rings falsely. Lady Alethea's pride which so nearly wrecks the marital obligation is as true as her thoughtless frivolity and her underlying love for husband and child. Frobisher's final revolt from the artificial and ignoble standards of the circle into which he has married and the savage invective he launches upon his wife are as genuine as his affection is deep and his humanity is sincere. The wrath of Lord Steventon (dapper representative of a class in whom pride of birth has sunk to a detestable indifference to everything except outward appearances) is naturally reserved for the man who dares to be just rather than expedient. And so I might go on. Let us have much of such genuine comedy.

I may say at once that "Du Barri" is magnificently staged at the Savoy, that it is played with a vivacity and earnestness worthy of all praise, that it presents several admirable stage pictures which impress the spectator with their truthfulness, and that Mrs. Brown-Potter in the title role is, if not wholly satisfactory, an exceedingly interesting personality. But historical drama, if it is to be anything more than a series of pageants or, at least, of living pictures, must be touched with a stronger human interest than the rise and fall of a royal favourite, if it is to possess dramatic power. I have not seen M. Richépin's play except in this adaptation by Mr. Christopher St. John for English production, and it is conceivable that what the English version lacks, the original supplies. The possibilities are certainly present, but they lie too much in shadow. "L'Ange" has an honest lover in the exiled

Prince Rochefort, and therein lies the opportunity for a strong romantic situation over which the frivolous girl's hunger for luxury and power throws the ebon cloak of tragedy; but too little is made of this romantic love to engage our sympathy for the hapless lover, who flits before us from time to time like a half-recognised acquaintance whose face is familiar but whose name we have forgotten. A lover who is always evading pursuit, now in a cupboard, now in a lady's bed, and never accomplishing anything except his own salvation, is not an heroic figure, and we resent as an altogether too consistent run of luck his final escape from the guillotine by his use of the pass which was intended for Madame du Barri. With this love episode out of the way, the three acts of the play might be quite adequately described as—How a royal mistress is made; how a royal mistress lives; how a royal mistress falls, and there, to be consistent with the unities, the play should end, but an epilogue gives us the final scenes in the life of the Du Barri, many years later when the Revolution had hurled the successor of her royal patron from the throne of France. But I must admit that the very last scene, however it may defy dramatic rules, is one of the most impressive stage pictures I have ever seen. As a contrast to the splendour in which this child of the people was seen living in the Palace of Versailles, in the second act, she is now on her way to the guillotine, and it is a true Paris mob that struggles and sways and gesticulates and howls imprecations around the wheels of the tumbril in which the pallid, terrified woman goes to her doom. It is startlingly realistic.



THE SENTENCE OF LORD JEFFREYS

A TALE OF THE WESTERN REBELLION

By JOHN GRÆME

IT is with no intention of defending the memory of Lord George Jeffreys that I have taken pen in hand, but to recount some matters of interest connected with the late uprising in the West, in which I came near to losing all my happiness in life. It would ill become me, however (when I call to mind the part which he took in preserving the life of the one most dear to me), were I not to feel more kindly disposed towards him than is the present fashion. He has now vacated the seat of earthly judgment, and stands himself arraigned before the Supreme Judge, and I say, when all his misdeeds are weighed in the balance, God send him mercy, for the mercy which he showed to me and mine!

It was in the year 1670 that my father, the Rev. Zachary Brown (Master of Arts and Rector of Weston Zoyland, in the County of Somerset), deemed it necessary to make a toilsome and dangerous journey to London town. He was a great scholar and divine, held in much esteem by our good Bishop, who thought so highly of his exposition of the Hebrew Prophets (the work which has since made his name famous) that he advised him to seek a London publisher. He gave him also letters to His Grace of Canterbury, and to others of rank and importance, that the volume might have a goodly list of subscribers upon its title pages.

Thus furnished, and taking nothing with him but a trusty staff and such baggage as a sturdy Somersetshire cob might carry, he went forth to face the many perils of the road. In due time he reached the great city, safely, though not without some adventure, and by dint of much inquiry found a small hostelry near the Temple Gardens, to which he had been directed.

That same evening after sunset, as he was returning from the house of Master Featherstone, a College friend, who dwelt at Holborn, he encountered near the Inns

of Court, two young Templars who were scarce in a condition to wander far alone, much wine having robbed them of their wits. As they passed a dark and narrow entry, three ruffians armed with swords sprang forth upon them with intent to rob and murder. They, being sobered by their peril, stood with backs against the wall, and, calling for the Watch, prepared to make a stout defence. My father at once went to their assistance, and, being well versed in our West Country cudgel play, soon laid one of their assailants low, at which the others promptly fled.

The elder of the two Templars was none other than George Jeffreys, then a young but well-known barrister-at-law. There is little doubt that my father saved his life, for whilst his attention was occupied with one of the robbers, who was no mean swordsman, the third man, whom my father disabled, was in the act of delivering a fatal thrust.

The two young men were most grateful for their deliverance, and on the morrow called at my father's lodgings. When they heard the reason of his journey they begged to be allowed to add their names as subscribers to his book, and advised him to go to Master Lintot, the well-known publisher. This he did, and the interview was to their mutual satisfaction and profit, for the volume, when issued, was so much in request that a second edition soon became needful.

These events happened when I was quite a child, and I relate them only because of their connection with that which follows. To the young there seems a vast space of time separating childhood from womanhood, but the years roll on so swiftly that the distance is bridged almost imperceptibly. It was thus in my own case, and as I grew up I wearied of the country, and longed to see more of the world. I much envied Mistress Dorothy Hill, who had been with her parents to take the waters at Bath. We were neigh-



We sat in a shady nook of our dear old Rectory garden.

bours and great friends, and were wont to tell each other all our secrets. She came to see me on her return, and showed me a locket which contained the picture of a gallant gentleman. He was a Cornet in the King's Life Guard—Eustace Everard by name, a man of good estate and unsullied character. Sir Geoffrey, Dorothy's father, was well content to accept him as a son-in-law, but thought it best that for the present there should be no formal betrothal, for he desired to prove his constancy, and Dorothy was but a girl.

I well remember the day she came to see me. We sat in a shady nook of our dear old rectory garden, and as I listened to her tale I wondered if ever I might meet another such a man. When I told my thoughts to Dorothy she laughed, and said it was a shame for a country parson to keep such a treasure all to himself, and was sure that among her acquaintances *there was none* worthy so great a prize;

and many another foolish thing she said, until in despair I implored her to be silent!

I recall this conversation because it took place at the time when our troubles first began in the West. News travels slowly in the country, and when we heard that the Duke of Monmouth was staying at the great house of Longleat, we gave it little thought.

For some time men's minds had been disturbed with strange rumours. It was said that the King had quarrelled with his brother, the Duke of York, because of his popish belief, and that he had declared publicly that, when in Holland, he had secretly married Mistress Lucy Walters, and that the Duke of Monmouth was his lawful son and successor. My father and Sir Geoffrey Hill both refused to accept the truth of these rumours, and said they were but idle tales. Unhappily, only too many were found to give them credence, for all

feared the future, and longed for a Protestant Succession.

It was at this time that the Duke came among us, and for a short space it seemed as if all our friends and neighbours had taken leave of their sober senses. My father and Sir Geoffrey Hill were the only ones who would have nothing to do with the general rejoicings, and they would have fared badly at the hands of the people but for the recollection of many kind deeds done by them in the past. Our villagers went forth in crowds to hail the young man (whom they styled Prince of Wales and Defender of the Faith), and when he passed through Bridgwater, bonfires blazed on the hills, and the cider, for which our county is so famous, was poured forth like water.

I thought it hard to stay at home when all the world went forth so gaily, and when towards evening, as I wandered through the silent village, I met Will Strode returning from the town, it was very natural that I should ask him to alight and tell me all the news. He, nothing loath, consented, and was pleased to stay and partake of our evening meal. I had no scruple in asking him, for my father was fond of Will, who was the son of an old friend, and I knew that he, also, was very anxious to hear of the day's happenings.

Will was a well-spoken youth of whom any maiden might be proud. Although his clothes were fashioned by a country tailor, he was every inch a gentleman, whilst the sword which he carried by his side was no make-believe, but a trusty blade with which his father had done good service in the Civil Wars.

Will had returned from Bridgwater much impressed with all that he had seen. He had spoken with the Duke, and had been quite won over by his gallant demeanour and genial kindliness. He said the Duke was a Prince worthy of an Englishman's love, and that even if he were not the King's lawful son it mattered little. He had only to come again to the West, and thousands of true men would rally to his side; for hatchet-faced James, with his Popish following, was no Prince fit to rule in a free Protestant country.

My father listened in silence, with a troubled look upon his face, for he foresaw many dangers to the State, and was ever a

man of peace. Ere Will rose to take his leave he begged him in a few impressive words to be more careful in his speech, and to reserve his judgment. "For," said he, "these are dangerous matters to discuss, even in our houses, and to utter them abroad is worse than folly."

The wisdom of this advice was soon made evident, for not many months after news came from the Court to those in authority of a plot against the King's life, in which the Duke of Monmouth was concerned. He was thus compelled to flee the country in disgrace, and it soon became known that the stories of the King's early marriage were all false, intended only to arouse the country against the rightful heir, and to compel the King to exclude his brother from the succession. He refused to do this, and when Monmouth was seen to be a traitor all his influential friends deserted him, and there the matter seemed like to have ended.

CHAPTER II.

IT may seem strange to some that I should speak of the year 1680 as the time when our troubles began—five years before the events happened, which were fated to bring so much sorrow and misery upon the countryside; but those who live in our midst know that I am right, for the leaven of sedition works more thoroughly when it works slowly. During these years the cause of James of Monmouth was gaining ground daily in the hearts of the people, in spite of the fact that the rich and powerful disowned him. When, therefore, the news came that King Charles was dead, and that the Duke of York was proclaimed in his stead, it was plain to all that it required only a leader to raise an open rebellion.

Will Strode returned about this time from London. He had gone there to study the law—not that he needed to earn his living by the exercise of a profession, but in order to please his father, who rightly held that a country gentleman should also be a student, and that to be learned in the law was much to be desired for those who might one day be called to hold the King's Commission of the Peace.

During Will's absence his father died suddenly, and after the funeral he returned

to London, resolved, as soon as he received his call to the Bar, to settle down upon his estate, and live a country life.

It was in the spring of the year that he came once more among us, at the time when the birds sing their best and the flowers give forth their sweetest fragrance. As I walk now in my garden, and feel the breath of the soft west wind, and watch the pollen-laden bees hurrying homewards on eager wing, whilst all nature is hastening to burst forth into full life and vigour, I live once again in that fair Spring morning! I hear in the distance the muffled sound of hoofs upon the yielding turf ever growing nearer, and I see the familiar form of one in whom all my hopes are still centred—as he was then, in all the vigour of his early manhood.

We have often tried to discover the day when first we loved each other, but it would be as easy a matter to count the drops of dew, or to trace some mighty river to the spot where it trickles down the hillside, a silver thread amid the green. Suffice it, that we soon knew each other's secret, before one word of love had passed between us. It came none the less as a surprise to me when Will first asked me to be his wife, and although my heart would fain have said yes, I was not unmindful of the duty which I owed my father. When, however, Will had seen him, and spoken manfully as an honest gentleman and true lover, every obstacle to our happiness seemed removed, and the way appeared quite easy.

There was only one matter on which my father spoke very plainly ere he consented to our betrothal. It was that Will should give his pledge to abstain from all political affairs, and abide faithfully by my father's advice—given when Will first came to our house—to avoid the discussion of all matters connected with the State.

Will had returned from London with very strong opinions as to matters connected with the Court, but he none the less willingly consented to give his word of honour; and, as I shall show, he kept to the strict letter of his compact, and had no part or lot in the rebellion which was so soon to come. That which was laid to his charge afterwards—if it were any crime—was an act of Christian charity, which no man of feeling would refuse to a stranger, much less to a friend.

We were to have been wedded within six months, and preparations were being made at both houses, when the fatal news arrived that the Duke of Monmouth had landed, and was marching upon Taunton. We had noted, ever since the new King's accession, signs of general dissatisfaction and unrest, for the agents of the Duke were busy making mischief all around, and it was a matter of common knowledge that he was coming to claim the crown on the first favourable opportunity. The magistrates had received information of many secret gatherings of the people, and it was known that bands of club men were again being formed, as in the days of the Civil Wars. A single troop of horse at this time would have sufficed to uphold the power of the law, but, in spite of many urgent messages sent post haste to London, no steps were taken until it was too late.

When the Duke had actually landed we soon knew that evil times had returned again, and that the sad stories which old men still told were like to be repeated once more in our midst.

On that day there came our neighbour, Sir Geoffrey Hill, with such loyal followers as he could gather, armed with weapons which, since the days of the Civil Wars, had peacefully adorned his Hall. He was off at once to Bristol City, where the Yeomanry and trained bands were already gathering, and he came to beg us go with him and accept the protection of his escort.

My father would fain have had me go, for he foresaw that our village would be no place for peaceful folk, and Dorothy pleaded hard that I should accompany them; but for himself he declared that nought should take him from the people whom he loved: for he was resolved that the Church should be kept open, that those who listed might, in the hour of sorrow, find a place of prayer, and one ready to help them in their trouble. I knew that he was right, and should have counted myself an unworthy daughter had I left him, so we bade Sir Geoffrey and his following a sad farewell, and hoped for a happier meeting in more peaceful times.

I knew that Will would not long be absent, and Sir Geoffrey was scarcely out of sight before he arrived, to implore us to

return at once with him and take up our abode at his house. He held no commission in the King's forces, and was minded to remain quietly at home—not that he feared to fight, for Will was no coward, but because his heart was not with King James, and he would fain have joined the Duke but for his promise to my father. Even Will's entreaties were of no avail to change our determination, and so we remained, and for many a day waited, hoped, and prayed that the end might come speedily, with little bloodshed or loss of life. My father was very busy during these days of cruel anxiety, seeking to keep our village lads at home, and in this Will was also a tower of strength, and his example was thus the means of saving many. Five only of our youths joined the Duke as he passed by on his way to Bridgwater, although many offered to enlist; but were happily hindered, because there were not arms sufficient to keep pace with the demand.

When we heard that the rebels had passed on from Bridgwater to Bristol we rejoiced, and breathed more freely as those who had escaped the stress of war, but alas! our joy was fated to be of very short duration, for they soon returned and made ready to stand a siege in the town itself. Then the Royal troops came and encamped all around us, and some were quartered in our midst. On the moor close by our Rectory there ran a deep dyke, known as the Bussex Rhine, and behind it, almost within sight of our doors, there was posted a Scottish regiment, while the King's Dragoons and Life Guards had their horses stabled in the village. We were more fortunate than some of our neighbours, who suffered much at the hands of the rough and brutal soldiers, many of whom had learnt the savage manners of the Moors at Tangiers, where they had been stationed. We were spared all this, for Cornet Eustace Everard, who was betrothed to Mistress Dorothy, took up his abode at the Rectory, with a sergeant and four troopers of the King's Guard, who were honest and well-behaved men. They gave us little trouble, and treated my father with great respect, as one who had stayed like a soldier—at his post. Cornet Everard placed a sentry at our doors, so that we might not be molested, and when I was

disposed to go into the village would himself go with me when possible, and in his absence the sergeant had strict orders to never let me go alone and unattended.

It was reported on Sunday, July 5th, that the rebels were about to sally forth from Bridgwater to attack, and early in the morning the drums beat and the troops stood to their arms. The alarm soon passed, and when the hour came for service the Church bells proclaimed, as usual, the Day of Rest. Thus the Sunday passed quietly and peacefully, and towards evening the strain relaxed, and the men prepared to slumber around the camp fires, or to seek their billets in the village.

Before retiring for the night I opened the casement of my window, and looking with us noted that the sentry at our gate carried his match ready lighted, while the night without was dark and wild, a thick mist rising from the surface of the moor.

My mind was anxious, and I failed to gain the sleep I sought, so at length I arose and trimmed a lamp, and soon found comfort in the Psalms appointed for the day, where it was written:

"Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid, and though there rose up war against me, yet will I put my trust in Him."

My eyes had scarce lighted on this verse when a shot rang out in the stillness of the night, and in one instant the air was rent with volleys. In the street below lights flickered through the mist, and there was the sound of stable doors flung open hastily and the neigh and tramp of horses saddled for the fight. Drums were beating everywhere, and men were rallying to their posts; and as I ran down the stairs the house seemed shaken to its foundation by the sound of musketry and the deeper boom of cannon. At the first alarm Cornet Everard had rushed forth to join his troop, and he now found time to send a message that all was well—that, although in some sense surprised, the King's troops would soon check the enemy's attack, and that when the Royal Horse appeared upon the scene and charged, nothing could withstand them.

Thus were we left alone; and the hours of that awful night passed on leaden wings. So near was the fight that we could hear the shouts of the combatants,

and the groans of the wounded and the dying. At one time it seemed as if the rebels were making headway, and the Duke's watchword, "Soho!" sounded close at hand. Then the shouts of "God and King James!" prevailed, and at length it seemed as if the conflict were drifting away from our neighbourhood, until, as the daylight crept over the face of the moor, there was silence.

We watched and waited, not daring to leave the house. As we listened the measured tread of feet drew near, and we heard a voice we knew begging us to open, for Cornet Everard was wounded, and they had borne him from the field. In an instant we had undone the bolts, and they carried him within, and laid him on his couch. My heart sank within me when I saw him lying as one dead, the blood welling from a deep cut in his forehead; but I thought of poor Dorothy, and hastened to do all in my power to fill her place. He regained some measure of consciousness before the surgeon arrived, and when the wound was dressed some hope was given that with care he might do well, being young and of a good constitution.

CHAPTER III.

IT was well for me that I was compelled to remain in close attendance upon our wounded guest, for terrible deeds were being wrought around, and our fair country side was turned into a veritable shambles. Three hundred hapless prisoners were shut up in our Church, and my father was ever among them, bearing food and drink and speaking words of comfort. He was powerless, however, to save them from the gallows, for the King had given orders that no mercy was to be shown to those taken in the fight, and I verily believe they had all been butchered, but that the soldiers grew tired of the dreadful work, and refused to act any longer as common hangmen. In a few days they were, therefore, led away to prison, where many died of the gaol fever ere Jeffreys came to complete the ghastly work.

During these terrible days I had heard nought of Will, but supposed that he deemed it safer to remain at home, and could not find a messenger to send us news. At first I felt little anxiety, but when the

third day passed without any message I could bear it no longer, and my father, seeing my distress, decided to ride over and see if all were well. They were in the act of saddling his horse when a messenger arrived in a state of great excitement. We saw at once that he brought bad news, but I was ill-prepared for the dreadful tidings which he bore, and it was some moments before my numbed senses comprehended their full meaning. Then all hope departed, and I only craved that I might die! *Will was in prison!*—lying in Taunton Gaol awaiting trial for succouring his friend Humphrey Blake, a fugitive from the fight of Sedgemoor.

Cornet Everard had now so far recovered that I was able to tell him of my trouble, and he at once sent and begged an interview with Lord Faversham, who commanded for the King. When he arrived I laid the matter freely before him and implored his help.

Will had known Humphrey Blake from boyhood, and they had ever been close friends. When Blake came as a fugitive to his house and craved a morsel of bread it was, doubtless, his duty to seize him and give him up to justice. But did ever anyone hear of a Christian man acting thus towards one he loved? It was, indeed, a case which called for the breaking of the letter that the wider spirit of the law might be fulfilled. In thus coming to his friend's house Blake took, as he thought, every precaution, and stayed without, refusing to enter the house lest he should bring trouble on his friend. Will, also being mindful of his promise, deemed it wise not to see him, and sent a trusty but slow-witted servant with food, and a message that his friend should choose a horse from the stable, which would carry him to a place of safety. All would have been well for Will, but the foolish servant, in saddling, forgot to remove the pistols, with Will's crest graven on their butts, from the holsters. Blake did not get far before he stumbled on a picket of dragoons, and was taken prisoner. They were accompanied by an inhabitant of the neighbourhood, and thus the story of the pistols was revealed, and their owner discovered. The trouble might even then have been avoided had Will's servant only possessed the wit to

declare that the horse was stolen, and to thank them for returning the animal; but, being terrified, and fearing to find himself in prison, he confessed the whole affair.

Thus it came about that my love was in peril of his life, and though I wept and pleaded, kneeling at the feet of the King's General, it availed nothing. I do not blame him in this, for he lacked not sympathy; but Will, being now out of the hands of the soldiers, came under the power of the civil law, and the military authorities had no right of interference. The prisoner could now only await the coming of Lord Jeffreys. Lord Faversham did all that was in his power. He sent a special letter to the King, relating all that my father had done, assuring him that my careful nursing had saved the life of a promising officer of his Guards; but the only notice taken of it was a brief acknowledgment, and the information that it had been placed in Lord Jeffreys' hands, who was empowered to give it due consideration.

July and August passed, and September was well advanced, when this great man came among us, armed with all the terrors of the law. Would that I could speak of him as a just and merciful judge! But, alas! his cruelties will ever be remembered in the West, and to this day mothers are wont to quiet unruly babes with the fears of his name.

Before the day appointed for the trial at Taunton Assize my father sought and gained an interview with the Judge. He found him in a pleasant humour. Several things had happened that morning to flatter his vanity. He had terrified those in high places with what he was pleased to term "a lick with the rough side of his tongue," and had brought much money to the King's exchequer by several heavy fines. Above all, he had played off "a merry jest" upon a nobleman against whom he had a grudge, by causing a man to be hanged in chains in front of his lodge gates. He was thus highly pleased with himself, and when he had seen and recognised my father, he eulogised him as one who deserved much from his country for having saved a very valuable life so many years ago; "for," said he, "the King has many councillors, but only one Lord Jeffreys." Thus encouraged, my father

hastened to make his petition, but my Lord Jeffreys, though he did not appear at first to take it amiss, would make no promises. He said Will must stand his trial, and have the same justice which was meted out to others. He knew him as a pestilent knave, who had aided the King's enemies, and he held it shameful for a loyal maiden to keep her plighted troth with such a villain. It would doubtless be for her welfare if he were removed, for men who were not true to their King could not be trusted to be true to their wives.

As he thus spoke he waxed wroth, and began to abuse my father, and called the clergy "dumb dogs who kept silence in the King's need, but were ever ready to whine for his favours in time of prosperity." My father, being ever a peaceful man, kept silence, and at length arose to take his leave. When he had reached the door, Jeffreys recalled him, and with a look of fiendish merriment upon his face drew from his gown a roll, from which he selected the names of four of our villagers who had joined the Duke. "The King shall requite you," said he, "for all your labours, and you shall have a choice. Take the life of this man or the lives of these four ignorant churls who are your parishioners."

It was with a very sad heart that my father returned and told me all that had happened, but I could not blame him for doing that which was his duty, although it doomed Will to death and me to a life-long misery; for what was one life to four lives, and they of the flock committed to his care?

There was joy that night in our village, but black despair weighed down my heart.

On the morrow the trial was appointed to take place in the hall of Taunton Castle, and thither we wended our way, oppressed with sadness. We sat all that day in the crowded Court, and our breasts were filled with pity and indignation at the mockery of justice which we beheld. No mercy was shown to any who had taken arms against the King, and many innocent lives were falsely sworn away. A young and able barrister strove hard to plead Will's case, but at length even he was silenced by the violence of the Judge, who raved like one beside himself.



For a moment I quailed before the Judge.

At length the verdict was delivered by a jury who feared to say ought but *guilty*, and Will stood up with the rest to receive the dread sentence of the law. Then I fainted, and remember nothing else until I awakened in the arms of Mistress Dorothy, who had come all the way from Bristol with Sir Geoffrey to see if they could give us any help.

On the morrow Will was to die, and with him the men of our village; for Jeffreys, unmindful of his promise, had sentenced all alike.

It was then that I resolved to seek the Judge and to plead for mercy. I went with my father, and we found him at his lodgings before the business of the Assize commenced, and I knew that I was in time, for the fatal hour was fixed for later in the day. I expected to be repulsed and refused admittance, but to my surprise the porter who took my message returned and

conducted me straight to Lord Jeffreys' presence.

I felt no fear as I stood before him, for there is no room for fear when the joy and the hope of one's life hang trembling in the balance, so I at once made haste to fall at his feet.

He bade me rise, and to my astonishment remarked that he was about to send for me, when I arrived. He then gave orders to an attendant, and before I had time to wonder what it meant, Will stood before me.

Then for a moment I quailed before the Judge, for his voice rose fierce and stern, and he rebuked me for my love, and said it was meet that I should suffer. Then his humour changed, and he seemed as one who jested; for he turned to Will, and bade him prepare to meet his fate with courage. He then gave me a paper, and bid me read it out aloud.

I began, but could make no sense of what I read, and wondered why the Archbishop of Canterbury should send us greeting. Then at length the truth dawned upon me. My voice faltered, and I was covered with confusion, for the paper was a marriage licence, drawn up in both our names. Methought there was a gleam of merriment in Lord Jeffreys' eye as he turned to Will and spoke with great sternness, as follows:—

"The King has given me authority to deal with you as I list. You are a dangerous rebel, and must ever be kept in lifelong custody; but if this maiden wills to be your gaoler, by the King's command I give you unto her, for she and her father have deserved well of the State. I com-

mand, therefore, if she be willing, that the officers of the Court do take you hence to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, before the hour of noon, and abide there until your sentence hath been duly carried out."

He then turned towards me, and said: "It would ill become me to let you go without a wedding present, and I have here that which I know will give you pleasure."

He handed me another paper, and in it was written the names of our four village lads, for whose good behaviour my father and I were henceforth to be responsible.

Thus was my sorrow turned to joy, and that is why I say, with husband and children by my side:

"God send George Jeffreys mercy, for the mercy he hath shown to me and mine!"

WEDLOCK

(VILANELLE).

By M. W. M. FALCONER

Now I take leave of all I've known;
I pass through gæes of golden fire,
And live henceforth for thee alone.

By good and ill, in mirth and moan,
My path has followed my desire—
Now I take leave of all I've known,

Another guiding star I own,
Make of the past a whirling pyre,
And live henceforth for thee alone.

My hopes beyond all hope have flown,
My heart has wings that cannot tire;
Now I take leave of all I've known,

Cast off my feeble dreams out-grown,
Rain silvery passion from my lyre,
And live henceforth for thee alone.

O love! my heart is now thy throne,
My thoughts are thy perfection's choir.
Now I take leave of all I've known,
And live henceforth for thee alone.



“The Fascination of London” is the name given to a series of little books which owe their inspiration, and in a great measure their contents, to the late Sir Walter Besant. Thousands of people are conscious of that fascination, but can give no adequate explanation of the fact. Sir Walter Besant was inclined to explain it by the story of London. But this is only half the truth. The historical associations of the city help, no doubt, to give the picture an atmosphere; but the real fascination of London lies surely in her abounding vitality. We may like Fleet Street and Charing Cross because of the sentiment which is associated with their past, but we like them best at the busiest time of the day, and when modernity is most apparent in their aspect. And every lover of London likes her best in May and June, when she bears over her gates the inspiring notice, “Full inside.” No City is really so little affected by the burden of the centuries. Fires have destroyed her ancient churches and historical landmarks; sacrilegious restorers have transformed her palaces. We are left with a grand heritage of names, but the places they are associated with are frequently only of yesterday’s growth. One thing alone seems to stand out the same in all the changing history of London, and that is her persistent vitality. She has lived well, and with full measure. She has retained her individuality, though she has shed countless skins and renewed her bones and ancient

framework again and again. It is only when we begin to feel sensitive to the personality of London that we understand her fascination. Every year she renews her youth in May and June, and though the country, too, is at her best in these months the Londoner obeys a true instinct when he postpones his annual holiday to the autumn. The foreigner, the countryman, and the provincial are equally right when they leave the beautiful country in May and June to visit London. The craving at the back of most people’s minds is for more life, and London gratifies this desire more than any other place in the world. No person who lives in town all the year round takes a smaller share in the gaieties of the season than I do. But, though I may be shut within the four walls of my library or office, and rarely venture inside a place of entertainment, I feel, like Galileo, that “it moves nevertheless.” The sense of vitality, of abounding movement, is infectious, and I feel it at times, when under other conditions I am most dead to outside influences. “That tiresome, dull place, where all people under thirty find so much amusement,” said Gray in one of his letters, and there are times when I am old enough to feel most keenly the truth of such a sentiment. But I never do so in May or June. “An awful rush of love, hunger, and hate—for such is London,” said Heine, but the “rush” at times is magnificent rather than awful, and hunger and hate are less cruel where the sun is shining.

The fascination of London lies in her

life, and it is only of late years that we have discovered that she is a beautiful city. When people have said that they are going to see London it has not meant quite the same thing as going to see Paris or Berlin, Rome or Naples. They do not expect to see anything very beautiful: their earliest thoughts of the city were always of her bigness, and they are coming to see the crowd and the streets—the never-ending streets. All this they realise when they visit London, but owing to the increase of civic patriotism it is now possible to create in the minds of visitors the impression that they have also been looking at a thing of beauty. Until within the last few years the most noticeable difference between London and other large cities of the kingdom was the absence in the Londoner of any real pride of place. Mr. Chamberlain asked us some months ago to get into the habit of “thinking imperially”; and perhaps London has suffered too much from that habit. She has sometimes sadly needed an infusion of “Little Londonism” in her blood. All her energies have been devoted to expansion; she has not stayed her hand to perfect what she already possessed. Owing to the indifference of the Londoner, things have been tolerated which the dweller in provincial towns would not endure for a day.

In the course of a few weeks the use of the Thames as a highway for residents and visitors will be recovered, and we shall then perhaps be able to realise fully how long suffering must have been the Londoner who for the last three years has submitted with little or no opposition to a condition of things which has deprived him of the use of what is in many ways the most beautiful river in the world. Perhaps the visitor to London has been more to be pitied than the resident, in the absence of a steamboat service on the Thames. For London looks her very best from the river and it is the place, above all others, from which to obtain an adequate impression of the City. The first impression of a visitor to London is usually disappointment. And it is natural that this should be so, because nearly everybody approaches the City from the back garden and by the back door. Whether you enter by the North from America and Liverpool, or by the South from the Continent and Dover, you

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have to pass through the most dismal and depressing suburbs, and your first impression is bound to be disappointing. Our modern cities have lost one particular charm which the cities of the middle ages possessed. The mediæval city had gates: there was no wilderness of suburbs to negotiate before you entered the town itself and there was a completeness, an individuality in the life of the place that stirred the imagination. In London the only suggestion now of a gate is on the river. The gate of London is the Tower Bridge, and as we pass under it we can feel here and here only that we are entering no mean city. You may hate London or you may love it, and the explanation of the one attitude or the other will probably not be the presence or absence of society or amusements, but it will depend on whether you entered her gates with thanksgiving and into her courts with praise. If you have not seen her in panorama from the river you have scarcely seen her at all. You came in by the back garden and the back door, and you have never seen her entrance hall. The London County Council steamboats will, we hope, be the means of permanently opening that entrance hall to the thousands of strangers who visit London annually especially at this time of the year. It is some indication of the growth of local patriotism in London that the steamboats are to be named after distinguished Londoners. An effort is to be made to teach history to the Cockney through his imagination. I think he is the most unimaginative being in the world, and that while provincials and Americans who may be journeying up the river on board the “St. Thomas More” or the “Turner” will be familiar with the associations which connect these names with London, the Cockney passenger will read the short historical note which is to be placed in the cabin of each steamer with surprise and wonder. And “Good old Turner” will probably be the sort of remark he will make, for irreverence is the hall mark of the Cockney.

Some years ago I
ON THE RIVER THAMES, was a passenger on
board a steamer which
made a day trip from
London to Margate and back. On the out-
ward journey there sat beside me a very

comfortable-looking, shiny-faced gentleman, who carried a black bag. All the way to Margate he was taking judicious nips of spirits in order, as he called it, "to help his appetite." I spoke to him of the beauty of the river and of the glorious view we were obtaining of "ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples," and he looked indeed where I pointed, but I could see that he beheld nothing. The Cockney is unaccustomed to long views: he has a keen eye for the near object, and I was speaking a foreign language to him. His one idea of the value of the river that day was medicinal. He sat by choice with his back to the scenery, and his one topic of conversation consisted of speculation of the sort of dinner which the Boat Company was likely to provide, and he related to me his experiences of many dinners. When we started for the return journey I missed him, but I guessed he was dining. Presently he came towards me, his face looking shinier than ever, but he now had a very contented expression of countenance. He sat down near me, turned his back again to the scenery, took out his watch, rubbed his stomach, and remarked: "Well, I reckon that by the time I get to the Nore I shall be about ready for tea." Neither sea nor sky appeared to affect him in any way: he was supremely unconscious of the changing beauty of either, while even a world-renowned lightship only suggested to him his time for tea. "We've 'ad a perfect day," he confided to me as we said farewell at London Bridge. He had thoroughly enjoyed himself. The name of our boat was the "Koh-i-noor," and he said he had taken a note of the name of the vessel on account of the excellent meals to be obtained on board. The name would, I am sure, never have suggested anything else to him, even though the cabins had been lined with explanatory tablets. I am afraid that the average Londoner will in time connect the great names of More, Drake, Raleigh, Gibbon, or Charles Lamb, not with their lives or work, but with the particular steamers bearing these names. "More" may suggest superior speed, "Charles Lamb" additional comfort, or "Turner" hard seats. It is terrible to think that to thousands of Londoners in the future the name "Shakespeare" will probably mean

simply a penny steamer. There is a danger in teaching history in this way. "A Gladstone" already conveys to many people's minds merely a bag bearing that name, and the name of Wellington is quite familiar to persons entirely innocent of historical knowledge, but who are experts in the boot trade. It is not honouring the memory of our great ones to assist them to immortality by devices of this description.

But the new steamboats, whatever they are called, will at least reveal to us the beauty of our river. People have talked to me of the charms of the Upper River, of its lazy indolent life, of its exquisite landscapes, and of the way in which its influence penetrates and grows upon you, so that you are compelled to haunt its reaches summer after summer. I can well believe this, and in my own way I have felt not a little of the charm. But there is a glory of the Lower River, too, and it is a glory which has more in common with our all-the-year-round life than the dainty and sleepy beauty of the Upper Thames. Perhaps the most beautiful spot on the whole of the Lower River is at Battersea Bridge at sunset on the Middlesex side. Here at this corner where the river broadens out, and where towards the south-west there is a suggestion of the Infinite as the water takes its colour from the setting sun, Turner took a humble lodging in order to be near the loveliness which was a part of his life. The very balcony he constructed remains as a witness of his affection for this corner. And after sunset—more especially at moonlight—the loveliness of the Lower River at this point is as seductive and as insinuating as are the narrower reaches when bathed in the same light. Turner's sunsets were inspired at this corner, but so also were Whistler's nocturnes. The low-lying banks looking south and south-west become lost to sight, and there is on your mind the impression of a vast sheet of water, on which the moonlight dances and sparkles, and the lamps from the shore and the boats throw an uneasy and fitful flame. And across the river is poor slandered democratic Battersea, the Home of the Lost Dog and of the London artisan. Close beside us is the old Chelsea Church, picturesque in appearance, and brimful of associations. I like especially the story relating to the Hon. William Ashburnham,

which is recorded on a tablet in the church. He was walking on the bank of the Thames at Chelsea one very dark night in winter in the year 1679 in a very meditative mood, and had strayed, in so doing, into the river, when he was suddenly brought back to himself and to a sense of his situation by hearing the clock of the church strike nine. In a spirit of gratitude he left a sum of money to the parish to pay for the ringing of a bell every evening at nine o'clock. Alas! the sum of money has been diverted to other purposes, and dreamers and visionaries like myself now walk the district at their own risk. I am afraid that very few Londoners know their river east of Putney. Fleet Street was closed for repairs not long ago, and a newspaper man who was forced to approach his office by way of the Embankment announced on his arrival that he had made the discovery of a beautiful river near their very doors. He said he had previously thought of the Thames as existing only at London Bridge or Marlow.

The penny steamboat is **THE LONDON** to be restored to London-
BUS DRIVER. ers, but I am afraid that the London omnibus is doomed. That curious vehicle which has for many years been the wonder of the civilised world is on its last wheels. The motor-bus and the electric tram will in a few years have supplanted the two-horse vehicle which seemed to be a necessary part of the very life of London. The bus received its first severe blow when the box seat was abolished and the knife board gave way to garden seats. The delight of a ride on a London bus in the old days was largely due to the difficulties we experienced in mounting the vehicle, and to the intimate footing which our position, when once on the box seat, placed us with the driver. The individuality of the driver has seriously suffered since he was deprived of company to the right and left of him. His talent for wit and repartee was developed by contact with the ideas of his passengers. Occasionally you may even now see female as well as male passengers talking into the ear of the driver from their seats behind him, but there is always something unsocial about intercourse of this kind, and the comradeship of the box seat

has altogether vanished. I have known some wonderful bus drivers in my day with whom it was an education to talk. The driver of the old school was often a man who had learnt his trade in the stage coach days. There were several I knew who had been drivers for fifty years. After so long an occupation of a box seat such a man seemed to have merged his individuality in that of the bus. That is to say, with him on the box seat the bus seemed alive, and when he spoke it appeared to be the bus itself finding a vox humana. If you had met the man in the Desert of Sahara you would at once have said, "There is an incompleteness about that man; I cannot tell what it is." He would, in fact, have reminded you of a text torn from its context. And if upon insufficient data you had formed an opinion of him he would have suffered the usual penalty of incomplete quotation. He never showed to advantage off the box seat. Even his eloquence lost much of its fire when he was on his own legs. This may have been possibly accounted for by his contempt for walkers as a class whose motives in walking he always assumed to be the very meanest. He seemed sincerely to regard the omnibus as the god-given mode of locomotion. His father had probably been a stage coach driver; his mother's father and all his uncles had most likely been on the road also. If heredity counts for anything there was clearly nothing for him to do but to drive. The stock from which he came explained a certain inevitableness about his bearing as a coachman. What yarns he could spin to you along the London streets! The London County Council has decided that the seat next the driver must not be occupied on a motor bus, lest his attention be distracted. This is indeed the death-blow to an old institution.

The question whether **THE JUSTICE** women should be entitled
OF WOMEN to sit on juries was lately discussed at the Hardwick Society, and the debate received a great deal of notice in the papers because of the argument used by Mrs. Craigie, one of the speakers against the motion. She admitted that the frosty virtue of justice was denied to women, and moreover that

man did not want it at their hands. I think there is a great deal of truth at least in the last statement, and that the first demand of men and women alike from one another is for something more than justice. We all rather dread justice: we only ask for it when we have failed in securing something which is beyond justice. We like human qualities which have a capacity to overflow. We like the manner which is beyond courtesy, the deed which is generous to excess, the word of praise which is more than we deserve. If we were all strictly just, we should perhaps have more respect for one another, and our circle of mere acquaintances might be widened, but we should have fewer friends, and there would be infinitely less love in the world. The man or woman who possesses a genius for friendship has not earned that reputation by being just. We rarely connect the idea of justice with him. When we go to him we are positive he will be partial: he will be on our side by virtue of his friendship, otherwise we should not go near him. A woman might be able to love an absolutely just man, for there seems no limit to the wonderful capacity of a woman's love, but I am quite sure that no man could ever love a just woman. Most judges will tell us how little the average jury is able to weigh evidence. But man is less likely to be partial in a court of justice than woman, because of the fundamental difference in his nature, and because for centuries he has been educated with the idea that justice becomes him. A woman knows just as acutely that justice does not become her, and she will no more cultivate the virtue in such circumstances than she will wear a dress which is rational. We are all rather poor creatures, and we tend to become what we are expected to be. Public opinion is a greater educator than schools and college professors. Portia's plea was not primarily for justice: she asked first for the display of mercy, the quality which is beyond justice. We know that if we men were judged by a jury of women, either the plaintiff or defendant would be more than satisfied, and sooner than run the risk of losing our case in such circumstances we are prepared to exclude women from juries altogether. But it is very absurd for men to talk as if this capacity to be impartial were a defect in human

nature, and to say that women need to be educated in logic and the law. Only one man in a thousand wants to be criticised impartially by a woman. He seldom asks for this even from a man, and when in cases where he does demand it, he is more often than annoyed with the result. I am constantly asked for impartial criticisms and judgments, and I have now decided not to tell the truth to anybody: I cannot afford to lose any more friends. When we talk about justice we often mean simply impartiality, and it is the absence of this quality in women which we profess to deplore. So many people talk of impartiality as if it were one of the keys of truth. But an impartial judgment is often almost worthless because it is colourless and passionless. It usually proceeds from a mind which does not understand the emotional side of life at all. It sheds a white light, but its lack of warmth blinds us: we do not see anything in its proper perspective. The late Sir Leslie Stephen was a great literary critic: he approached every subject he treated with the same calm pitiless common-sense attitude: he could take a detached view of all things in heaven and earth, yet I never read his extremely readable essays and books without feeling that though he sees life steadily he does not see it from within. The truth of things is sometimes far below the surface or embedded in the rock, and passion and enthusiasm play the part of the pick-axe in revealing it to the world. Sir Leslie Stephen was an intellectual type of the average British jurymen; he was coldly impartial, but impartiality is not necessarily justice. To administer justice one needs like the seeker after truth to have the capacity to get below the surfaces and appearances of things, and to know people thoroughly you must love them. You must perhaps be partial to a man before you can really be just to him. But I admit that the feelings are dangerous elements in a jury-box, and it is safer to leave the dirty work of the law courts to tailors and candlestick makers than to entrust it to those whose virtues have always a tendency to transcend, who are beyond the law as they are beyond the commonplace in everything. To ask women to sit on a jury might be to ask them to descend.

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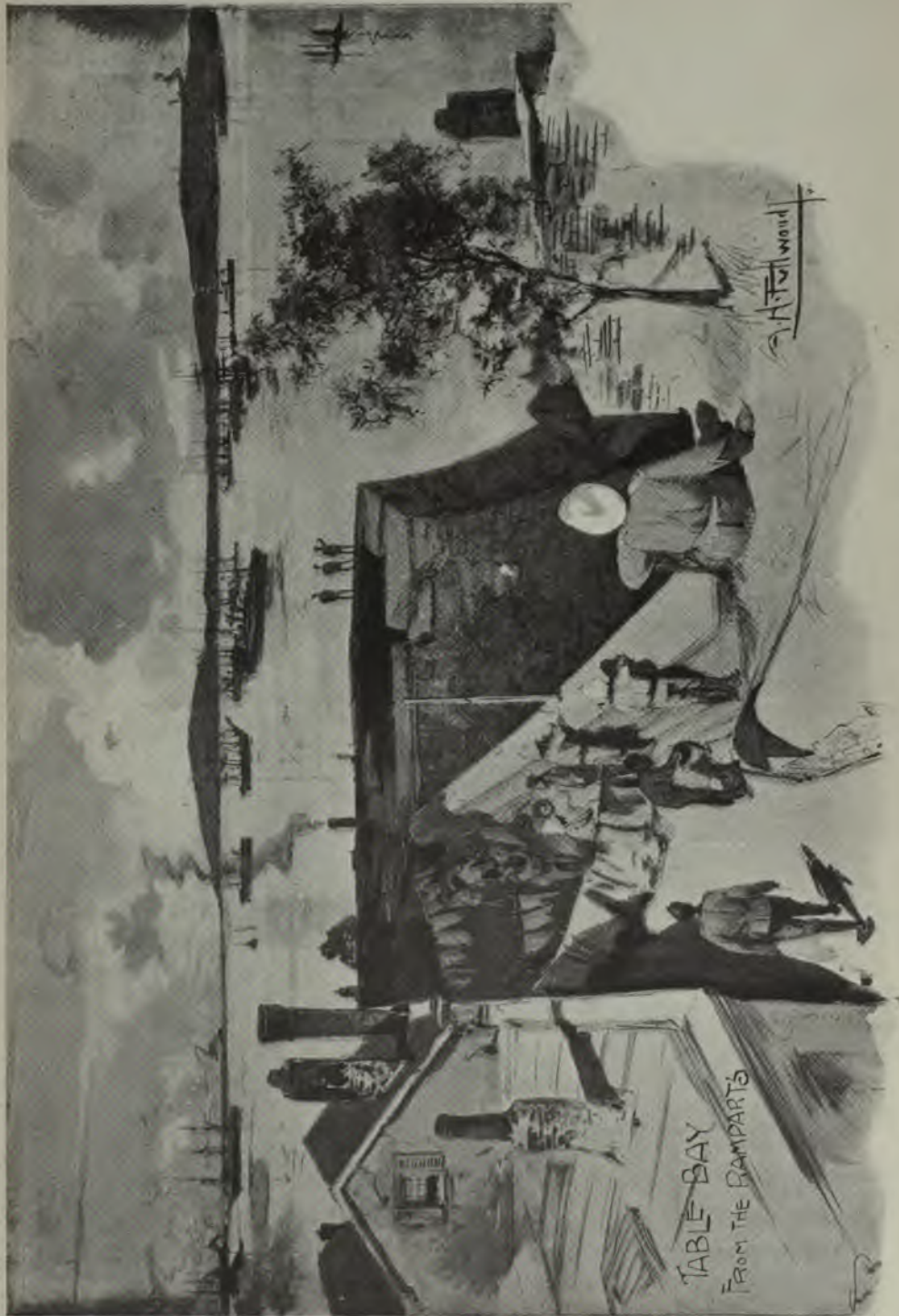


TABLE BAY FROM THE RAMPARTS OF CAPE CASTLE.

THE English Illustrated Magazine

JUNE, 1905



By A. HENRY FULLWOOD

IT was during the stirring Cromwellian days and at the early part of Charles II.'s reign, when England was at war with Holland, that the Dutch colonists at the Cape—alarmed at the probability of England swooping down on Table Bay and capturing a valuable unfortified post—petitioned the Holland Government to construct a fortress there that would hold the place securely for all time. This was in 1665, and the celebrated Isbrand Goske was selected to carry out the work, and in that year sailed to the Cape from Holland with instructions to select a site and make plans and see the fortress completed. This he did, but it took three long years of labour before the fort was in a proper condition to carry out its intentions.

For the work went so slowly, although the soldiers worked day and night at it, that the then Governor, Bax by name, insisted on all the inhabitants doing their part, and to set the example went there with his wife and they both helped for a time.

The site selected is near the Bay, and looking from the ramparts, one can easily see that, in the days of short range and small guns, the fort would sustain a long siege. Now, of course, all the guns are dismantled, and are buried half-way in the ground, and used as posts to keep the track. It was during the building of the castle that a brilliant idea came to one of the garrison—he said that the fort would be useless because the British could land and erect a fort on the mountain behind

(Devil's Peak) and fire on the fort, and so control the whole concern. His idea was considered reasonable, and a fort was erected on the only place available to command the situation, half-way up the Devil's Peak (which is the end bluff of Table Mountain), and on this fort a gun was mounted to test the idea. But these primitive artillerymen found that the gun had

situation, near Capetown, was very good at the time, but as it is in the way of traffic (for the railway runs at its base quite near the bay), and occupies a valuable lot of ground near the city, it will soon be demolished. Other forts round the bay have been in existence some time so that Table Bay is well fortified and up to date in every way—even to the breaking of many



too short a range, and the shot fell a long way from the fort. It never occurred to the officer commanding to measure the distance, but ideas of ordnance in those days were rather limited. The poor artilleryman, however, had to pay for the cost of the whole experiment, which cost him years of labour.

Before the castle was completed peace had been declared between the two countries, and Goske returned to Holland, leaving the completion in other hands. Its

windows in the houses near the batteries, so that prior notification is given now when the forts are about to practice.

The Castle originally was moated, according to the ideas of those days, and had only the main entrance and one to the harbour through a long tunnel from the outer courtyard. On the British occupation of the Cape it continued to be still used as the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, his staff and general body of men; and until latterly this has been

kept up, for there is accommodation for quite a large body of men and officers. The buildings are all of the old Dutch character, plain, flat walls coloured with ocre—with the exception of some of the doorways, which were ornamented with architectural features, some of them very good, such as the old, small Dutch brick seen over the archway of the

plete in every way it may be seen by the wells that were sunk in the basements, and near which (to show how insanitary they were in those days) many people were buried. The curious railing to the stone stairways, with the turns at the end capped by brass knobs, and the old prison on the ramparts where the celebrated Zulu chief Cetewayo was imprisoned before being



THE MAIN COURTYARD.

main entrance, with the carving of a lion rampant with protruding tongue, and in the shields below the quarterings of the governors who were there or had been there during its building. The entrance, too, of what was the residence of the commander-in-chief, but now used for the administrative offices of the Army in South Africa, during the late war a very busy hive, is also an imposing structure. That the castle was com-

taken to England; the carving on the wall near of the "Goede Hoop," the Dutch for "Good Hope," which shows the original man-of-war of that name, and probably a very formidable ship under Van Tromp, are other ornamental features of a minor character which relieve the general plainness.

There are several curious old things to notice in going round the castle as well as the carvings above noticed, for instance



the old sundial over the archway connecting the two courtyards, which no doubt was good enough in the days of sundials and sand glasses, but is taken no notice of now for that purpose; then the old doorways coloured Indian red, and the marks left in the stones by the builders. Owing probably to the clear air and sunshine of the climate, these indications of early times are well preserved. Trees abound in the castle grounds, and planted near are both the Australian eucalyptus and the English oak, both of which add patches of shadow and

cool places for the very warm surroundings, climatic and otherwise.

The general plan of the Castle is two large courtyards surrounded by buildings, and the two divided by a line of buildings in the centre, and connected by a circular archway. In the first square is situated the officers' quarters and the general offices of the officer-commanding and staff, while in the second square or courtyard the men are located, and also the stables. This square is also used for a parade ground, there being no trees planted to hinder drill movements. From both squares there are several ways of getting to the ramparts, which are approached by two or three flights of stone steps, the ones from the courtyard being railed in the old way, as seen in the illustration, while under these stairways there are store places for guns and other warlike material; the lighting is principally done by electricity, though many of the old lamps and brackets remain, showing the progress from the earliest times. The portico or entrance to the main offices, the part that was once the residence of the commander-in-chief is evidently of a more modern construction than the Castle. It is very ornate with





for it commands a view of the land side of the Castle, and as the original idea was protection from the sea, the tower was added after the British occupation. The Castle occupies about five acres of ground, and in the illustration where the end of the Castle is seen with the Devil's peak in the background, some idea may be gained of the height of the walls, which are about sixty feet at this point, but at the sea side, or the part that faces Table Bay, the walls are higher. In this illustration, too, is seen the fort that was erected by the early Dutch to test the risk of the Castle being fired on from the land, the incident before-mentioned. A walk round the ramparts is very interesting to the visitor. Trees grow there, and Tommy Atkins may be seen doing his bit of washing, and enlivening his surroundings by

carvings, round the front, of cannon and cupids, carried out in the usual style of the early Georgian period, and the steps to the front door have a most ingenious curve in them, which, no doubt, was rather perplexing to some of the "dogs of war" of the same period. The interior of this part of the building was, no doubt, during the chief's occupation ornate and handsome for there are indications of much ornament in practically the same style as the portico before mentioned, but most of it has disappeared, and it is now a plain suite of large rooms, where much work is done while formerly grand dances and great receptions were held. From this first square can be seen one of the early observation towers—a sort of conning tower—but it is questionable whether this was in the original design.



The Mayor
(A)PE (A)SLE

little flower patches, and here also he has his quoit ground, and in the cool of the evening sits on the various grass patches and enjoys his evening pipe while looking

various kinds, including the merchantmen, troopships, the hospital ship "Maine," sent there by the American ladies resident in England, and Lord Brassey's



over the waters of the bay. During the late war Table Bay was of stirring interest, for the arrival of troopships was of daily occurrence, and the bay had in it at that period sometimes as many as four hundred ships of

yacht, "Sunbeam." Men-of-war policing the coast during the war were frequently arriving and departing, looking in at Table Bay to see how things were going on. All this could be seen by the man on the ramparts. I have already

mentioned the prison, but a few details will be of interest. It is apparently just the same as when built, with its original doors and locks and bolts, thick walls, very little ventilation, which in a hot country was very severe upon the occupants of the cells. This prison is still used for the refractory Tommy Atkins when it is necessary, which, luckily for him, is seldom. The place is kept in good order and very clean. And still may be seen at the entrance the original water-tank with the Dutch coat of arms on it. The walls are thicker here, and painted over, and the

door and posts Indian red, which is the prevailing colour of the place. Even the carving on the wall of the ship "Goode Hoop" has been painted, the usual British idea of preserving things and making them look tidy—a good idea in some respects, no doubt, but hardly applicable to statuary or carvings. Apparently there were many guns captured from the Russians during the Crimean War, for I have seen them in all the British Colonies in their parks and reserves, and at "The Castle" they are very much in evidence. Being made to serve a useful as well as ornamental purpose.



VERSES

By M. ELIOT

THERE are no stars in heaven whose
splendour
Can dim thy shining eyes;
As cold and clear and scarce more tender
Their ruthless radiance lies.

Unstirred by scorn or fears or laughter,
Undimmed by human tears,
Changeless they gaze on the Hereafter
Across the changing years.

PRINCESS AND PEASANT

By ROBERT BOWMAN

“**T**HOUGH I should imagine,” conceded Ivan Ivanitch, slowly pushing back the jewelled knob of his toothpick, and throwing open his fur hunting jacket, “that perhaps one of the most delightful things in the world would be to be in love with one’s own wife.”

He rose and stretched himself, the camp fire making of his shadow a purple cross on the snow behind; then, going over to the men’s fire, he said laughingly over his shoulder, “You know you arrived this afternoon in an argumentative mood.”

But I had not been arguing, I had only been trying to convince him that it was time to pull himself together and settle down to married life; being immediately urged thereto by the belief that his leaving Petersburg in the height of the season to bury himself in this Viatka forest meant that there had come to Ivan Ivanitch that spirit of the recluse which comes once in a while to men who have seen too much of the pleasures and follies of the world, and that thus if he had at length grown weary of his careless life in Petersburg, a word spoken wisely might lead him to think seriously of marriage. But Ivanitch refused to be serious, and had only become paradoxical.

For a while I sat watching his figure silhouetted against the men’s fire, as he stood giving instructions to the shaggy group seated there drinking tea. Beyond their fire was a conical hut of fir poles made windproof by fir boughs plastered with snow; at one side some bear and elk skins pegged out on the ground, while a huge head and antlers hung from a bough above, alongside some hares and a capercaillie, the wings of the latter helplessly hiding the iridescence and scarlet of its neck and head. At the opposite side of the clearing—though well within the circle of firelight—stood another hut, low-roofed, and built of unbarked pine logs, whose two rooms served as a place for our stores and a sleeping-place for myself—Ivanitch preferring to sleep in a fur bag by the fire.

As to our talk about his marrying, I decided to say nothing more about it for the present. But Ivanitch drifted back to the subject himself. I asked him what his plans were after our trip was finished. He replied that he had none save that he should not return to Petersburg, adding, “You know no one believes me to be away shooting, and the idea that I wanted once in my life to see my property and had work to do they simply laughed to scorn, prophesying that I should be back in Petersburg within a week. But they came in a crowd to see me off all the same.”

“Who?”

“Oh, the usual lot. Our dandy little Professor and his Generaless were there—they are as much in love as ever, and, I suppose, found an excuse for another meeting in seeing me off. She is ageing fast, though; the General sees it if her Professor does not. What an ass that man is! Heavens, what sort of men can he possibly turn out! Then there was Leon D’Tern—you know him, the Naval man of the French Embassy; he came to see Mademoiselle Tang I suppose—oh, yes, Mademoiselle was there, for though she ought to have been on at “The Circle,” she sent word to Daddy Bletz to put someone else in her place and save his curses for another time.”

I knew Mademoiselle Tang. Ivanitch saw my frown and laughed.

“Now, as you are so anxious to find me a wife, what about Mademoiselle?” he said. “There would be no inconvenient father-in-law, for she hasn’t an idea who her father was—and no sisters or brothers-in-law to take into the family. And she would at least look all right, if one could only tone down her dress a bit—and she’d keep one alive.”

“Ivanitch,” I said, crossly, “I cannot understand your being content to go on year after year wasting yourself in this way.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” he replied. “I wonder how it would do to blame my old father. You see, if he had only been

wise enough to remain a peasant instead of getting absurdly rich through smuggling in gold-dust at the bottom of his tea chests, I should by now probably be the possessor of a nice little *isba*, a stout and exceedingly fruitful wife, and a mother-in-law grievous of feature. I should exhale a wholesome odour of black bread and cabbage soup, and sleep the winter away on the top of my stove, with only a break on Holy days, when probably I should be able to sorape together enough to get drunk on. As it is, you see, those persons whom I might conceivably care to marry would most conceivably decline to marry me; they would see the peasant through the roubles—or they would say they did. And those persons who conceivably might consent to marry me—well, I think I would prefer to remain as I am. You have met our rich merchants' daughters?"

"Yes, but they are not all alike."

"Perhaps not all—there are some who refreshingly throw back to the original peasant. However, I have an idea of going abroad for awhile, possibly to Italy. I am told—it was done very tenderly and by degrees, so as not to frighten me—that another winter in Petersburg will probably kill me, and Stahlberg refuses to see in that a reason why I should stay. So possibly I shall take his advice."

"What does he say is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, he talks learnedly about the results of being an old man's child—you know my father was nearly seventy before he married—no reserve force and that kind of thing. I said 'Phthisis' to him. Poor old man, he got in quite a temper. However, I think we understand one another."

"I hope it's nothing of that kind," I said. But Ivanitch only waved his cigarette.

"You know," he said meditatively, "my father must have been a wonderful old man—wonderfully far-seeing; he bought hundreds of miles of this forest when no one thought it would ever be of much use. Now, there is a fuel famine from Viatka to the Urals, these iron and copper mines have done it, and I am told I must begin to cut, and that a few acres will yield almost the price paid for the whole. But

I don't know; I don't want the money, and why should I kill off the trees?—and it would spoil the shooting. You see, with this forest going in an unbroken line across the Urals lots of bear and elk come down. There's a fine stable of elk that I saved for your coming, and we ringed three more bears last week—all get-at-able from here. To-morrow we must—"

But here a strange thing happened. While we had been speaking Ivanitch had called for a gun, and had sat with it across his knees as we talked. He now suddenly bent forward, raised the gun to his shoulder, and aimed at a low bushy fir tree some fifty yards off. But he did not fire, for on the instant a dreadful cry rang through the woods, and a violent commotion began among the branches, so that the snow which weighed them down was tossed into powder, and as Ivanitch paused and lowered the gun something darted out into the open. On its head was a great ragged fur cap such as is worn by the Northern Tartars; to below its knees hung a tattered sheepskin *shooba* with the fur turned inwards, but so worn away was the outer covering that more than half of the fur hung outside, and was so matted and stained as to look more like fungus than fur. Its feet and lower limbs were swathed round and round with strips of ragged grey material; while in its arms it held a bundle rolled in what appeared to be a piece of raw undressed sheepskin. As it came towards us it drew back a corner of this covering, disclosing a child's head, but of a size greater than I had ever seen on any grown man. Ivanitch and I rose to our feet when, as the figure came up to the fire, it removed its cap, and a mass of heavy black hair fell about its shoulders.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" asked Ivanitch, going round to it. The great hollow eyes looked around, pausing for an instant at the men's fire, where the men sat staring with open mouths, before it replied with startling gentleness:

"From Siberia—on foot. I am many months on the journey. I want food for my baby."

Ivanitch took her gently by the arm, and looked into her face.

"You—you are a woman?" he said in a hesitating, questioning way.

"Yes, my God, I am a woman!" she replied, throwing back her hair from her shoulders in a defiant way.

"Of course you shall have food!" he said, placing a stool for her at the side of our fire farthest from that of the men's, and so in a great measure screening her from their gaze.

She appeared to be very faint and weak, though she managed to hold her bundle tightly to her, so Ivanitch brought a bowl of milk and some soup, bringing them from the store himself, and placed them on the red ashes at the edge of the fire.

"I'm afraid your child is ill," he said, gently drawing back the covering from its face. "Give it to me."

She looked for a moment into his face and from his to mine.

"Yes, he is very ill," she answered in a quavering voice, giving the child, for some inscrutable reason, into my arms. It seemed not to be conscious of the change, neither altering its quick short breathing nor the fixed stare of its eyes.

"It looks scarcely human!" whispered Ivanitch, as in my clumsy hands the covering fell apart a little, and showed a tiny, skeleton body attached to the enormous head. Poor little creature! Is it dying?"

"It is dreadfully ill, I fear," I replied, noticing the shiny stretched skin over brow and temples and the deathly whiteness of the grotesque head telling plainly of hydrocephalus. The mother's ears were strained to catch our words, and as she took the child from my arms she said wistfully:—

"He is very, very ill; but he will get better, won't he? He has not always been like this—only about a year, and he is only two years old. But he understands—see, Kola, dear," she held a frond of fir to the child, "a pretty flower!" The tiny hand grasped the frond, but the staring eyes remained fixed on vacancy. She looked at us with piteous eyes, and, resuming her seat, took up the bowl of milk and began to feed the child. But the feeble lips rejected more than they drank; and presently it fell asleep. Whereupon we pressed her to take some food herself.

"A returned exile—escaping!" said Ivanitch, in an undertone to me as we walked a little way apart. "And she is not of the peasants."

I nodded assent, for I had noticed her well-bred way of speaking, though her voice was very weak and husky.

"Her scream just saved her. I had been watching that bush for some time, and in another moment I should have fired. Thank God I did not!"

"Thank God, indeed!" I rejoined.

We agreed that we must keep her until she was recovered somewhat, Ivanitch saying that he would see to it that none of the men got talking when they were sent to the village, so she would be as safe in our camp as anywhere. She could have my room, and I could manage in a corner of the store-room. The only doubt was—would she herself consent to stay.

"You must see to that," said Ivanitch. So while he went over to the hut to prepare the room I returned to the fire. She was sitting with her eyes fixed on the blaze, the child still asleep on her knee, and the soup apparently untouched.

"Do you know what is the matter with him?" she asked, looking down at the child.

"Well—you know, of course, that he is very seriously ill," I replied.

"Yes—yes—but he will get better, won't he?" she pleaded.

"I hope so, but he needs the very greatest care; another day of cold and hunger in the woods would almost certainly be fatal."

"Oh, Kola, Kola, my little Kola, what am I to do?" she moaned.

"You are to stay here until you and he are stronger."

"I dare not!"

"Yes you dare. You will be quite safe here for awhile. We are your friends, and may be able to help you further."

She looked up quickly. "You—you know what I am?"

"Yes."

"Yes!—an escaped convict—that is what I am!" she said quietly. After this she remained silent; indeed, she seemed too utterly exhausted to speak. So I went across to the hut.

The room looked bright and warm; a

lamp was lighted and a curtain drawn across the tiny window, the camp-bed was spread with furs, and the small iron stove was in a glow, while on a table in one corner stood a bowl of milk and some eatables.

Ivanitch brought her in. She seemed dazed, I thought, as she looked around her, and did not speak. So, after urging her to eat, we left her.

Before daylight next morning I was awakened by Ivanitch shaking me, and I saw by the light of the candle he carried that he was dressed for a journey. Placing the candle on a box, he sat down and lighted a cigarette.

"Don't disturb yourself," he said. "I only wakened you to say I am going to Viatka. I have been thinking over this business"—he nodded toward where our guest was—"and really, you know, we must see what can be done for that child. I have written to a doctor fellow I know in Moscow to come at once—he'll be glad of the work. I've told him the business—a child I am interested in, and also what you say is the matter with it, so he will come prepared. We mustn't use the telegraph, but by posting a letter in Viatka there will not be much delay. I thought of sending one of the men—only, you see—don't you think we ought to get her some clothes? Though—really now—what ought we to get?"

The question was hardly an easy one; but I replied, after a moment's thought, that whatever was got must be of the very simplest, and that in any woman's shop they would know.

"Yes, I suppose so; I will say I want a simple outfit suitable for a woman going abroad."

"My dear Ivanitch, you must do nothing of the sort," I exclaimed. "They would simply give you dozens of everything—they'd fill trunks full! Get them to give you one of everything—or at most two—then when she is fit to go we can get a peasant's dress for her in the village. She'll be safer in that than anything."

"I will manage somehow," he said, throwing away his cigarette. "Expect me back about mid-day to-morrow." And shortly afterwards I heard his sledge crunch away over the snow.

All that day she did not appear. About

mid-day I tapped at her door and asked if she wanted anything. She answered that she had all she needed; she had rested well, and her baby seemed better, and was asleep.

Not caring to leave the camp, I spent the afternoon in reading and chatting with the men; and a little after nightfall again enquired if I could bring her anything. She opened the door, but stood well back, holding the door in her hand so that in the darkness I could only just make out her figure. Perhaps she was ashamed of her rags. She thanked me in a much clearer voice. She would be grateful for some milk; her baby was still sleeping.

At noon the following day Ivanitch returned; and that night, as we were smoking by the fire, we heard her door open, and saw her coming towards us—a slender, graceful figure, looking much taller in her changed attire. Ivanitch had added a black lambskin cloak and cap to the other things he had got. These she now wore, but in a way that made them look more beautiful than the richest sables. With quiet dignity and grateful look she held out a hand to each of us as we rose to greet her, and, moving a stool further from the fire, sat down.

We hoped she and her child were better for the two days' rest. She was much better, she said; almost well and strong again, and her baby was better—he was asleep, but she had left the door open so that she might hear him if he awoke.

There are some women who give one the idea of their having just left their bath-rooms. She was one of these. Her hair was done up in a thick coil upon her neck, and though her face—which we saw was beautiful—was pale, it gave, as indeed did her whole person, that suggestion of fresh air which some women carry with them into old age. Her present appearance sadly accentuated the woefulness of her previous rags. Clapping her hands upon her lap, she said:—

"You have been very good to me; it is right you should know who I am."

Ivanitch begged her to tell us nothing save what she herself desired to tell. Thanking him, she said her story was only too common a one, adding, with a bow to me, that this would not be the first time

that Poland had told her wrongs to English ears. Her husband was Prince Vladimir Obyeslaus. Ivanitch said he had heard the name. "Then, perhaps, you remember the trial?" she asked, immediately adding, "Though how could you!—there was no trial, save a burlesque of one!" They had lived in Lublin, and out of his slender income her husband had given, for him, large sums to support a newspaper, published abroad but secretly circulated in Poland, which had for its object the keeping alive of the spirit of Polish independence. Six years ago the Russian General Boolakyeff was shot in the street immediately opposite their residence. Their house was searched, and a pile of the newspapers found containing an article dealing with the misdeeds of this same General. They were arrested—he charged with the murder, she with being his accomplice—and in a few months were on their way to Siberia, under a life sentence. To her husband this meant little, for he died before their first year was out, after which she was removed to a small prison in the North. At this point she became much agitated, pausing with bent head for a moment, and then saying in a low shivering voice:—

"I said prison—it was not only prison—it was Hell. It was from there I escaped."

We begged her to say no more, as we saw how it was distressing her. Indeed, she appeared not to have the strength for more, for in spite of her previous words she was visibly very weak.

"I must go on my way to-morrow," she said as she bid us good-night.

But the following day Ivanitch told her what had been done about the doctor, saying that, as it would be ten or eleven days before he could be there, he hoped she would wait and make herself as comfortable as our simple conveniences would allow. She was very grateful, and seemed to be hopeful that the doctor would be able to cure her child.

But he never came. I learned afterwards that he had gone to Batoum, and never received the letter; which was just as well, for three days later the child died.

We were sitting at tea, and something having gone wrong with the samovar—

the flying smuts soiling her hands—Ivanitch laughingly proposed to extemporise a wash-basin. He formed a little pillar of snow, hallowed out the top, and sprinkled the whole with water, which, freezing immediately, formed a firm and glistening pedestal. It was a beautiful picture!—she splashing her hands and wrists in the crystal bowl, while the fire-light played upon her graceful figure with its background of snowy pines. Suddenly, with a startled air, she stopped and listened, and then hurried over to the hut. Immediately after we heard her cry out, and hastily following found her kneeling by the bed with her arms about the child, who was struggling in convulsions. Within an hour the twisted little lips had gurgled its feeble life away.

She made no moan or cry, but kept taking the little body from the bed and holding it to her as if to coax it to life again.

Having done all that could then be done, and thinking that she would be best alone, we were about to leave her, when she stopped us, speaking with dry lips.

"You do not know," she said. "I have been very cruel to him—I hated him, he was terrible to me—at first. I could not look at him, nor bear him near me, so that they gave him to another woman to nurse. And one day I heard he was ill. I found him on a rug in a cold room with none near him. And I took him—and all was different, all the horror of him was gone; I only loathed myself—for I was his own mother, and he was my Kola—and my love seemed to tear my heart; and he has never left me since. And now—may I be forgiven—oh, may I be forgiven!" She drooped over the child, and we closed the door and left her.

Next day we made a grave in a grove of firs, a very shallow one, as the earth was as iron with the frost, and old Grigori, the forester, made a rough, bark coffin, but when we took it into the room she begged us not to place him in it yet. She wished to hold him to the last, she said.

So she went first, bearing the child in her arms, and Ivanitch and I followed with the coffin, the men following us. She was quite calm, with no trace of tears, but I remember the passionate way in which she pressed her face down into the coffin



WINTER, 1918. GOING TO THE MARKET. (J. H. H. H. H. H.)

before Ivanitch placed it in the ground. I fancy she wept at nights, though I think she soon realized that what had happened was of all things the most merciful.

For some while after this she made no mention of leaving us. I think she could not bring herself to leave the place where her child lay, for sometimes we saw her coming from the fir grove as we returned to camp. As a rule, however, she was waiting to serve us our meals. And we kept regular hours, as we left the big game alone, thinking it safer not to go far from camp, but we found plenty of amusement among the blackcock and capercaillie with an occasional shot at a lynx.

I was constantly turning over in my mind how we might help her, but to all my plans Ivanitch had some objection: this was impossible—that she would object to, and so on. At length he seemed to lose interest in the matter completely. This, as he had before been so eager with plans for her escape, I could not understand, and his manner caused me much annoyance. If, however, Ivanitch lost interest in her, it was not so with the men. Her sweet, simple manner to them won all their hearts. There were clothes to darn, and ragged fur caps to make whole, all of which, and the articles were not of the cleanest, she did in the simplest, most matter-of-course way. And a frost-bitten toe she bathed in vodka, and bound and tended till its wondering, silent owner was well again. They called her the *Barinya*, and many were the simple little attentions which, with shy eyes and uncouth gentleness, they offered her. Of them all, however, old Grigori was foremost. He seemed to look upon her as a child, and his fatherly, patronising manner often caused me amusement. He was for ever making her some little thing or other, and having presented it would step back to watch how she used it, as one might do on giving a child a toy. His great achievement, however, was to make her a chair—we had only stools in the camp. I found him one morning busy sharpening his axe, after which he commenced cutting and splitting and smoothing and planing and mortising and carving—for a Russian does all these things with his axe, and does them well—until, on the next day, he had produced his chair. It was certainly a

little heavy, and needed quite an effort to lift, but when once placed in position it suited her like a throne.

At length I came to know what had come to Ivanitch. One night after she had been singing to us—I remember this because she sang a thing, sad, elusive yet unforgettable, and, I think, of her own composing, to some verses that Ivanitch had written. It is a good many years ago now, and I can call to mind only the following verses—and these lose their beauty in translation:—

“Which are happier—Trees or Men?
Is restlessness known in the woods?
Is the moan of the trees, going out on the breeze,
As the moan from the hearts of men?”

Which are lonelier—Trees or Men?
Is solitude known in the woods?
Does a pitiful zone keep the pine as lone
As the lonely souls of men?”

Well, it was this evening, after she had left us and we were smoking a last pipe, that Ivanitch suddenly said to me:—

“Do you remember our conversation on the day you arrived?”

“I remember, yes; it was about you marrying,” I replied.

“Well, he continued, “it is just possible that you may gain your point. I am going to ask the Princess to be my wife.”

I think, and I have been told, that I am in these matters rather far-seeing, but this came upon me as a surprise and a shock. “Ivanitch,” I said, at length, “I must, of course, believe you to be serious, but do you forget that she is still an escaping convict, and liable to be taken at any time?”

“If she consents to become my wife,” he answered, “she will soon be beyond all fear of that!”

Then I regretfully felt it to be my duty to dissuade him from his purpose, even while thinking that she would not be likely to consent to his proposal. But I saw that he had made up his mind; so resolved was he that he barely troubled to reply to any of my arguments. “I confess,” he said, “that apart from my wealth I have little to offer her; neither birth nor, according to Stalhberg, very robust health—Heavers! I wonder what the world must be like to men who can get up in the morning and eat a beefsteak! She will probably refuse me, but it is the one

possibility of my life. You do not know what this—but I will not talk like a boy, though I feel almost as one."

"At any rate, do nothing immediately," I urged. "She is your guest, and in some measure indebted to you."

"I do not forget that. I wish it could have been otherwise. But it is as it is," he said, going over to one of the dogs who was whimpering as if in pain.

I saw there was trouble looming up for Ivan Ivanitch, and therefore determined to use my most serious argument. So when he returned after making the animal comfortable, I said:

"Ivanitch, there is another matter which I feel bound to mention to you—it is about her child—" but he stopped me.

"I beg you will not proceed," he said. "I know!—I do not believe it!"

It was an inexpressible relief to me to find there was no need to say what I was about to say; and for awhile we both were silent. Then I said:—

"Do you remember once saying that the most delightful thing in the world would be to be in love with one's own wife?"

"And now I see the barest possibility of knowing such a joy," he answered.

I could say no more!

It happened that on the next night she spoke of leaving us. Ivanitch did not speak; while I, knowing what I did, felt somewhat uncomfortable; the thought of her setting out through the woods alone was impossible. So I said that as we ourselves would soon be breaking camp would it not be wiser for her to wait and travel with the men, which, dressed as a peasant, she could do without being noticed, while we, being in touch with her, might be able to assist her further in many ways. But she would not. We had done enough for her already, surely; she was well and strong again and able for the journey; Lublin was a long way off, but there would be friends there to help her. She would, however, be very grateful if we could procure for her a peasant's dress—and she would be glad of a little—a very little—money; if she succeeded she would return it to us. Then Ivanitch rose, and, crossing over to her, placed his hands on the back of her chair.

"Princess," he said, "will you allow me to talk for a moment about myself? I

belong to a sphere in life much below your own. I am, as you may have guessed, rich; I got my wealth from my father, who was a peasant, and who died a peasant. I will ask you to believe me to be sincere when I say I believe my wealth has been little but a misfortune to me, inasmuch as it has allowed me to live an utterly useless life—purposeless and empty, without ambition or hope. If I ever had a high aim it sputtered out without accomplishment—the organism was weak in its environment; that which was easiest I did, content simply to be amused. I will again ask you to believe me sincere in saying that I was not blind to my way of life. I knew it for what it was—as I also know that could I have seen anything worth striving for I would have welcomed it as a means of easing me of it. But I saw nothing. What other men strove for seemed to me only banal and false; so I took my ease. Perhaps I have had my moments of longing to go up to the mountain to pray—but they were only moments—and the best in life was the thought of it ending. Now, I see a possible hope and purpose in front of me. It has grown up in me since your coming here. It has grown with my love for you. Princess, believe me, you alone can make the grace of all my after life—and I come to you as a heathen comes to baptism. Princess, will you be my wife?"

She listened to him patiently, with an occasional tremor of her lips, and once she turned her head and looked him full in the face; and by that look I knew that she loved him.

She motioned me to stay, as I was about to leave them. Then she answered in a low voice, though her words were quite clear and distinct:—

"Have you forgotten what I am? I cannot marry you—I am not fit to be any man's wife." She paused, and drew her cloak more tightly around her, but I knew her hands were clasping themselves wildly beneath it. "I told you my prison was a Hell—my child was the index of my treatment there—his father was my jailor!"

I felt I must hear no more, so without raising my head lest I should be stayed I crept away.

About an hour later I heard her come to her room. And shortly afterwards

Ivanitch opened my door. He groped his way to my bed and sat down.

"Well," I asked huskily.

"She will give me her answer in the morning," he said, speaking out of the darkness. "But she loves me—and shall be my wife. We must get out of Russia, and as well to England as anywhere. She will go as my servant, and you must go with us—better so than with me alone." "Thanks," he said, as I promised. "We will get away from here to-morrow. We can make her up some clothes—and I know where to get a passport. Good-night."

Before I was astir next morning he had got this answer; and by midday all the men, save one who was to drive us, had left with the baggage, and we three sat snatching a hasty meal over the dying fire. She had not changed her attire, otherwise all was in readiness, even to the horses being in the sledge.

I do not like to think that any of the men had been talking in the village, nor do I believe they had; it is more likely that a peasant who brought us some eggs about a week before was the cause of it. However that may be, suddenly, while we were eating, a noise of footsteps sounded quite near, and, from three different points, there came upon us a police-sergeant and his men. Ivanitch sprang from his seat, then slowly sank back again, for resistance was useless. In a moment her hands were manacled, and we sat dazed and helpless.

"Where are you going to take me," I heard her ask. The sergeant said he did not know, *except* that it would be back to the place whence she came.

Then I did a thing for which some people may blame me, but I know that what I did was right. Pointing out to the sergeant that the manacles hurt her wrists, I begged him to remove them until he could get lighter ones. He consented willingly enough, saying it would be only until he handed her over to his superior officer that night, and that he hoped there would be nothing worse than manacles to hurt her. Then as I said farewell to her I slipped my revolver beneath her cloak. She grasped it, and by her eyes I knew that she thanked me.

Ivanitch kissed her on the brow. "Good-bye for awhile," he said calmly.

Then they moved away, she in their midst. Neither of us spoke. Presently I placed my hand on his shoulder, and he raised his eyes to mine and fixed them there, as if waiting for something. As he did so a shot rang through the woods. He sprang to his feet. "Better stay where you are," I cried—but he did not heed, and together we hurried after them. They were bending over her when we came up, but she was quite dead. So they bore her to the village. But at the village they refused us permission to accompany them further; and we could only watch the rough sledge in which they placed her go slowly up the street and pass out of sight.





THE PROCESSION OF THE "KISWEH" AT CAIRO.

A CURIOUS MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL

By E. ALMAZ STOUT

AMONGST the many picturesque ceremonies in connection with the Mohammedan religion there are none more picturesque or more interesting than those to be seen in Cairo shortly before the departure of the Mahmal with the annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Egyptians have many faults of character that make Europeans regard them with suspicion and distrust. They are deceitful, thieving, and cruel to animals; but they are hard-working, simple, devoted to their children, hospitable, courteous, and most deeply sincere in their religion. Their religion is, in fact, the ruling principle in their lives, and their devotions, which are constant and frequent, are a real help and necessity.

"Allah" is to them an all-powerful Deity, but at the same time a personal Father who rules and controls their destinies, and to whom they can turn in times of trouble. Unless their work prevents them, they neglect none of the daily services and hours of prayer their religion enjoins. Moreover, all those who are able, endeavour once in their lives to perform the Great Pilgrimage to the Prophet's tomb at Mecca. All those who succeed in doing this are supposed to be greatly blessed and are certain of a happy Hereafter.

This pilgrimage does not always occur at exactly the same season of the year, for the Mohammedan year is lunar, consisting of twelve months of thirty days each; consequently, the tenth month, the

month of Shawall, in which the festival that precedes the pilgrimage takes place, occurs sometimes in the summer, and some year; later, in the winter. [In the year 1904 that has just passed—1322 of the Mohammedan Calendar—Shawall commenced on December 9th.] The

A few days later any visitor to Cairo will find the streets and bazaars thronged and crowded with excited spectators, all eager to see the first ceremonies in connection with the setting forth of the Great Pilgrimage, of which the principal feature is the blessing of the "Kisweh," or, as



THE "MAHMAL."

THE NEW COVERING FOR THE PROPHET'S TOMB IS CONVEYED
ANNUALLY FROM CAIRO TO MECCA.

preceding month of Ramadan is the great fast month of the year, and at its expiration the followers of the Prophet are ready for any amount of feasting and gaiety, and during the first three days of the month following the Fast the Lesser Festival is kept with great rejoicings.

it is wrongly called, "The Holy Carpet," with the "Mahmal."

The first step is the carrying of the various portions of the "Kisweh" from the Citadel to the Mosque of the Hasanen. The Kisweh is the covering for the "Kaabah" or tomb of the Prophet at

Mecca, which is a rectangular building, thirty feet in height, length, and width. The Kisweh consists of four pieces of black brocade on which are embroidered in black silk passages from the Koran, and over this again inscriptions are richly worked in gold thread.

Besides the four pieces, which form the four sides of the covering, is a handsome "veil" similarly worked in black and gold, but lined with green silk, which is to cover the door of the sacred tomb, and four long narrow pieces of the same black and gold brocade, which are to form the band at the top of the sumptuous covering. These various pieces of richly worked silk, whose manufacture costs an enormous sum, are carried with great pomp through the streets, from the Citadel, where the

start in the celebrated Procession of the Mahmal.

The Mahmal itself is a square framework of wood, with a pyramid-shaped top; and is covered in black brocade richly worked in gold. The top is adorned with five

balls of gilt silver, with similar crescents, while attached externally to the top are two copies of the Koran — one on a scroll, the other in book form — in a silver-gilt case.

The origin of the despatch of the Mahmal with the Great Caravan dates back to the Year of the Flight 670 in the Mohammedan Calendar (1272 A.D. in ours), when one of the Sultans, Ez Zahin Beybars, made the pilgrimage to Mecca in great state on camel-back, under the shelter of a canopy called the "Mahmal," which served



PROCESSION OF THE MAHMAL THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

Khedive has already blessed them, to the Mosque of Hasanen. There they are stitched together, and again blessed by the Khedive in a ceremony of rich and poetic ritual. Then the whole completed covering is brought out ready to

tion from the sun. Succeeding Sultans and Khedives made the pilgrimage in the same manner until recent years. Now the Khedive simply sends the Mahmal as an emblem of royalty, and places in it the Kisweh after he has blessed it in view

of thousands of devout and adoring pilgrims.

On the 27th of the tenth month, then, the Great Pilgrimage commences. The sight is one of the most picturesque that even picturesque Egypt has to show. The narrow streets are thronged, and every window and doorway of every house and bazaar are crowded with the true believers and with visitors, anxious to see the Holy, doubly blessed "Carpet." The procession includes the hundreds of pilgrims who are bound for the Prophet's Tomb, camels, and not least, the Mahmal itself, escorted by soldiers and shouting, screaming fanatics and children. The procession winds in and out of the narrow, dirty streets, till the plain to the north-east of the city, called Haswa (pebbly), is reached, where a halt of a few days is made for the stragglers of the pilgrimage to come up. Then the great thirty-seven days' march across the sandy desert commences.

Many that go never return. The hard-

ships of the desert, the burning sun, the fastings, the lack of water, do their work, and many a one falls by the wayside, even on the journey to the Sacred Tomb.

When the pilgrimage reaches Mecca, the old Kisweh, worn-out, ragged, and shabby from exposure to the weather, is removed, and the gorgeous new one put on in its stead. The old one is cut and torn up in little fragments and sold or given away as relics and as charms against all evil. These little pieces of dirty but sacred silk are highly prized and valued, and are often worn as amulets and as protection against the Evil Eye.

The pilgrimage takes a considerable time, as it is not till towards the end of the second month (Safar) that all Cairo turns out to witness the return of the Mahmal. Those who return well and strong are greeted with joy and reverence, and are presented with gifts of food and clothing.



THE DESERT AND THE GREAT PYRAMIDS.

A DEPUTATION FROM THE EAST

By KENRICK BELLAMY

THE night was hot, so hot, that in spite of my twenty-five years' experience of Indian heat, I can safely state that I have never before been in such a deplorably limp condition.

The air was thick with a clammy warmth, and to open window and door seemed to aggravate rather than to improve matters.

I walked until I became dizzy, and then lay on my bed, in the hope of courting a sensation of restfulness, but I seemed to be waging a warfare with all the powers of darkness, and I could for the first time in my life feel sympathy with that feminine malady known as hysteria.

I was lying inert, when suddenly in front of me I heard the crackling of paper.

I cautiously put out a hand, but felt nothing. Then followed another rustle, as of paper being folded.

Springing up, I switched on the electric light. There was no paper visible, and I was just commencing to anathematise myself for a fanciful idiot, when once more I heard the sound, and this time it was more clear and crisp than it had been formerly: a distinct smell of printer's ink rose to my nostrils, and a sensation overcame me that a freshly printed and folded newspaper was being held for me to look at.

Angry and irritated, I got up and rushed to the bottle, and drank a glassful of water.

"I ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered," I exclaimed, aloud; but the words which began in a blustering tone ended in jerks as my teeth chattered, and my whole body shook, as with ague.

I crawled to my bed, and tucking the counterpane around me, turned off the light, and resolutely closed my eyes.

Merciful Heavens! Was I deranged? The inside of my eyelids seemed converted into a newspaper—the title, date, and print were perfectly clear.

A cold sweat seized me as I opened my eyes widely, with the intention of thrusting the lids beyond the range of the eye; but there, in front of me still, was the newspaper.

As hastily as my insane fear had arisen

so it disappeared, leaving me perfectly calm.

There was no doubt but that the paper was visible. What, then, was the object of its appearance? And as my brain slowly evolved these ideas, my aching eyes fell upon an advertisement in the personal column: and the fore-finger of a strong, sunburnt hand, the sight of which struck a chord of memory, deliberately pointed to the following words: "B.Y.D.—The fruit is ripe. We will gather on the 25th. Same orchard. Between 16 and 18 cases. As soon after 12 as may be cool."

The name of the paper stood out in bold relief. *The Mailed News*, and the letters of the date seemed to appear singly like an illuminated advertisement: "Tuesday, July 22nd," and then gradually the hand and the paper vanished.

Mechanically I rose, switched on the light once more, got my memorandum book, and jotted down the words as I had seen them; returned to bed, and went straight off into a dreamless sleep, from which my man had great difficulty in awakening me the next morning.

I looked on a new world; heavy rain had fallen; a refreshing breeze was blowing across the park. I was ten minutes late in rising, and as long routine had made me a slave to punctuality, I wasted no time over my toilet, and my tub was well over before I remembered the incidents of the night.

I must confess that when they returned to my mind I experienced a distinctly unpleasant sensation, but it was of momentary duration only, and when I had looked at the copy of the words I felt inclined to ridicule the whole thing.

"Pshaw! it's nothing but a greengrocer's advertisement," I exclaimed, and hurried in to my breakfast, devoutly thankful that no one else knew of my credulity.

I felt tempted to swerve from my usual rule of not looking at the paper until the marmalade stage of my meal had commenced, but the force of habit proved superior to the inclination. But when I did open the *Mailed News*, dated July

22nd, I found I was not quite restored to my normal condition of mind, for there was a perceptible hesitation before I let myself glance at the personal column; and the next moment, with a heavy smothered oath, I crushed the paper in my hands.

"B.Y.D.," and so on, word for word as I had seen it in the night.

"It's the heat; I must have been struck," I murmured, as I hastily

poured out a cup of coffee, and added a strong dose of cognac.

The spirit made me feel aggressive, and I savagely straightened out the offending paper, and once more perused those delphic words.



With a smothered oath I crushed the paper in my hands.

"What fool's trick can this be?"

But the more I wondered the more perplexed I became, and it was in anything but an amiable frame of mind that I went out and strolled into my club.

From the nature of the various greetings I received it was evident that my face was not wearing the expressionless mask which it ought to have done—which fact served to heighten my irritation.

"Ah, I am afraid Freddie's been badly hit," murmured that infernal idiot Blagson.

"And I know who will be next," I retorted angrily; and sank moodily into a chair and buried myself in the first magazine that came to hand, as a delicate hint that I wished to be left to my own devices. But fortunately the hint was thrown away upon a man who came into the room a short time afterwards, for without any preface the book was suddenly taken out of my hands.

"I shall not apologise," a hearty voice exclaimed, "for as your literature was upside down, you were evidently 'browsing on the pastures of your imagination.'"

"Yes, like a noodle in a novelette."

"Exactly," said Danvers, with a laugh.

I was delighted to see my old friend, and I further displayed my unstrung condition

by wringing his hand effusively and beaming at him in a manner which went far to justify Blagson's loud aside, "Oh, I say, Freddie's going to cry."

"Let's get out of this," I said.

"By all means," replied Danvers. "we will lunch elsewhere."

It was five years since we had met. He had been my closest friend in India, and had stood by me in several instances when native indignation had made outside help of great value; and my respect and affection for him were very deeply rooted.

"You are off colour somewhat, my boy," he remarked, as during our chat I agreed in an absent manner to a suggestion which I ought to have flouted with scorn.

"I am," I answered, "and I will tell you why." And forthwith I launched into a detailed account of my grievance.

At the conclusion I looked at Major Danvers, expecting, in fact almost hoping, to find him intensely amused; but my heart sank when I saw how very grave he looked.

"I don't like it, Burrows," he observed, as he lit a cigar. "I am not superstitious in the accepted sense of the term, but I have had cogent reason for believing that there are occasions on which one's friends who are no longer in the body have been permitted to warn us of threatened danger."

"Bring me to-day's *Mailed News*," he ordered a waiter.

For some minutes he looked attentively at the advertisement, and then took a copy of the words. "I will study it later on," he said; "but now I must be off; I'm due at Pontifere's at three, and dine with Lucy. But I will come round between nine and ten, and we will try to break the back of this enigma."

I got through the remainder of the day somehow, but the hours seemed interminable.

I could not accept any invitation to dinner, for my physician had put me on a very strict diet, and had declared that if I went in for gaieties of any description I should more likely than not have a return of the gastric fever of two years ago, from the effects of which I was still suffering. It therefore behoved me to partake of nursery food, and sparingly of that, and to go to bed early like a good boy.

Shortly before ten o'clock my man appeared at the door with a livid face, and in a husky voice told me that Major Danvers wished to see me. I looked beyond, but could not see my friend. "Where is he?" I demanded.

"On the mat, Sir," stammered Watts.

"The dickens he is! are you mad?" I thundered.

Watts vanished precipitately and the Major appeared.

"What on earth—?" I began; but as the door closed behind him Danvers raised his hand warningly, and said in a loud voice, "So sorry you couldn't turn up for

dinner, I heard you had an invitation; it's hard luck on you having to bant like this."

Taking his cue, I talked disjointedly about everything and nothing, and some five minutes later the Major quietly went across the room and opened the door.

"I was looking for air, but I did not expect to find it in the shape of mineral waters," he remarked, as Watts with difficulty recovered his balance and entered the room bearing a bottle of Sohweppes.

This he placed shamefacedly on the table and vanished, closing the door behind him.

"With your permission, Burrows, we will have that door wide open," said the Major curtly.

It was opened wide, and Watts withdrew, to return almost immediately to ask whether I should require anything more, as he felt ill, and wanted to go to a chemist's for some medicine.

I gave the required permission, and after allowing him a reasonable time to leave the house, I turned to Danvers.

"Is this an additional mystery?" I asked.

"Burrows," was the reply, "I didn't like what you told me to-day, and I still less like the complexion of affairs now. When the maid opened the door Watts was crossing the hall; the maid delivered me into his hands and disappeared; the moment his eyes fell on me he fairly went to pieces and fled, barely giving me time to ask for you. Now I have seen that man before, and under very unfavourable circumstances, but for the life of me I can't remember where, when, or how."

"Was it in a court-martial?" I suggested. But Danvers shook his head, while he paced the room, thinking deeply.

"It beats me," he said at last, "but it will come back suddenly; I never forget a face, although it is not always easy to recall its environments."

"Now, Burrows, let us put our wits to work, and find the meaning of these apparently simple words; but let me warn you, keep your eyes on Watts; how long have you had him, by the way?"

"He came last Christmas."

"H'm; satisfactory?"

"Most exemplary—perfect, in fact."

"That's suspicious in itself; but we will leave him for the present. I had a clear

hour before dinner, and in my own mind I have formed a solution to the problem. I will write it down."

"'B.Y.D.'—Can't make out.

"'The fruit is ripe.'—The time has come.

"'We will gather on the 25th.'—We will either rob or kill on the 25th.

"'Same orchard.'—Orchard Street.

"'Between sixteen and eighteen cases.'—No. 17.

"'As soon after twelve as may be cool.'—As soon as it is safe after midnight. Which, to my mind, indicates that either a robbery or a murder is arranged to take place at Orchard Street on the 25th of this month, as soon as it is possible after midnight.

"Now, as this is No. 17, Orchard Street, I am very much afraid that you are the object of this infernal plot; but it strikes me it will be a case of the thieves being caught in their own trap." And the Major's eyes gleamed fiercely.

By this time I had come to the same conclusion, and had quite given up the idea of its merely being a coincidence; and my former shrinking from the occult element was now merged into righteous indignation against the invaders of my peace.

"I incline to the burglary theory," argued Danvers. "You have some valuable property, are not entertaining now, have only women servants, with the exception of Watts, and the fact of your ill-health necessitating early hours is probably known; here, methinks, the worthy Watts comes in."

"By jove, old man, we'll give the beggars a peppering which they won't forget."

"Do you give me permission to lead this campaign?" and Danvers rubbed his hands and began to look cheerful.

"I suppose I must," I said grumblingly, "the least excitement makes me shake like a leaf. But give me a look in. Remember I'm the hero of the piece."

"In the first place I shall get someone to help us; Blagson would come in handy in case of a fray."

"Blagson's an ass," I interrupted, mindful of my wounded dignity.

"Blagson has the muscle of a giant," continued Danvers, "and with an able-bodied constable, I think—yes, I think any

intruders will have a particularly choice reception.

"We have two clear days before us, and then for a rout. Lady Vane's ball pales in comparison, though I hear the prettiest women in town are to be present—in fact, there's no reason why some of us shouldn't look in after we have had our own little special canter."

So completely did Danvers take the whole management out of my hands, that on the afternoon of the 25th I knew no more, if so much, of the arrangements as Blagson, who grinned at me in the club in a manner which may not have been intentionally offensive, but which offended me exceedingly.

"I suppose you look upon me as a white-livered cur who can't protect his own kennel," I exclaimed savagely.

"Good heavens, Burrows!" and the expression of amazement, mingled with undoubted regret, at my attitude, which came into his honest eyes, made me feel very much ashamed of my peevishness.

"Oh, it's all right," I said, "you must forgive my irritability; but wait until India's played the deuce with your constitution, and then you'll understand."

"If India gives me as much glory as it has done you, it may do what it likes with my constitution, and be hanged to it," said Blagson warmly.

From that moment I altered my former opinion of Blagson's intelligence.

Danvers had not been visible all day, and I was nettled at the little confidence he bestowed upon me.

"I suppose I musn't ask you any questions," said Blagson, "Danvers made it pretty evident that you and he were to be taken entirely on trust."

Whereupon I felt more resigned; it was certainly very decent of Danvers to have given the idea that I knew all his plans.

"I've not got my marching orders yet," added Blagson, "and I'm simply bursting to know how the thing's going to be worked."

Under these circumstances I thought my most dignified course would be to retire before Danvers arrived to issue his commands; he would know that if I were not at the club I should be at home.

Therefore to No. 17 I repaired, and worried through the time until eight

o'clock. I commenced my dinner, but when neither Danvers nor any message came, I was seized with some misgivings. It might be that something had happened to him, and that in the end I should be alone at the mercy of a gang of ruffians.

But, in the midst of my surmising, a maid brought in a note; I detected a look in Watts's eyes which assured me that had he not been waiting at table, and it had fallen into his hands first, I should not have received that note intact, and an undefined instinct caused me to postpone opening it until he had left the room.

But I had barely time to break the seal and place an enclosed small note marked "destroy" in my pocket before he was back again.

As soon as I was left alone with my dessert I furtively took out the small missive:—"Destroy this immediately you have read it; leave the other on the table, and give Watts an opportunity of reading it. About nine o'clock he will have a telegram calling him to Victoria. Be fussy when he asks permission to go. Five minutes after he is out of the house tell the servants you will not require anything more to-night, and that you will let Watts in when he returns. Five minutes after that, open the hall door quietly and let me in."

My spirits rose: this looked like business. Throwing the letter carelessly on my writing table I sauntered into the billiard room, and began to knock the balls aimlessly about.

Two minutes to nine—my heart began to beat anticipatorily; the fray was about to commence, and when, almost immediately, a subservient cough made itself heard at my right hand, I nearly dropped the cue.

"Confound you!" I exclaimed angrily; "what do you mean by sneaking into my presence like this?" Watts murmured something in a deprecatory tone.

"What do you want?" I asked curtly.

He turned his toes inwards, his elbows outwards, and gave an upward squirm.

"I am just in receipt of a telegram, Sir, announcing the expected death of a dear relative of mine," and he sniffed damply.

"Well? I fail to see how the matter concerns me."

"I thought, perhaps, Sir, seeing how you are alone to-night, you might be able to spare me to go and see my aged relative."

And here Watts described circles with his feet.

"Indeed; then I fear you will be disappointed. My sympathy or congratulation on the expected demise you are welcome to, but I certainly shall not give my permission to your being absent this evening; there may be several things I shall require doing; and I am surprised that you should make such a request." I turned to the table again. Once more that obsequious cough.

"Great Scott! man, haven't you gone yet? For heaven's sake don't stand wheezing in my ear in this fashion; what is it now?"

"If you please, Sir," with a more worm-like wriggle than before, "I should take it as a great favour if——"

I took out my watch. "Look here," I said sternly, "I give you two seconds in which to get out of this room, and an hour in which to go and help to hasten your precious relative's end, but if you are not back by 10.30 you may remain away altogether."

With a murmured "Thank you, Sir," Watts withdrew, but as he went out of the room I caught an expression on his face which caused me to sink limply on the nearest lounge. That look betokened pity, and pity spelled murder. Yes, I felt convinced of it. In my way I had been a good master to him, and at the last moment the Judas felt momentary regret, if not compunction.

The prospect of your house being burgled does not momentarily tighten your heart-strings, but the idea of being murdered in cold blood might be productive of that sensation.

Anyhow, I was not at all sorry to think that in a few minutes I should have allies with me.

Ringing the bell lustily, I curtly gave my orders to the maid who answered my summons.

How the next five minutes dragged! I am ashamed to confess that I spent the last two on the mat.

Just as my hand was on the latch a hoarse whisper came through the letter-box: "Get back, I say, get back." I had not waited to be told. I was three yards from the door before the voice stopped; and in my den before there came a loud peal at the bell.

Major Danvers and Mr. Blagson were announced.

"Hope we're not disturbing you, old man, but we have ten minutes to spare on our way to the Bibs', so did you the honour of wasting it on you."

"That's right, Blagson, tune up," as that individual sat down at the piano and rattled off a few bars of a noisy galop.

Danvers came over to me and began to speak quietly under cover of Blagson's music.

"We must get out of here again directly," he said, "and come in some other way; the house is being watched. Have you a back door?"

"I don't know," I answered vaguely. "I suppose there must be—yes, there is," as memory rushed to my aid, "but you'll have the dickens of a job to find it; it's round by the mews; you turn to the left off this street, cut across the mews at the top, and it's exactly in the middle—the only door, studded with nails."

"Well, we must get in that way, then—you've got the key. I suppose?"

"I've no such thing, and what's more, I haven't the faintest idea where it is."

"You must get it by some means," said Danvers decisively. "and, remember, every minute is of consequence."

"But how am I going to get downstairs." I objected; "the servants will be all over the place; they can't possibly have gone to bed yet."

"How, I leave to you," interrupted Danvers. "Shut up, Blagson, and come along." And before I had recovered from my bewilderment I was seeing them off at the door and bidding them a noisy goodnight.

"Bye-bye, chappie; see you to-morrow," and the two went off, roaring loudly as at some private joke.

I had just time to catch sight of a dark figure dodge back into the shadow of the doorway of an untenanted house opposite before I withdrew into the comparative safety of my own hall.

How was I to get that key! I went stealthily to the back of the house with the hope of hearing sounds which would give me an idea as to how the land lay.

I could hardly credit my good fortune when I heard footsteps going up the servants' staircase. I counted—yes, there *must be* quite five people going up from

the amount of noise; and as soon as they were well out of ear-shot I boldly walked along the passage to the servants' hall, when I was brought to a dead stop by observing a brilliant light through the glass doors.

But it suddenly occurred to me that it was left for Watts's benefit; and, in spite of my internal excitement, I made a mental comment on the gross extravagance of servants.

I went forward again and opened the door, to confront an elderly female, who rose from the chair at the sight of me.

To this day I do not know the position that woman held in my household; but as I looked into her surprised face the ghost of my old diplomatic talent rose from its grave of disuse, and I smiled grimly as I considered the material whereon I was going to expend it.

"This is most fortunate," I remarked suavely. "I feared you had all gone to bed, and I am particularly anxious to find some odd keys, as I want to fit an old-fashioned lock of a cabinet. Can you find me some?"

"Yes, Sir, there's several about, leastways there was one day this week," and she commenced hunting round in an embarrassed and slipshod manner.

"What is that key hanging amongst those jugs?" I asked.

The woman took it down and gave it to me. "That's the key of the outside gate at the back, Sir."

"But, my good woman, it's broken," I exclaimed testily. "You've made a mistake; it would be no good for my purpose, neither would it be for the back door. It must be replaced; I cannot have a door on my premises which will not lock."

"I know as it's the key, Sir," doggedly repeated this domestic anomaly, looking at it with eyes round with amazement. "I used it myself to-night."

"Then it has been broken since," I exclaimed, with forced irritation. "I will settle this matter for myself; how do you get to that gate?"

The woman opened a back door, and said, "It was up them steps."

"On second thoughts I shall want my knife, fetch it me out of the library—and don't come back without it," I said sternly.



I caught an expression on his face which caused me to sink limply on the nearest lounge.

She fled: and in a trice I had the gate open.

Both the men were in waiting, and Danvers was in the act of slipping through when his arm was roughly seized.

"Oh, no, you don't, my beauty," said a deep voice; a huge form towered above Danvers, and, in spite of the latter's six-feet, seemed to dwarf him.

"What the ——" began Danvers, as his hat fell off.

"On my word, Sir, I humbly beg your pardon."

"It's the constable," shrieked Blagson, in delight.

"Ssh!" I implored, "and make haste—we've got to get back to the house in less than a minute."

Without another word all three followed me, and I got them safely into the darkened billiard room without making a sound or meeting a person.

I retraced my steps as I had come, and then, walking rather ostentatiously, I entered the library.

"Haven't you found that knife yet?" I asked languidly.

"No, Sir," and my tone evidently gave the woman a certain amount of relief.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," I said magnanimously; "I will not bother about it to-night; but you might let me have several keys to look at to-morrow; I will see that you have a new one for the back gate."

I was alone before my sentence was finished.

I hurried to the billiard room, and after taking the precaution to lock the door, I turned on the light.

Danvers and the constable were in the midst of an explanation; it appeared that the latter had discovered that the front of the house was being watched, and was lurking about at the back, hoping to find some means of making an entry that way, when he found there were two more people playing at the same game: with the above result.

"Now, we won't waste time, we must be settled before Watts returns," said our general. "My idea is that we shall remain on the same floor. Remember, we are on the defensive, and until I give you the word, we must all lie low."

We went into the dining-room, and each had a strong decoction of brandy.

And then Danvers placed himself and his men.

Blagson in an alcove in the billiard room; the constable in the coat cupboard and Danvers in the conservatory which connected the dining and billiard rooms.

"Of course, you won't go to bed," said Danvers, "but tell Watts you intend staying up until the morning; nervous headache, writing—anything to prevent arousing his suspicion."

"Sit in the library with the door open, and take the key out; if you are attacked suddenly, ring this" (placing a small alarm bell on the table), "and I will rush in."

"Unless anything turns up in your neigh-

bourhood, Blagson, and you, constable, don't move out until I call."

It was barely 10.30 when I heard Watts's knock. I looked at my watch as I opened the door: "Your day of grace was nearly over," I remarked.

When the tray containing my last refreshment for the present twenty-four hours had been brought in, I told Watts he could go to bed, that I should probably be sitting up until two or three o'clock, as I had some important writing to do.

To my surprise, I saw a gleam of relief in the man's eyes as he withdrew.

At eleven o'clock I turned the light off and sat in the pulsating darkness, my hand upon the bell.

What was that sound? And my whole body stiffened with the tension of listening, and as a whiff of air met my face I was sure that the library door had been opened wide and closed quickly.

A horrible fear lest I should be stabbed in the dark nearly overcame me, and it was with difficulty that I refrained from either ringing violently for help or rushing out of the room. Fortunately I did neither; but when suddenly a clammy hand touched mine as it lay on the bell, I sprang up and demanded loudly, "Who's there?"

"Please, Sir, it's me—Watts."

"Watts! And in the name of all that's wonderful, what are you doing here, and doing it in this manner for? Turn on the light."

"Not the light, Sir," and I could detect perceptible terror in the man's voice, although he spoke only in a husky whisper.

"It's a case of murder, Sir; it's Gumna Simri and his two brothers. They swore they'd knife me if I didn't play into their hands, and at first I did, more shame to me; but I couldn't stand it no longer, and I've come to warn you; and to ask you to fly for your life; there's a good half-hour before they attack, and you could get out by the back gate."

"How were they going to get in, Watts?"

There was a dead silence, and I repeated my question.

Between a muttered groan and an imprecation Watts confessed that he was going to open the door.

"Well," I said evenly, "I shall not leave the house, and you have my full permission to open the door."

"To what, Sir?" gasped the man.

I reiterated my words.

"Oh, Sir, won't you believe in me yet?" he begged, with something like a sob in his throat; "I would rather be knifed a hundred times than go back on you now."

"Can they get in by themselves?" I inquired.

"Almost sure to, Sir; they can do anything they sets their minds to"—and he shuddered reminiscently, for he had known these men and their habits in India.

"Even so," I replied; "I shall remain in the house. You had better make good your escape while you have the chance." For I wanted to be very sure of how much I might rely upon him.

In spite of the darkness I knew that Watts drew himself up squarely, as he replied:

"Whatever you do, Sir, begging your pardon, I shall do; if you stay and fight, I shall fight, too."

"Give me your hand, Watts," I exclaimed. There was a perceptible hesitation

"I couldn't, Sir, after——"

"Give me your hand."

And this time the same clammy fist was placed inside my hand.

"It won't be quite such a tough job as you apparently anticipate," I said, "for, as it happens, I am well prepared. Major Danvers, Mr. Blagson, and a constable are in waiting, prepared to receive the Indian deputation with due ceremony."

I would have given much to have seen the expression of Watts's face; judging from that of his thoughts which escaped his lips, it would probably have been worth observing.

"Stay where you are," I said, "while I go and speak to the Major."

Danvers and the others came out of their hiding-places into the hall, where we held a small council of war.

Danvers did not seem very well pleased that his own elaborate preparations (which, by the way, were never disclosed to us in their fulness) should have been frustrated. Nevertheless the plan which we speedily decided to follow would be superior from a spectacular point of view, for we should in this case have the benefit of the light, which was to be turned on immediately Watts had opened the door for this was

to be done in order to let the Indians think they were to have smooth sailing.

"I'd like to put a bullet through the brains of that ill-conditioned skunk as soon as he has opened it," said Blagson.

With one voice Danvers and I remonstrated, and Blagson admitted that his wish had been an unworthy one. The man had done his best to repair his previous shortcomings, and, as Danvers said, "Wait until you know the Indian half-breeds—their devilish ways are equal to turning a naturally timid man into an abject craven."

"How many handcuffs have you?" I asked the constable.

"A couple, Sir, by pure luck; but rope will do to make up with."

I told him where he would find plenty, and then Watts was called out, and the four of us stationed ourselves in the hall.

The signal was to be a low whistle from outside, upon hearing which Watts was to open the door, and retire to the back of the hall, where we should be formed in a semi-circle facing the incomers.

Danvers would stand by the light, and switch it on as soon as the door was closed.

"If you please, Sir, is it bound to be me as opens the door? It would seem like—like ——"

"Not at all necessary," I interrupted, appreciating the man's feelings. "I will do it myself; it will add to the humour of the thing afterwards." And so it was settled. The word I had to whisper to the man who would enter first, was *Sabbir*, as a sign that all was right.

There still remained twenty minutes before we need expect our visitors, and my mind wandered back to the scenes conjured up by the name of Gumna Simri.

Eight years ago, Dick Simons, the friend of my boyhood, who had grown up to be the friend of my manhood, and dearer to me than all else, had been foully murdered in India. After months of delay his murderer was traced, and I had the pleasure of sentencing him to death. Broken down by the loss of my friend, by public work, and ill-health, I had returned to England, paying no attention to the numerous threats of vengeance I had received from the three brothers of the condemned man.

And now, here was Gumna Simri in the flesh, seeking revenge for the death of his brother; and his plot was rendered useless

by the warning of the man who had been murdered; for in a flash I now recognised that the warning hand had belonged to Dick Simons. And in the darkness I pondered.

My meditations were interrupted by a stifled yawn from my next neighbour, followed immediately by a low whistle from the street. Silently I opened the door. The peculiar scent, half-forgotten by me, which emanated from the clothes of Gumna Simri as he entered, made my brain reel with a rush of memory; and I barely remembered to whisper, "Sabbir."

I felt three forms pass through—then closed the door and moved to my allotted position.

Danvers immediately turned on the light, and three half-breeds, elegantly attired in clothes bearing the cachet of Bond Street upon them, and wearing silk hats of the latest style, stood blinking, under cover of four revolvers, held by four determined Englishmen, also blinking.

Like a flash the Indians' hands went to their pockets.

"Drop your hands, or you are dead men," thundered Danvers: "Now, constable, do your duty." And always under cover of three gleaming nozzles, the half-breeds allowed themselves to be handcuffed without resistance.

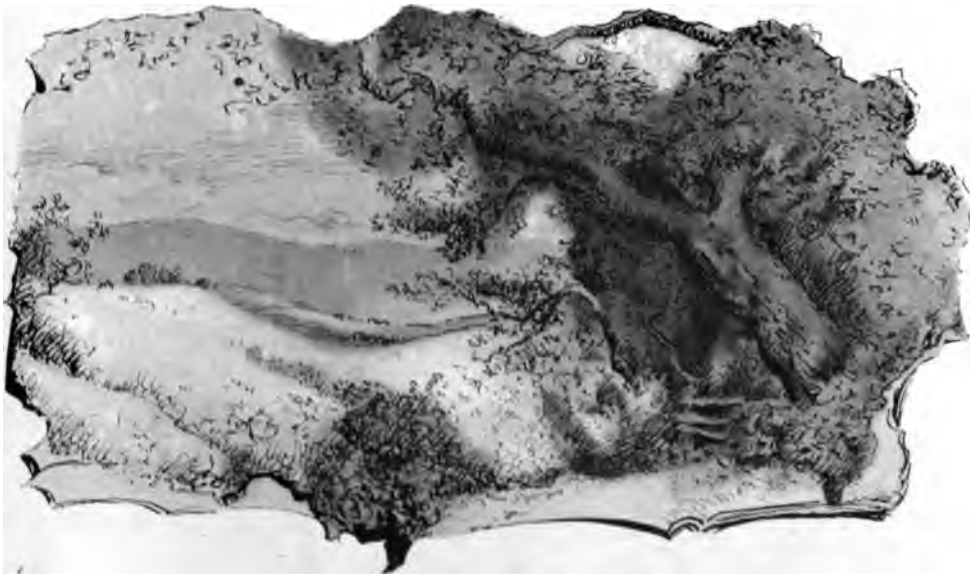
While the constable went to whistle up assistance I tried to make Gumna Simri speak; but neither of the men could be induced to utter a word.

The expression of deadly menace in their eyes as they were led away haunted me through the remainder of the night, and the next morning, when I heard that three corpses had been discovered in their prison cells, in place of the three living Indians, I am bound to confess, at the risk of being called cowardly, that I experienced a distinct sensation of relief.

Foiled in their attempted revenge, they had each taken poison, which they had managed to conceal upon their persons, and thus ended an experience which to me was as unique as it was unpleasant.

I will only add that the night's adventure served to strengthen the bond of friendship which already existed between Major Danvers and myself, and during the seven years which have elapsed since the incidents here narrated occurred, Blagson became one of my boon companions.

I never asked Danvers, and he never told me, under what circumstances he had met Watts before, but I still have the man in my service, and a more faithful henchman I could not desire.



SUMMER IN SCANDINAVIA

By H. THORNHILL TIMMINS, F.R.G.S.

With Illustrations by the Author

ONE fine morning last June, after a long and tedious journey overland from Flushing, L. and I found ourselves at the Baltic seaport of Kiel, waiting for the steamboat *Korsör* to start for the town of that ilk in Denmark. Away across the glancing wavelets lay the Kaiser's smart yacht *Hohenzollern*, backed by low green wooded shores, with only a couple of grey-hulled cruisers to give a hint of the great naval station so near at hand.

Once under way all this soon drifted astern, and presently over the lonely waters came bowling a nautical freak, in the form of a fore-and-aft schooner, with smoke pouring from the top of her mainmast, which did duty as a funnel also.

Arrived at *Korsör* we carried our bags ashore, and, after a brief interview with the courteous, fair-haired officials of the Danish Customs, were soon steaming away through a country where everything was on a diminutive scale: small towns, with small, red-tiled houses; small cattle browsing in the small fields, all in proportion, and everything neat, clean and tidy to a degree; ever the cows were tethered in formal ranks beside the line. Here and there a windmill was seen, or the crowstepped gable of a country church, with a stork perched on her nest atop.

Thus we were carried past Roskilde, a quiet, old-world city on a landlocked fjord, with a fine Gothic cathedral, where many a one famous in Danish history lies buried; and half an hour's run thence brought us to Copenhagen.

Blown about by the sea winds, and lapped by the salt sea waves, this little capital of half a million souls, home of Queen Alexandra's childhood, has a tone and character all its own. Simplicity and absence of ostentation distinguish the place from the run of Continental cities, and lend a charm to which many a wealthier capital can lay no claim.

Broad, navigable waterways, flanked by tree-shaded *boulevards*, are met with in

every quarter of the town, and masts, spars, and the funnels of steamboats give a quaint relief to many a street perspective. Seawards extends the free port of Copenhagen, a series of docks and havens which, completed in 1894, at a cost of well over a million sterling, form one of the finest harbours on the Continent. Higher come in shiploads the black diamonds of Britain, in exchange for the butter, eggs, and pork of Denmark; and the English tongue is constantly heard as the ships are hailed by the harbour master while they pass through the *Bomløb* at the harbour mouth.

Alongside the quays stretches the beautiful promenade known as *Langelinie*, with its shady trees and fashionable *cafés*; and close at hand rises the English church of S. Alban, its graceful spire reflected in the still waters of the erstwhile city moat.

Copenhagen cannot be called an imposing city, yet some of its more salient buildings are not without dignity and style. The King's fine palace of Christiansborg having been destroyed by fire in 1884, he now occupies a handsome residence in the quiet aristocratic quarter of Amalienborg. The dome of the neighbouring Fredericks Church is the handsomest in the city; and very quaint and picturesque is the steeple of the old Exchange hard by—four dragons with intertwined tails forming the spire itself. The open *place* before it is an animated spot, where the vendors of fruit, vegetables, flowers, and fish foregather.

Thorwaldsen's Gallery, close at hand, contains a world-famed collection of sculpture, and the National Museum should on no account be missed by those who wish to study the history and art of Denmark.

The seventeenth century castle of Rosenborg, overlooking some pleasant public gardens, has many attractions for the traveller; and Tivoli, at the other end of the town, offers a variety of recreation and refreshment.

The environs of Copenhagen afford many



The Exchange,
Copenhagen

pleasant excursions amidst quiet, rural scenery, mostly woodland and water, which are easily got at by rail or steamboat, and are much in favour with the citizens.

Northward ho! we passed by rail near the two castles of Frederiksborg and Fredensborg, in North Zealand, the latter a favourite meeting-place of the Danish Royal Family. Anon we came to Elsinore, where Kronborg Castle frowns across the waters of the Sound. Near to it is the so-called Grave of Hamlet. Hamlet lived centuries before Elsinore was built; but, as the British tourist insisted on seeing his burial-place, the local guides invented Hamlet's grave, and from the same source Ophelia's brook was "discovered" also.

A steam-ferry carried the railway train (minus its locomotive) across the Sound to Helsingborg, in Sweden. Here, over the doorway of a goods-shed, we noticed the enigmatical announcement, "For Gods!" Then a night journey drew a veil over the landscape, until in "the wee sma' hours" we found ourselves stranded at Gothenburg, a big modern city, whose name is usually associated with its "system" for regulating the liquor traffic.

Hence, having secured berths about the size of an American travelling-trunk, L. and I sailed away in the steamboat *B. von Platen* for the Göta Canal route to Stockholm. Our fellow-passengers were a promiscuous company; Swedes, who, having made their pile in the States, were returning to the old country to spend it; a stout German honeymoon couple of the usual demonstrative type; one or two Britons on fishing bent; and some country women going home, surrounded by the curiously carved and painted wooden boxes such as all the natives use.

This remarkable canal owes its origin to Baron Baltzar von Platen, who in 1808 engaged Telford, the engineer, to lay out

its course, which was opened for traffic in 1832. In the 370 miles across country there are fifty miles of canals, and seventy-four locks; and the great lakes—inland seas almost—of Wenern and Wetteren are traversed on the way. Anent the latter there is a queer tradition that it is connected, in some unexplained way, with the Lake of Geneva and the Black Sea!

Then there are the famous Falls of Trollhättan, where the Göta Elf tumbles in magnificent style over a series of foaming cascades. Though a trifle monotonous, we found compensation on this voyage across Sweden in the characteristic glimpses of woodland, lake and river, which give one a true impression of Swedish scenery; and there is a charm all their own about the green, secluded landscapes, where the trees are mirrored in the

still waters, as one wanders beside the locks while the boat is being passed through.

After negotiating an arm of the Baltic Sea, our vessel threaded the intricacies of Lake Mälär, and brought us to the port of

Stockholm as dusk was falling, when a thousand lights twinkled like fireflies upon land and water.

Stockholm has been called by some the Venice of the North. For my part I think it more nearly resembles Paris, in a certain sunny gaiety that pervades the place, and in the vivacious character of its inhabitants. They are very up-to-date in their ways, and probably make more use of the telephone than any other people. The traveller orders his dinner and bed in advance by telephone, the housewife does her daily shopping by the same means, coy lovers breathe their airy nothings into the sympathetic 'phone, and, for aught I know, exchange their marriage vows over the wire. The Grand Hotel, at which we took up our quarters, is of the ordinary cosmopolitan type, even to the American saloon. Ger-





STOCKHOLM.

man beer bar, "high-elegant baths," and similar delights it offers to the globe-trotter.

But the feature *par excellence* of the Swedish capital, and in which, indeed, it rivals Venice herself, is the omnipresence of those bright, clear, rippling waterways, which enmesh the city, and bear on their broad bosom those handy little steam ferry boats that do duty here as omnibuses. Not only do they carry the visitor to the pleasant haunts, the parks and zoological gardens at Skansen and Djurgarden, but they afford the best means of getting a varied *coup d'œil* of the city and its environs.

The "lions" of Stockholm are neither numerous, nor very exacting to the tourist. King Oscar's huge palace is notable mainly for its elegant ballroom, called the White Sea, and a fine collection of Royal armour and robes. Of the churches, that of Riddarholm is by far the most interesting; with its monuments and mausoleum of Royalty it may be called (to compare small things with great) the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm. Then the steamboat excursions to the island palace of Drottningholm, and the budding watering-place at Saltsjöbaden, are delightful on a fine summer's afternoon.

In the month of June there is practically no night in these northern latitudes.

As L. and I journeyed by the night mail between Stockholm and Christiania, the scenery, such as it was, was plainly visible—interminable forests of birch, pine, larch and fir, with occasionally a lonely lake, or a rushing river driving a sawmill under the glare of electric arc-lamps. At two o'clock in the morning I saw the larks soaring to greet the day, which was already broadening upon the eastern sky.

On entering Norway the line ran for miles beside the mighty Glommen, the father of Norwegian streams; its pale-green waters, broken by foaming rapids, bearing scores of naked pine logs to the coast. High hills and craggy uplands—a welcome change from the endless forests of Sweden—appeared on every hand; while the scattered farmsteads, with their deep eaves and rough, shingled roofs, recalled the *chalets* of Switzerland.

Of Christiania as a city I have not much to say. Neither in size, population nor appearance, can it compare with Stockholm or Copenhagen; but its situation at the head of the Christiania Fjord has considerable beauty. The authorities are alive to this fact, and run an excursion steamer to enable visitors to enjoy the charming scenery amidst the secluded bays and islets of the *fjord*.

There is an element of picturesqueness, too, about the old castle of Akershus, now



CHRISTIANIA.



a military barracks, which rises steeply above the sea at the harbour mouth.

At Bygdø we found, in the Golskirke, a notable example of the characteristic "stave" church of the country, a curious pagoda-like edifice almost devoid of windows, and elaborately carved both inside and out. Around it were grouped several ancient log dwellings, one of them, the *Røgstue*, or smoking hut, a most primitive abode, sans windows, sans chimney, sans almost every feature of an ordinary living room.



The famous Viking ship, discovered some years ago in a peat bog near the coast, is preserved at Christiania. Though considerably damaged it is still a beautiful craft, broad and shallow in form, and its oak timbers black as ebony. The hull has been cut away to receive a sort of sarcophagus, in which its erstwhile skipper was entombed—an appropriate cenotaph! When navigating the ship, the old sea-dogs hung their hide-bound shields around the gunwale, as may still be seen. On the right-hand side astern hangs the great steering board, whence our nautical term "starboard" is derived. A similar but smaller ship has quite recently been brought to light; and from the fact that it is finely carved and contained articles of domestic use, this is supposed to have been

the bark of some queen, or noble lady of the Vikings.

The Karl Johan's Gade, the principal thoroughfare of Christiania, leads straight up to the Royal Palace, which has little besides its situation to recommend it. This is the fashionable promenade of the citizens, and, as the fair sex display a decided taste for bright colours, the scene from our hotel windows was a lively one, as the ladies paraded in interminable sentry-go beneath the overshadowing lindens.

Away up on the hills stands the hotel and health resort of Holmenkollen. It is reached by an electric railway. The views from its balconies are very fine; and

here, in February, are held the winter sports which attract spectators from all parts of Europe.

A visit to Bennett, the "Cook" of Scandinavia, is a *sine qua non* before starting on a trip through Norway. So, provided with his travelling tickets, we took the railway up country, passed the broad Tyin Lake, and boarded the steamer for the sail up Lake Spirillen,

a pleasant run enlivened by the yarns of our genial skipper, Captain Christiansen.

Arrived at Sörum, we put up there in a plain, rambling, wooden hotel. Beside our



bedroom window hung a long rope and slip-knot, such as are usually provided in Norwegian hotels, in order that in case of fire the occupant may slide, spider-like, to the ground. On the morrow, bright and early, we chartered a *stolkjærre*, the handy one-horse vehicle of the country; and with baggage stowed neatly aboard, and driver on his small perch astern, we trotted briskly off in the crisp morning air for the Valders route to the Sognefjord.

It was an exhilarating experience, driving thus for three consecutive days amidst some of the finest scenery in Norway, and a refreshing change from the more sophisticated ways of Continental travel. Up hill and down dale we jogged along, now traversing a smiling park-like country, where the meadows were carpeted with wild flowers, and the dog-rose was in profusion; anon climbing into a wild, desolate region, where the road was hewn from the precipitous cliff overlooking a mountain lake, with banks of snow beside the track-way. Then came the mid-day halt at the *skyds station*, and refreshment for man and beast, when we were regaled with fresh run trout from a neighbouring stream, and reindeer venison from the wandering herds on the hills, and a glass of *öl* or *aquavit* to keep out the cold of the journey.

At the summit level our route crossed the backbone of Norway, and gave us a peep into the inhospitable Jötunheim, the legendary home of many a Saga of Gamle Norge. The air was full of the sound of many waterfalls, whereof half a dozen great and small were often in sight at once; sometimes a mighty cataract, like the Thames turned over a cliff, at others silvery gossamer threads falling from the sky-

line. Here and there a solitary *sæter* could be seen, high aloft on the hillside, its lonely occupants gleaning the scanty harvest of their meagre, stony fields.

The road, descending amidst crags and gloomy pine-forests, traversed the rocky gorge of Kvamskleven, with only a flimsy wooden fence to protect the wayfarer from the raging torrent below—a scene grand in the extreme. Presently the country opened out, and there, in a green, sequestered valley, appeared the old “stave” church of Borgund. So, alighting at Kirkevold’s Inn, we paid a visit to the ancient church, which is constructed entirely of pinewood, and dates from the twelfth century: it has nave and apsidal chancel, steep, pyramidal roofs, with dragons at the gables,

and a curious central steeple. Close at hand rises a queer sort of timbered *campanile*, with bells in its upper storey.

Onwards to Lærdalsören, ever on a downward grade, we pursued our course beside the lusty river; mighty crags soaring

aloft on either hand, with many a milk-white *foss* lacing their pine-clad flanks. Then the hills fell back, the widening vale was dotted with *staburs* and homesteads, green fields appeared again, and under the westering sun we came to a halt at Lindström’s Hotel, Lærdalsören, at the head of the Sognefjord.

Here, on the shores of the Sognefjord, we entered the happy hunting-grounds of the tourist fraternity. From our own shores they arrive by the ship load, *ex the Argonaut*, the *Victoria*, or the *Midnight Sun*; huge German mailboats bring them in shoals from the Vaterland, thirsty, demonstrative, and enthusiastic; and America contributes her quota, the fair sex largely predominating, and all as keen as mustard after “having a good time this side.”



LANDING STAGE NEAR BALHOLM



SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY.

So, a cosmopolitan company, we sailed away in the *Fjalir* (they pronounce their j's like i's), under grey skies, for Balholm; exchanging passengers or cargo at little waterside hamlets, or stopping to pick up a market woman from one of the native boats. Coming to our destination, L. and I soon established friendly relations with the brothers Kvikne, a name to conjure with in all this countryside, for Kvikne's Hotel at Balholm is a synonym for all that is hospitable in the simple old Norwegian style.

Here, then, we took up our quarters, faring sumptuously upon salmon in every shape and form, regaled upon the ripest of ripe strawberries, and bowered in roses from Kvikne's own garden. From our sunny balcony overlooking the *fjord*, L. was able to make a study in colours of the sunset sky at 10 p.m.; indeed, it hardly seemed worth while to go to bed, as there was scarcely darkness enough to sleep by! Boating, picnics, and scrambles on the hills were the order of the day, and the blue waters of the *fjord* were frequently enlivened by a visit from one of the tourist steamers; while the daily arrival of the

Kommandören, with passengers, letters, and newspapers from the outer world, was a function of the utmost importance. Here we saw the salmon fisher perched high aloft upon his curious, spidery ladder, watching the nets, and occasionally bagging a luty *lax* of 30lb. to 40lb. or upwards, and bright and clean as a whistle.

The scenery about Balholm was on a grand and spacious scale, the Sognefjord being here several miles in width, with lofty mountains all around, amidst which the green, tree-shaded oasis of Balestrand appeared all the more delightful by contrast.

A few hours' steam to the north brought us to Mundal, on the Fjærlands Fjord, where, securing a *stolkjærre*, we visited the wonderful glaciers of Suphellen and Boiumsbræ, which descend like frozen Niagaras from the most extensive snow-fields in Europe. Indeed, the whole district about Mundal is extremely wild and impressive, and characteristically Norwegian.

Bidding farewell to our good friends at Balholm, we took passage for Gudvangen, at the foot of the Næstod. Approaching

the latter place the steamer threaded the narrows of the Nærofjord, whose dark, still waters are flanked by stern, gloomy mountains, 4,000 to 5,000 feet in height. Nowhere else in Scandinavia had we encountered such magnificent scenery as this of the Nærofjord, whose lofty precipices shut out the sunlight for several months in the year, while waterfalls gush out from giddy heights, to be dissipated by the breeze before reaching *terra firma*. At one point our steamer, approaching close to the cliff, awoke the slumbering echoes by firing a gun, whose reverberations fairly boxed the compass.

Onwards by carriage through the Nærodal, the scenery maintained its imposing character. Approaching Stalheim two remarkably fine cataracts appeared close beside the road, which winds beneath the mighty Jordalsnut, a huge sugarloaf of a mountain, loftier than Snowdon. At Stalheim we found the Teutonic element in the ascendant, Kaiser Wilhelm having recently descended upon this locality. So, after resting the horse and taking a cup of coffee in the wooden hotel, risen phoenix-like from

its ashes after a recent conflagration, we pushed on southwards through forests of birch and pine; skirted the lake of Framnoes, with its hotel, a favourite haunt of British anglers; trotted briskly downhill beside a deep, fern-fringed torrent, and came to an anchor for the night at Vinje's Hotel, Vossestranden.

At this rural unsophisticated spot we spent a week very agreeably. It is a typical Norwegian village, its plain, wooden, unattractive-looking modern church, being encompassed by a score or so of timbered dwellings, some old, some new, the former having thatched and grass-grown roofs, on which it is no uncommon sight to see the goats browsing, while pigs and poultry roost upon the doorstep.

On one occasion—and one only—did we venture into that church. The interior was as bare as a barn, and the ritual about on a par with that of a Calvinistic Methodist chapel in Wales. The preacher wore a plain black gown, and the *presterkrage*, a wide, stiff collar, elaborately pleated like an Elizabethan ruff. The handful of villagers and country folk present seemed rather apathetic, and neither in dress nor



THE FJÆRLANDS FJORD.

manners did they appear very attractive to a stranger.

Numbers of small wooden mills, or *quernhusen*, were dotted along the course of the brawling stream—the Voss Elf—which trundled through the vale. They are used for grinding corn, etc., and for sharpening scythes and sickles upon grind-stones fixed outside. Every ragged fence

mountain gorges, lakes, and rushing rivers.,

Down came the rain as we neared Bergen—a place notorious in that respect, even in Norway. Indeed, it is said that a horse will shy upon meeting a man in the street without an umbrella. Be that as it may, I can answer for it that the favourite and very appropriate costume of the Ber-



OLD MILLS. NORWAY.

was tenanted by its flock of chattering magpies, while grey wagtails were flitting about the puddles by the roadside; indeed, all the birds in Norway seem very tame and sociable.

Railways are conspicuous by their absence in western Norway. The short line by which we travelled from Voss to Bergen, a marvel of engineering, is mainly composed of tunnels, with lucid intervals affording snapshot glimpses of wild

generis is a suit of cliskins, a sou'wester hat, and sea-boots or rubbers.

The whole town wears an amphibious aspect; it is full of folk who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters, and its very buildings are huddled down upon the harbour as if they, too, were putting out to sea. Here are gathered the curious old timbered warehouses and dwellings of the Han-seatic merchants, who in times gone by monopolised the trade of

Bergen, and generally ruled the roast in their own high-handed fashion. Their church, the Maria Kerke, is close at hand, a handsome stone structure begun in the twelfth century, and containing some interesting relics of the Hansa period. An old grey tower was built in the middle ages to keep this Hanseatic quarter in order.

An ancient and fishlike smell pervades the town, for fishing and its allied industries form the staple trades of the port. Never did we see the phlegmatic Bergeners awake to such a pitch of energy and excitement as on the occasion of the bi-weekly fish market, which, with its crowds of townsfolk, seamen, and fishwives in their

Buarbræ, one of the glacier tongues sent down by the Folgefond.

Braving the elements next morning L. and I started in the rain for Breifond, and were rewarded by an exhilarating drive, in shower and shine, amidst scenery of the noblest character, passing by the Hildalsfos, the Espelandsfos and the Laatefos, three magnificent waterfalls; indeed, to speak more precisely, we drove *through* the last-named, which, owing to the recent heavy rains, shot clear across the roadway. The long climb to the summit of the pass, where the track was marked by tall poles to guide the postcart in winter, afforded a wide rearward prospect over the snowy



THE HARBOR, BERGEN.

curious costume, is a really vivacious affair.

Quitting Bergen by the Hardanger mail-boat, we sailed away up that famous *fjord*—the theme of many a Norwegian song and legend—for Odde. The scenery *en route*, though varied and beautiful, lacks the stern grandeur of the Sogn; but the snowfields of the Folgefond, crowning the highlands to the south, lend a touch of sublimity to the landscape; waterfalls, both small and large, are generally to be seen, and some of the villages touched at are unusually picturesque. Odde, thanks to its situation, is quite an important place in its way; it forms the starting point for the drive through the Bratlandsdal, one of the wildest glens in Scandinavia. And a long ramble from Odde, up a deep, secluded valley, gave us an intimate view of the

Folgefond, "Gladstone View," as some joker has dubbed it.

After skirting a dark ice-girt mountain tarn, we were presently descending by steep zigzags towards a large lake, with the seat of the *stolkjærre* set well aft to relieve the strain on the pony. Then through the growing dusk gleamed the lights of the lonely inn at Breifond, where we found a friendly welcome from the English-speaking hostess.

The tints of early autumn were mirrored in the calm lake as we drove next morning beside the Røldalsvand, the scarlet of the aspen, the golden leaves upon the silver birches, the rowans bowed beneath their load of berries; while bracken, heather, bilberry, and many another wildling, made a chequer work of bright colours underfoot.

Pursuing the course of a turbulent

stream, we sent on our trap and walked through the Bratlandsdal. Here the river plunged down a narrow and profound gorge, flanked by ironbound cliffs, in whose crannies some gnarled and storm-rent pines found a precarious foothold, while the road was hewn from the limestone rock or tunnelled boldly through it. Emerging from the gorge, we traversed the Suldal Lake in a small steamboat, passing beneath the perpendicular cliffs of the Suldalsporten, a sort of water gateway on a colossal scale.

Onwards again we travelled through a richly-timbered valley, with a brawling trout stream making music beside the roadway, and cottages and farmsteads dotting the hillsides. Once or twice we spied a brother Briton whipping the shallows, or drifting warily in a punt, for this is a great fishing locality. Upon nearing the coast the stream became a broad, rushing river, signs of cultivation increased, and anon we came to Sand, a drowsy little seaport, where some small coasters and fishing-smacks lay moored beside the quiet quays.

The Sandfjord was like a lake as we sailed under summer skies around the rock-bound coast to Stavanger.

Fisk, everlastingly *fisk*! Like King Charles's head, the subject of fish is bound to turn up whenever friends meet at Stavanger. Indeed one surfeited angler was heard to remark that, after spending

two months in Norway, he felt ashamed to look fish in the face! The town may be said in every sense of the word to live upon fish, and its inhabitants are mostly, in one

form or another, connected with the fishing industry.

Situated upon a low peninsular, Stavanger has a pleasant, sunny aspect; but otherwise, save for its old cathedral, the place offers little attraction to the visitor. We came upon this fine old church in the course of a stroll through the town, a venerable stone pile surrounded by public gardens. Dedicated to S. Swithin, Stavanger Cathedral was founded by Reinald, Bishop of Winchester, about the end of the eleventh century. The

Norman nave is probably part of Reinald's original church, and its severe and simple architecture contrasts effectively with the later pointed arches and traceried windows of the choir. The pulpit is a marvel of wood-carving, crowded with fantastic figures, and overlaid with colour and gilding. The old porch outside is, as my sketch will show, a work of the Norman period, and two low square towers flank the east end, overlooking a pretty lakelet.

At Stavanger our Scandinavian tour came to an end. So now, homeward bound aboard the Wilson liner *Eldorado*, we will drink a hearty *skaal* to the sons of Gamle Norge, and may we soon revisit their hospitable shores!



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THE BETROTHAL OF THE CROWN PRINCE

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

It was very quiet in the Palace, very quiet indeed. The room in which the Crown Prince sat faced upon the inner courtyard, so that from the windows he could see, first, the opposite wing of the building and the tower over which the Patrian Royal Standard drooped motionless in the still air; then, through a gateway to the gardens, a semi-circle of lawn broken by the shadow of a great cedar. In the centre of the courtyard was a fountain surrounded by prim little trees in yellow tubs, and the water of the fountain kept up a continual whispering which (in such a locality) had a sound little short of sedition. Through the noise of it one could just distinguish the measured footsteps of an unseen sentinel marching up and down upon the gravel before the main entrance.

The Crown Prince had been looking through the window for exactly one hour and three-quarters. During that period two things had happened. A sparrow had flown down to the basin of the fountain, bathed, and hopped away into the gardens; and a footman in the Royal livery of scarlet and white had appeared for a moment at an opposite window, stared up at the sky, and also departed, though in a more staid fashion than the sparrow; and that was all. Decidedly, it was very quiet in the Palace that June morning. And for one hour and three-quarters the fountain had been whispering sedition into the ears of the Crown Prince. "Do you know," it enquired, "why the footman just now stared at the sky? Of course you do; we all know it in the Palace! He was wondering if the weather would hold for the procession to-morrow. Already they are putting sand on the streets, and I hear that balconies are fetching quite respectable sums. But, to be sure, the occasion is a special one. Wonderful what a romantic thing is going on."

"And at your age, too" (here it seemed to give a malicious shrug of its crystal shoulders) at your age, just nineteen, it must be the more strange and beautiful, this exchange of youthful vows. Though, of

course," it added, as an after-thought, "you haven't had very much youth to speak of. Still, persons in your position can't have everything, and that's all over now. Ha! ha!" the bubbles tittered in the sunshine, "I salute your Royal Highness!"

And so on, and so on; monotonously, unceasingly, the echo of his own thoughts.

It is scarcely surprising that the face of the Crown Prince was clouded. It was a handsome face, too, despite the furrow between the eyes that accorded so ill with its boyish features; and the slight, athletic figure seemed formed for better things than to sit before a table littered with books and papers, head resting on hand, and listless eyes staring unseeing at the sunshine. He was in uniform, just as he had flung himself down after the review at which, for the first time, he had taken the Salute. It was the first public action of a week that was to proclaim his manhood to the world—his manhood, and, as the fountain whispered, he had scarcely been a boy yet!

Usually, he would at that hour have been engaged with his tutors, but to-day they had granted him a respite, and the rows of Icarian grammars and lexicons (he was studying Icarian with a purpose) lay untouched upon the table.

"He will have quite enough to think about!" his mother had said, giving his hand a furtive pressure as he kissed her before departing for the review; and even his grey, stern father, the father who seemed to have no thought beyond the two ideas of State and Duty that he was for ever inculcating, had consented with a nod.

They were gentle with him that day, he felt, out of compassion, and because he had given in to their will. There had been weeks, three miserable months of them, in which he had revolted, passionately, hopelessly. Weeks in which his father, having once stated the case with the simple formula, "You will see that it is your duty," had refused all further discussion, and only his mother's tearful glances had betrayed the anxiety which his resistance must have caused.

The memory of that resistance brought a half-cynical smile to his lips now, as he gazed at the well-thumbed volumes which from the first had betrayed its real futility. For of what use was this study of a distasteful tongue, save to learn some lying phrases for the ear of the unknown Icarian Princess whom he was to woo as an act of diplomacy? Yet, to the last, he had maintained this pretence of non-surrender. He told himself bitterly that it was the only trace of even apparent independence that his life would contain, and not till that very morning, the day before the Princess and her father were to commence their visit, had he yielded, giving his assent at last proudly, ungrudgingly, without complaint or pretence of false feeling, as became a future king.

His father's eyes had gleamed in a way that Prince Claude had never seen before; but his mother had kissed him with what was very like a sob.

"My dear brave son!" she whispered.

It was a strange felicitation to a lover.

And on the morrow she was expected. Strangely enough, he had not so far thought much of Her except as portion of a scheme repulsive for the very fact that it was one. Now he found himself wondering, with an odd kind of pity, whether it was as distasteful to her as to himself. Some vague remembrance he held of a long-legged child in black stockings, who had flung a doll at him in their only meeting more than ten years ago, but that was all. Since then he had heard that she was become a beautiful young woman; he had heard also that the temper that induced doll-throwing at visitors had developed into a spirit which was occasionally the cause of some European apprehension. "It is to be hoped," people murmured, "that the Princess Imperial of Icaria will make a fortunate match." And they meant fortunate for her!

"Any trifling originality is, no doubt, inherited from the Emperor," his mother had admitted to Claude that very morning. She had just learnt that the Imperial yacht had already appeared off the harbour, and the news had been disturbing. "Ever so long before they were expected, and hours before the fleet can arrive to salute them! If, indeed," she added, "they don't land on the

beach and walk up absolutely unannounced. They're quite capable of it!"

Claude scarcely heard her complaints. "Very soon, now," he thought, as he mounted his horse for the review, where he was received with even more than customary enthusiasm, owing partly to a paragraph in the evening paper, which had commented, in scarcely veiled language, upon the approaching visit. Popular sentiment was pleasantly stirred by the spectacle of the handsome young Prince, concerning whom so many tender rumours were afloat. Claude knew nothing of the rumours, but he suspected. For the first time in his life he was conscious of the regard of multitudes of eyes, staring and curious, and shrank from it as from a physical sensation. The very sentinels at the Palace gates seemed to look strangely at him as they saluted—the sensitive soul of the lad quivered as he set his lips to face the ordeal.

And now the whispered murmur of the fountain was pointing the moral of it for him as he sat in his own room, thinking and listening. "Wonderful what a romantic thing is love!"

Claude could bear it no longer. Anything was better than inaction. Come the end when it might (curious that he always thought of the approaching event as an end, never a beginning), there was still one day left to him. For that day he would be free—free to say farewell to freedom!

Springing to his feet he opened a door that led into his bedroom, and a few moments later emerged in a suit of white flannels, with a straw hat in his hand. The change seemed to have brought a new light into his face; it looked more boyish than ever. Very cautiously he opened the other door; no one was about as he stepped into the corridor and closed it behind him. His soft shoes making no sound upon the polished floor, he ran lightly to the private stairs, leapt them three at a time, unlocked a small door with a key taken from his pocket, and was outside in the sunlit gardens.

These, however, did not content him; for this day he wanted more freedom than the clipped lawns and formal terraces could offer. Ten minutes' running brought him to a spot where the park skirted a wood, from which it was divided only by a low wall. The ground on the further side,

though belonging to the royal demesne, was a portion of it seldom visited save by an occasional woodcutter or a forester on the watch for poachers. The glades under the great trees stretched for miles silent and deserted, their green twilight temptingly mysterious in contrast with the glare without; in such a setting one might have fancied that the country of romance lay waiting beyond this low wall.

Claude put one hand on the top and vaulted over.

After pushing through the undergrowth for some time, he struck a path, scarcely discernible save as a darker trace drawn through the long grass, which led downwards beside a stream, here quickening towards its leap into the valley. The voice of it, as it ruffled and tumbled over the boulders, was infinitely soothing after the falsetto of the fountain.

And the stillness of the woods was very different from the silence of the Palace courtyard; it was the caressing stillness of half-heard music, of the murmur of insects, the call of an unseen bird, the faint rustle of foliage. Somewhere in the valley the hay was being carried, and the breath of it reached Claude mingled with a thousand woodland scents; as he passed deeper into the shadow the trees seemed to close behind him, shutting out the world of reality and trouble. A great bee went droning past like a floating 'cello note; high overhead, seen through the topmost branches, a single fleecy cloud hung in the blueness of the June sky.

Suddenly, the quiet beauty of it all fell about the boy like a benediction; he stopped, with parted lips drinking in great draughts of happiness, realising that in spite of everything it was still good to be alive and young.

Just where he stood the path began to descend more steeply, and one could hear the deeper notes of the fall. Below, a grassy drive, used at times by woodmen's carts, spread out into a glade about the basin of the torrent. All beyond it the trees stood breast high in bracken and undergrowth, but here the short turf was only broken by an occasional boulder, moss-grown, and crowned with flowers. It was Claude's favourite retreat, the one place where he was always sure of solitude.

But to-day, as he was moving forward, his ear caught, through the noise of falling water, another sound, the meaning of which perplexed him. It was a dull, irregular tapping, quite unlike the ring of a woodman's axe, sounding rather as though some heavy substance were being beaten upon the stone. And it came from the spot for which he was making.

Curious, and a little annoyed, he advanced a few paces to a position whence by parting the branches, he was able to command the clearing below. Then he saw the explanation.

Stretched face downwards upon the grass by the margin of the pool lay the figure of a boy, his head, on the back of which rested a large canvas hat, was supported on his hands, his elbows were dug into the turf on either side of an open book, and his legs, encased in riding breeches and gaiters, waved idly in the air from the knees downwards, the toes of his stout boots smiting the earth at each swing with the noise which Claude had heard. At a little distance a small country-cart rested on its shafts among the bracken, and further away a pony, tied to a tree, was rapidly cropping a bare circle upon the radius of its tether.

For the matter of a full minute Claude stood looking down in half-amused perplexity, then, realising that solitude was not to be obtained thus, he was for retiring without disturbing the intruder, when a movement of his foot dislodged a loose pebble, which fell tinkling from rock to rock till it struck the ground not a yard from the recumbent figure.

Roused by the noise, the boy dropped his arms, regarded the pebble for a moment, and then rolled leisurely over on to his back to see whence it came. His hat immediately fell off, revealing to Claude a good-looking countenance topped by a tangle of dark curls.

As their eyes met a remarkable change passed over the face of the boy. He half drew up one leg, as though to rise, then, apparently thinking better of the intention, very deliberately folded his arms beneath his head, and composed himself to stare Claude out of countenance.

"Hullo!" said the boy at last, speaking with a slight foreign accent by no means displeasing, "hullo!"



"His hat fell off revealing a good-looking countenance."

"Hullo!" answered Claude, not quite knowing what else to say. After a moment, seeing with relief that he was unrecognised, he added, "I hope I didn't disturb you?"

"Not a bit," said the boy, calmly. "Indeed, come to think of it, I was rather expecting you."

"Me?" repeated Claude in astonishment.

"You or another," said the boy, "it's all the same. It's an adventure. Aren't you coming down?"

"I think I will," said Claude.

When he reached the ground, the boy was awaiting him with his knees drawn up to his chin and his hands clasped round them. Claude seated himself on the turf beside him, and there was an interval of silence, slightly embarrassed on one part. The boy was regarding him with large, solemn eyes, and evidently waiting for him to begin the conversation.

"Is that your cart?" he asked at length, rather lamely.

"No," said the boy, "it isn't. Try something else."

"But it must have come here with you," persisted Claude.

"It isn't mine," said the boy, "because I only hired it in the village for the day, and as for the pony——" he broke off, an expression of dismay dawning upon his face. "Slipped his halter," he said, breathlessly.

Following the boy's gaze, Claude observed that the pony had indeed managed to release itself. As yet, however, it was standing quite still, seemingly not realising its liberty.

Very quietly, with the agility of a wild thing, the boy glided to his feet and began to advance towards the animal, making a little soothing murmur as he went.

"Good lad! Woa, Cht, Cht," said the boy.

It was no use. He had not gone five paces before the pony, with a toss of its head, began to move away through the undergrowth, quietly at first, then at a faster and faster trot, till, with a whinny and a flourish of heels it disappeared into the recesses of the wood.

The boy halted and uttered a hurried monologue in a tongue of which Claude was unable to recognise more than a stray preposition.

"Isn't that Icarian?" he asked curiously.

"I'm learning it, but I don't seem to remember many of the words as yet."

The boy stared at him grave-eyed. "M'yes," he said, "I don't suppose you'd find much of that in the grammars. But buck up!" he added, as the thud of the pony's hoofs sounded faintly and more faintly in the distance, "We've just got to catch him now!"

Slightly amused at the authoritative tone, but interested, nevertheless, Claude rose, and under directions from the boy the two began a cautious detour, with the object of heading off the fugitive. Anyone who has attempted to recapture a fresh pony with three minutes start over broken country of almost unlimited area will, however, remember that it is by no means an easy task. Again and again the quarry seemed on the point of yielding, only to break away in a new direction, and most of an hour had passed before the two reappeared, and (the pony having been bound and doubly bound to its tree) cast themselves breathless but triumphant upon the turf.

"Well," panted the boy, "I expect that's pretty well introduced us. Not much good saying 'How d' you do,' now, is it?"

Claude smiled. "Still," he said, falling in with the other's humour, "if we are going to converse you might at least tell me what to call you."

"Oh," said the boy carelessly, "you may call me Bobbie, if you like." Adding, as though by way of explanation, "It isn't my name."

"Do you know," said Claude, after a slight pause, "I find you a most remarkable young person."

"You're not the first," said the boy composedly. "I'll tell you something though; I was mistaken about you!"

"Mistaken?"

"Yes. When I first saw you I thought you were a milk-sop, but you did a fair sprint through those ferns."

"What, if one may so far presume, made you think that?" asked Claude.

"Dunno; you're a bit too pretty!"

This time Claude laughed outright.

"For the matter of that," he retorted, "you're averagely good-looking yourself."

The boy was entirely unperturbed. "I've been told that too, before," said he.

"Do you come from Icaria?" asked

Claude, presently. "That seems to be your language."

"No," said the boy, on his guard in an instant, and unexpectedly angry at the question, "I don't. I come from the moon, and if you ask any more I shall only lie. Why can't you take me just as I am, without bothering? I don't try to find out things about you; I don't want to know them!"

"I beg your pardon," said Claude humbly, "I won't do it again."

Just then the binding of the book which the boy had been reading caught his eye, as it lay upon the grass at a little distance. "What is it?" he asked.

The boy stretched out a lazy foot, and slowly wriggled the volume within reach; then he picked it up and handed it to Claude. "You ought to know it," he said, "It's Patrian."

"Why," exclaimed Claude, glancing at it in astonishment, "What do you want with stuff like this; it's awfully old-fashioned and heavy!"

"Is it?" said the boy, suddenly brightening, "Heaven be thanked; and I took it for a sample! Here, give us hold!"

He caught the offending volume from Claude's grasp, and with a dexterous twist sent it spinning into the air, where it described a wide curve and descended, with a splutter of outraged learning, into a bramble bush.

"So much for letters," laughed the boy triumphantly, "and now for lunch! I'm getting a bit peckish!"

He sprang up as he spoke, and, apparently, never doubting that he was to entertain company, moved in the direction of the cart. For an instant Claude hesitated, but the originality and charm of the boy's proceedings had begun to fascinate him, and with a laugh he surrendered himself to the situation and followed.

It appeared that the provisions were contained in a hamper beneath the seat of the cart, and this being opened the two uncovered a heterogeneous collection of eatables, sandwiches, biscuits, milk-chocolate, and a great bag of black cherries, such as the Patrian women sell you for five sous in the market. It was a meal the like of which Claude's very limited experience had never known. Rather enviously he watched the manner in which the boy constructed

plates of flat stones and leaves, and proceeded to arrange the repast upon a rock with a green tablecloth of moss.

"Do you do this often?" he asked, accepting a sandwich.

"Worse luck, no," said the host, who, with a slice of bread in one hand and a stick of chocolate in the other, was taking alternate bites of each. "Tain't often I get the chance. And this," he added, "is positively my last appear——" He checked himself with a frown. "Don't let us bring realities in!" he said.

Claude understood, and covered the slight silence with another question. "What are we going to drink?" he inquired.

The boy stared at him in genuine astonishment. "Well," he exclaimed, "you are green!—don't you know water when you see it?" And stooping to the stream, he gathered a cupful in his hands (which were by this time empty), and extended them towards Claude. They were well-formed hands, with long fingers, through which the water dripped sparkling, as he held them up. "Make haste," he said. "Thanks," said Claude, after feigning to inspect them critically, "I prefer my own!" a remark which, for some reason, appeared to delight the boy more than anything that had been said yet.

It will be very long before Claude forgets that afternoon. The cool shadow of the trees, with the sunlight filtering through them in a flicker of green and gold, the soft splash of the waterfall, and the presence of this strange companion stretched along the turf at his feet, his laughing face now and again turned upward to his own, all were blended parts of an impression that was unlike anything he had ever known before.

Looking at this other boy, his own life seemed to have been wasted in dismal solitude, isolated, partly by temperament partly by position, from the happiness which it should have held; the happiness of freedom, of carelessness, of (most of all) companionship. His heart went out to him with a pang that was half jealousy, half the ache of all the unused affection with which it was so full. In a flash he seemed to understand what it would have been like to be really young—and now it was too late, already the final sands were running out faster and faster.

The boy had forgiven him his refusal, and was jestingly drinking a health to him out of his lifted palm, when he stopped with a little startled gesture that scattered the toast upon the grass.

"What was that?" he said.

Claude listened. Far below, from the direction of the sea, came a dull roar, followed by another and another, the rolling echo of them filling the still air like distant thunder. He knew at once what it meant. The fleet had arrived, and the vessels were saluting the Imperial yacht as they passed into harbour. The sands were running out indeed.

"Nothing to harm us here," he said; and the boy appeared content with the vague explanation, for he said no more.

After that there began to fall little silences between them, each occupied with his own thoughts. It was one of these that Claude broke by saying suddenly, and almost, as it seemed to himself, without intending it, "I wish we had met long ago!"

Startled by the tone, the boy raised his head, which had been resting upon his folded arms, and glanced at him with an expression of only half humorous alarm.

"Are you being serious?" he asked, "because please don't. When people talk seriously to me, it always means either that they want to do me good, or that they think I am good already—both mistakes."

"I'm afraid," said Claude, smiling, in spite of himself, "that I haven't either of those delusions; but—I'm sorry if it vexes you—I can't help being a little in earnest. You don't know what it would have meant to me to have been friends before!"

"Perhaps," said the boy, "one can't tell. I'm not always so fascinating as I am now; you see me at my best!"

"That isn't the point," said Claude, "it's"—he hesitated—"it's the friendship that I mean. You're young——"

"Seventeen," interposed the boy.

"—young enough to understand," said Claude. He looked away, and began plucking nervously at the grass. "I don't know why I talk like this to you, except that you seem the only real human being I've ever met for myself. It's been so different with me to others. All my life I think I have been very old, and yet young,

and always waiting for someone who would be young, too; someone quite away from duties and things that are right or wrong—*someone to laugh with.*" He stopped, "I can't explain it a bit," he said hopelessly.

The boy was an odd creature. As Claude spoke an extraordinary change had come over his face, the mockery faded from his eyes, one might almost have fancied there were tears in them.

"And do you think that I don't understand it already?" he asked in a voice strangely unlike his previous tone. "I do, every bit. I've had just the same thing, worse."

"Worse?" repeated Claude, incredulous.

"Worse," said the boy. "And now," he dropped his voice to a note of tragedy, "now I've got to grow up, and—I never shall. There's my story in three words!"

Claude was silent, partly in wonder at the other's altered tone, partly in the strange delight of feeling that here at last was one who knew and understood. The boy continued—"If you saw me when I'm not away and alone like this, it would show you better what I mean. If it wasn't for playing truant from myself now and then I believe I should do something dreadful! G-r-r," he shuddered, "the respectable, stolid, grown-up people all round one! Why are they like that? They must have been young once; do they forget?"

"How should I know?" said Claude.

"We've got to get like that, too," said the boy, "and I don't believe I shall ever manage it. Did you ever hear the English saying of a bull in a china shop? That's how I feel at home. I must have been born under Taurus!"

They were both laughing again now. The graver moment had come and gone in a breath, a few disjointed words; but its passing seemed to have left something behind it, something indefinable.

"And that," said the boy, "is reality—we'll have no more of it!"

But it was not so easily to be dismissed. Almost as he finished speaking they heard the tramp of footsteps breaking through the underwood, and immediately afterwards a man in the uniform of the royal foresters appeared at the edge of the clearing.

"Well, upon my word!" said the new-

comer, breathing heavily, and looking from the boy to the pony and cart (Claude he could not see), "you're a pretty cool young trespasser, you are!"

Observing from the boy's demeanour that the situation was fraught with verbal possibilities, Claude thought it prudent to intervene. Forgetting his incognito, he rose to his feet.

"It's all right," he said, "I will be responsible that no damage is done."

The man's face was a study in astonishment. "I beg your Highness's pardon," he said, bringing his hand to the salute, "I had, of course, no idea——"

He stopped, checked by a sudden howl of anguish from the boy, who had cast himself face forward upon the earth. Claude was on his knees beside him in an instant. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Are you hurt? What is it? Boy! Bobbie! Answer me!"

"Ow-wow!" wailed the boy, without moving, "Send him away!"

Claude turned, and with a peremptory gesture, dismissed the forester, who departed lingeringly, after a stare of blended astonishment and curiosity that no amount of training could entirely suppress. It is possible that his older eyes saw more in the situation than was apparent to the other.

"Now," urged Claude, vainly endeavouring to raise the boy's shoulder from the ground, "He is gone now, tell me what's wrong!"

The boy lifted one eye for a moment, and then dropped his face again. "Carry me home to die in a gooseberry-bush!" he moaned. "Sew me in a sack and fling me into the Bosphorus! Call forth your myrmidons and——"

"What on earth are you talking about?" interrupted Claude, impatiently. Surely the boy couldn't be such a snob that his rank should cause all this commotion.

Very slowly the boy sat up; his face crimson with most unexpected blushes. "Well," he said, more to himself than to Claude, and avoiding the latter's gaze in a manner very different from his usual placid regard. "I have been and done it this time, no mistake! I always knew I should, and now I have! But why—why—didn't you tell me before?"

"Tell you—what?" asked Claude. "Who I was? You never asked me; you said par-

ticularly that you didn't want to know. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Matter," echoed the boy; "matter! oh, if you only understood!" His dismay was obvious, but beneath it there now seemed to lurk a trace of amusement also, and even (to a more skilful observer than Claude) of a dawning satisfaction.

"Come!" he cried, jumping hastily to his feet; "I've had about enough for one day; I must be off!"

"Off!" echoed Claude blankly, "where to?"

"You are forgetting," said the boy, "ask no questions and you'll hear—no, on second thoughts I won't promise even that! Please help me to 'limber up.'"

His manner had undergone a remarkable change. The self-assurance had entirely left him; he was flurried and nervous, talking, as it seemed, to cover his confusion. And yet with it all there was still that hint of something that might have been satisfaction, or amusement, or both. He was certainly an odd creature.

Before Claude had time to realise the situation, the boy had already unhitched the pony, and was leading it towards the cart. "Don't stand ruminating there," he cried, "come and help!"

Poor Claude was entirely puzzled. Whenever he attempted a word of protest or apology (he would have apologised for his very existence to restore peace) he was cut short with a peremptory command about some strap or buckle; and yet once, on looking up, unexpectedly, he caught the boy's eyes regarding him with an expression that was certainly not anger.

When the work was finished, and the cart, with the pony in the shafts, stood ready at the head of the drive, the boy sprang in immediately, and gathered up the reins.

"Oh! wait one minute," cried Claude, "you might, at least, say good-bye——"

"Good-bye," said the boy promptly.

"——even if you won't shake hands with me!"

The boy hesitated, then held out a hand whose proportions were now entirely concealed within a huge dog-skin driving glove.

"Good-bye," he repeated.

"Shan't I ever see you again?" asked Claude rather helplessly, as he grasped the

glove. The old unhappy loneliness seemed to be closing about him once more; he had a despairing sense that the day ought not to be allowed to end so, but the boy's manner perplexed and baffled him.

"Can't say," returned the boy, "I haven't made up my mind. You might, and again, you mightn't. But remember (his eye had been quick to read a half-formed purpose in Claude's face) no following me to find out where I go. Promise!"

"I promise," said Claude, like a detected culprit.

"That's all right," said the boy, "I trust you, and now I'm really off. Gee-hup!" The last exhortation was to the pony, as, with a shake of the reins and a professional flick of the lash, he started the animal into a canter that took the cart bowling and bumping over the grassy surface of the drive. In a moment Claude was left behind, standing stupidly at the head of the glade, and endeavouring to recall the things he wanted to have said.

Rapidly the cart grew smaller in the distance, till at the corner he saw the boy turn for a farewell flourish of his canvas hat before disappearing behind the trees. Even then he waited for the last sound of the wheels to die away before he also turned and began slowly to ascend the path by which he had come. Somehow the solitude of the wood was not so grateful as he had found it in the morning; it felt uncomfortably empty. What a wonderful day it had been, and what an attractive, stimulating creature the boy was. Were there many such friendships to be made in the world, he wondered. How much he must have missed in life if it were really so.

He walked so slowly that the sun was setting as he reached the Palace, and stood for a moment before entering, looking away over the wide prospect. Before him the gardens stretched in a long series of lawns and terraces, one below the other, towards the distant sea. In the hollow to the right, the magic woods were already shadowed with a purple haze. The sun dipped lower, tinging the cloudless sky to a faint primrose, against which a few swallows were yet wheeling and crossing in the evening air. The wonderful day was dying gloriously, with the prospect of a radiant successor. Then, as he watched, the quivering disc of orange was gradually blotted out behind

the horizon; a moment later a jet of white broke from the fort at the edge of the cliff, and the boom of the gun was answered by a creak of cordage overhead, as the standard fluttered slowly down from the tower behind him. His boyhood was over. Turning, he found that a servant was holding open the door, and so, with a stifled sigh, passed from the country of Romance back again into the life of Reality.

Yet to many people it would have seemed a scene fairy-like enough of which he formed part next morning, as he stood on the jetty awaiting the coming of the Imperial yacht.

For hours crowds had thronged the streets leading from the harbour to the Palace; from every window flags and bunting fluttered in the light breeze; everywhere the eye was caught by glowing colour and the flash of steel. People said to each other that it was an ideal day for a pageant, and surely an auspicious omen for the occasion.

On the red-carpeted space opposite to which the yacht was to be moored, surrounded by a brilliant group of officers and persons in waiting, Claude stood a little behind his father and mother, bare-headed, his plumed shako under his arm, and the sunlight gleaming on his fair hair. He wore the orange and silver uniform of the Patrian Household Cavalry, a short cloak of ermine hanging from his left shoulder, and at his throat the double star of Icaria glittered in diamonds. If the scene seemed fairylike to some who watched, there was small doubt as to the fairy-prince.

Suddenly the flagship at the mouth of the harbour shattered the sunshine with the first of the hundred and one guns of the salute; another and another took it up till a white cloud had spread over the surface of the water, through which, with an undefinable feminine suggestion in her graceful movement, the outline of the Imperial yacht drew slowly into sight, as she picked her way towards the jetty.

A few moments later she was brought alongside, and Claude found himself on her deck. The Emperor, in a Patrian uniform, was standing at the head of the gangway; beside him a figure of whose presence, even, without looking, Claude was

intensely conscious; the figure of a girl in a simple, flowing gown of white, surmounted by a large hat and a veil, which partially obscured her face. A sudden uncontrollable shyness kept his eyes on the deck as he saluted, and then bowed low over the gloved hand that was extended to him.

The guns were still going off every few seconds, and a band on the quay was playing the Icarian National Anthem very loudly. There was little spoken before they recrossed the gangway, and while the Queen and the Princess stood a little apart, Claude followed his father and the Emperor along the waiting lines of troops. He was delighted that their appearance disarmed the criticism even of the Imperial martinet whose comments were the terror of Europe. For a moment purely professional pride drove all other thoughts from his mind.

But they returned with double force during the slow progress to the Palace, as he rode at the head of the escort before the carriage. The narrow streets of the town were almost roofed with flags, through which the sunlight fell in chequered patterns at his feet. It was like—was it like the flickering shadow of leaves, and had that dull roar of voices behind him any resemblance to the note of water falling into a rocky pool? He wondered if anywhere in the crowded streets, or the windows all filled with faces, his friend of yesterday was watching. Would he understand, as he saw him pass with set lips amid the shouting and the music, that this was for him that growing-up of which they had spoken together. Yesterday—and to-day! But the boy would surely understand, because he was not like other people; he knew.

At last they were at the courtyard of the Palace. The troops formed up in double line before the door, and Claude, bringing his thoughts with a wrench back to the present, dismounted and stood waiting for the carriage. A final burst of cheering from the crowd without signalled his approach; once again there was the high, flute-like bugle-call, the long roll of drums, and the bands crashed together into the Icarian Anthem as the horses, with their scarlet postilions, wheeled into the square.

This time Claude forced himself to look. The white-gowned figure sat leaning a little forward in her seat; her veil was raised in that deference to curiosity which is the politeness of Princesses, her lips slightly parted, and her cheek flushed with a shy excitement that was surely not caused solely by the fervour of her reception. Her eyes were lowered, but as the carriage stopped she lifted them, and for an instant they rested upon Claude's, then were demurely drooped again. But that one instant had set the blood surging to his heart.

It was incredible, monstrous, impossible, but—where had he seen those eyes, with just that same hint of amusement and half-mocking satisfaction in their depths? As in a dream he stretched out his hand, the cheering and music sounding like a confused far-off murmur, through which, again as though the sound of falling water, he became conscious of a familiar voice speaking low and quickly in his ear, as the Princess laid her hand for an instant on his own.

"Perhaps," said the voice, with a slight foreign accent by no means displeasing, "there may be two of us to laugh in future!"

And there were.



JOHN BULL'S SUGAR BILL

By HAROLD MACFARLANE

A FEW months ago it was announced that a Belgian speculator in sugar had netted profits amounting to £450,000 over the recent sugar boom. This little windfall, doubtless, proved a pleasant Christmas box to its recipient, but in view of the fact that it is not customary for douceurs of half-a-million sterling to descend like the gentle rain from heaven, it will at once strike the average pater-familias that the sweets cannot be altogether disconnected with bitterness. He will speedily learn from his housekeeping books that his surmise is absolutely correct—sugar is up.

The consumption of sugar is held by economists to provide a species of fiscal barometer: the more sugar you consume—the nation at large is addressed—the more prosperous you are. The moment money is "tight" you knock off sugar; not perhaps in your tea and coffee, but in your beer and in other comestibles in the production of which sugar largely enters without your being aware of the fact.

Imagine a block of sugar about eleven and a half inches high, wide, and deep. The effort of imagination may possibly bring on toothache, but it will impress upon the memory the dimensions of the lump of sugar the average Briton consumes in a year.

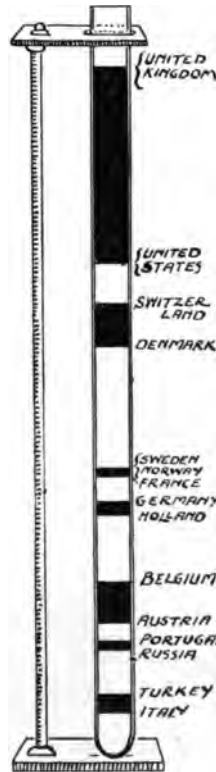
That John Bull has a sweet tooth a glance at the first diagram will immediately disclose. In this diagram, based on the figures of Herr Licht of Magdeburg, the names of the nations are placed at heights proportionate to the amount of sugar consumed per head per annum. If the test tube depicted had a diameter of 4 2-3rd inches—that is to say, an area of

seventeen and a fraction square inches, then each Briton's yearly allowance of sugar would fill it to a height of 7ft. 7in.; each American's allowance would fill it to a height of 5ft. 5in.; each Frenchman's allowance would stand 3ft. 1in. in height, but the allowance allocated to the subjects of the Sultan, who are popularly supposed to live on sweetmeats and Turkish Delight, would not attain an altitude exceeding eight inches!

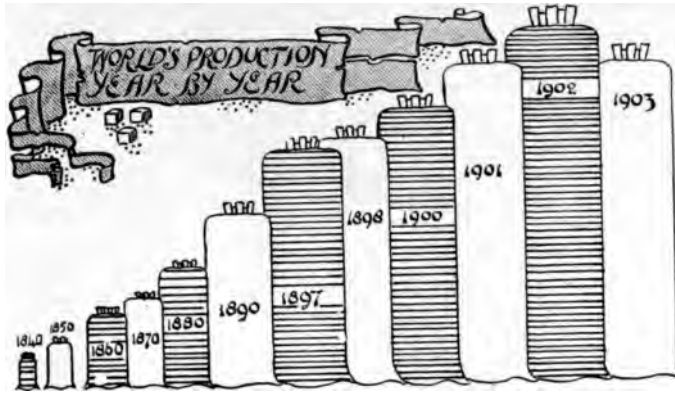
The Sugar Question is one of exceeding complexity; indeed, too complex to deal with here; but it may be mentioned that two of the causes that contribute to the dear sugar bowl are the partial failure of the beet crop and the increased consumption on the Continent consequent on the reduction of price, a reduction brought about by the general tendency to reduce sugar duties when the system of bounties was abandoned.

In our second diagram we show at a glance how the world's production of sugar has increased from 1,150,000 tons in 1840 to almost nine times that amount in 1903. The last-mentioned year, it should be pointed out, showed a drop of over a million tons as compared with the previous year; indeed, the difference between the production of 1902 (10,993,769 tons) and 1903 (9,735,391 tons) was practically equivalent to the entire output of 1840. It will be noted that in the earlier year indicated it took about 170 decades to double the world's output of sugar, but so great an impetus did sugar receive between 1900 and 1902 that in twelve years the enormous output of 1890 was again doubled.

The probable result of dearer sugar will be a



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE COMPARATIVE AMOUNT OF SUGAR CONSUMED ANNUALLY IN EACH COUNTRY PER HEAD OF POPULATION.



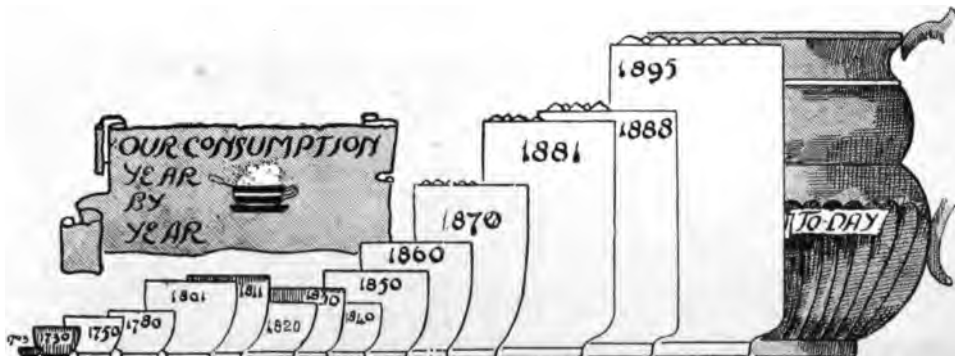
temporary falling-off in the quantity consumed per capita in this country. Such a falling-off will be no novelty in the United Kingdom, as will be apparent from a glance at the third diagram that is based on figures prepared by the late Professor Mulhall, who showed that from 23lb. per inhabitant in 1811, when there was a duty of £27 per ton on sugar and that commodity cost £90 per ton, there was a falling-off of 8lb. per head recorded by 1820, a rise of 5lb. per head by 1830, and yet another drop to 15lb. per head, or just about one-sixth the present consumption, in 1840. It is comforting to note that the general consensus of opinion indicates that the enhanced prices attained by the growers of beet this year will result in the production of a far greater quantity during the forthcoming season, with, in all probability, a general decline of price.

In the course of an interview on the great sugar question, a leading merchant recently stated that since the Brussels Convention the price of sugar on the Con-

tinent has fallen 1½d. to 2d. per pound, with the result that, owing to the increased consumption abroad, there has been less to dump on the United Kingdom. The effect of this falling-off of surplus sugar has naturally sent up prices here, and the infliction of the war tax, coupled with the

increase in price, has enhanced the cost of sugar by about 1½d. per pound; that is to say, John Bull is paying about £20,000,000 more for his sugar than he did.

Between a penny-farthing and twenty millions sterling there is a fairly wide margin: it takes a fair number of penny-farthings to total £20,000,000, and as each five farthings represent a pound of sugar it follows that John Bull must have an excessively sweet tooth. He has. In Figure 4 there is depicted a lump of sugar 183 feet high and wide, and one foot thick, that weighs as much as the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. This lump of sugar would only last Mr. Bull 7 hours 44 minutes at his average rate of consumption. As John Bull drops into his tea-cup a lump of sugar weighing not far short of 9 stone every second, which in one minute is equivalent to a column of sugar having an area of one foot that soars heavenwards to a height of 72 feet, that is to say, six minutes' supply would furnish a column from the summit of which it would be possible to look down on St. Paul's Cathedral,



it follows that the amount consumed by him in a year must be somewhat bulky. As a matter of fact, it would take sugar weighing 1,133 times the avoirdupois of the Nelson Column to appease his annual appetite; in other words his yearly supply would comprise a lump 183ft. high and wide that would extend from Trafalgar Square to the Embankment by way of Northumberland Avenue. If this gigantic block was sliced up into layers one foot in thickness, and these layers were divided into sections 25 feet wide, then the sections placed end to end would suffice to form a pathway of that width from London to Paris.

In view of the fact that sugar derived from beet, that was quoted at 8s. 4½d. per cwt. in 1903, rose to 13s. 9d. at the close of 1904, it naturally follows that John Bull will, for some little time, be more economical in his use of the same, with the general result that the consumption in the near future in the

United Kingdom will more nearly approximate that of other countries than heretofore.

Already a certain diminution in the quantity of sugar imported has been apparent, the first ten months of 1904 showing a falling-off, in comparison with the returns of 1901, of 614,000cwt., equivalent to not far short of the aggregate weight of every man, woman, and child in Manchester, and at the close of this year the falling-off will be even more marked.

It must, however, be admitted, apart from the fact that the importation of unrefined sugar has shown an advance of 1,500,000 cwt. during the same period (a "bull" point for those who uphold the Brussels Convention) that the gross fall-

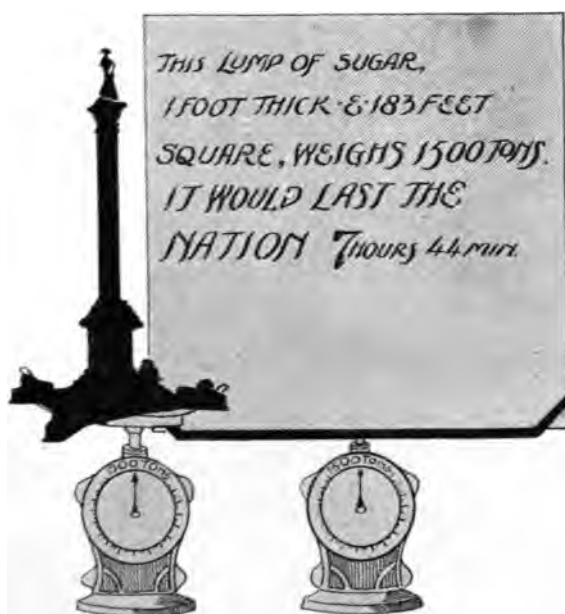
ing off is not so great as might be expected, judging solely from the world's production, a 5 per cent. diminution in production saving as its corollary not a 5 per cent. reduction in our imports, as might have been expected, but a falling-off of about 3 per cent.

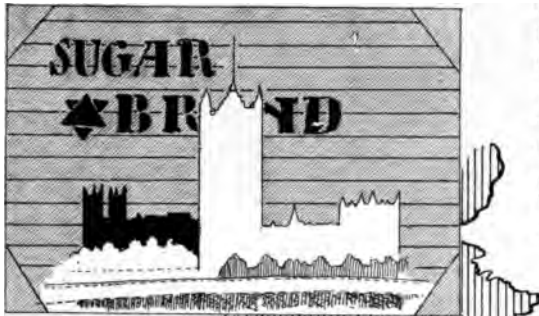
To what an enormous extent sugar enters into our dietary was shown in a recent work entitled, "The Second Series of Memoranda, Statistical Tables, and Charts," issued by the Board of Trade. The average weekly family income of urban workmen was found by the compilers of this volume

to be 36s. 10d., 61 per cent. of which was spent on food, and it was ascertained that of the 22s. 6d. representing the weekly cost of food, 11½d. was expended on sugar, and a further 6½d. on jam, marmalade, treacle, and syrup, in the manufacture of which sugar largely enters, that is to say, sugar apart from bread and flour, meat and butter.

figured larger in the family budget than any other item. It is interesting to note that a family spending 14s. 4½d. on food will invest 18 per cent. in meat bought at the butchers and 4.6 per cent. in plain sugar, whereas the family spending 29s. 8d. on food will invest 20 per cent. in butcher's meat and 4.2 per cent. in sugar, from which it is gathered that it is easier to forego meat than sugar.

According to the latest available returns from Switzerland the manufacturers of the little Republic import £454,000 worth of cocoa husks and beans and export £916,000 worth of chocolate in the year, of which the United Kingdom purchases £430,000 worth. This state of affairs is,





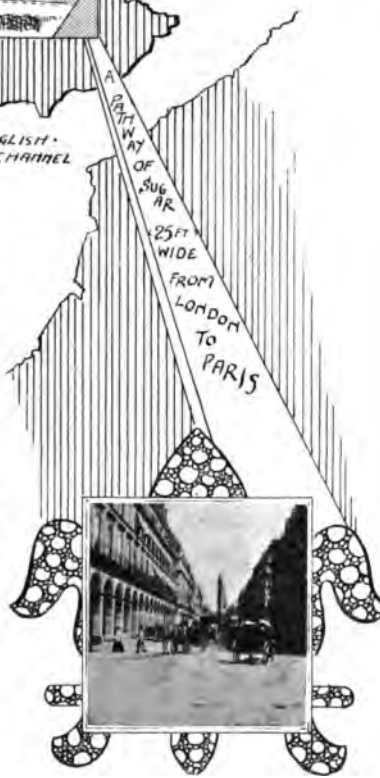
doubtless, very satisfactory to Switzerland, but it is not quite so satisfactory from our point of view, though it is quite in accordance with what might be expected from a country that imports over a million and a half tons of sugar and does not herself produce a fair-sized basin full, though, according to Mr. Sigmund Stein, of Liverpool, the well-known sugar expert, the climate and soil of this country and Ireland are more suitable for sugar beet growing than anywhere on the Continent. Give, says Mr. Stein in effect, the British farmer a bounty or exemption from taxes to the extent of 2s. per cwt., so as to place him on the same footing as the Continental agriculturist, and the sugar industry that already assists to employ

600,000 individuals who earn their livelihood as grocers, would give work to 200,000 hands in the factories that would be built in addition to giving an impetus to agriculture and to the confectionery trade. That beet can be grown in this country, by the way, was proved last year by the Liverpool Corporation on their sewage farm at Walton.

when the yield of 31 tons per acre was nearly three times the average yield on the Continent, while the proportion of sugar extracted amounted to 19 per cent., as compared to 18 per cent. abroad.

John Bull undoubtedly possesses a sweet tooth, and one that will cost him pretty dearly during the ensuing twelve months; but there is one grain of comfort to be extended to him, namely, that he will not be called upon to pay for his sugar at the

same rate, 4s. per lb., that obtained in 1372.



THE LEGS AND FEET OF INSECTS

By JOHN J. WARD

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc.

Illustrated from Photo-micrographs by the Author

BEFORE man's vision was intensified and instructed by the revealing power of the microscope, he might be compared to a child who had, since its earliest memory, been confined in a high tower with a distant view of the green fields. Although told that the green-coloured patches in the distance were fields, yet, in truth, the child would have little or no conception of what a field really was. Then, if at some future time, when he had reached a thoughtful age, his liberty was given him, and he went towards those fields, viewed so often from his distant tower, he would at once be overwhelmed by the details of the individual plant leaves and flower blooms that composed those sheets of evergreen he knew so well. It would then naturally follow that a careful analysis of details would have to be made, so that a new and more truthful conception of what constitutes a field should be formed.

So it was with man when the microscope first assisted him to unravel the mysteries of things organic and inorganic that surround him. And so it is to-day with the tyro who views through the microscope even the most common and familiar objects with which he feels himself well acquainted. He might, with apparent truth, reason that, by enlarging an object and revealing the details of its structure, he would better understand it, but that would be correct only in a limited degree. It would be quite true that, after those details had been analysed and their relative values considered, he would know more about it, yet it should be remembered that, at first, the fresh details disclosed by the microscope add to the complexity rather than remove it. Let me give a practical example.

Everybody, doubtless, is familiar with the common blue-bottle-fly, and has observed its six black legs, and, probably, concluded that these terminate in six feet.

Now, if a detached leg of the blow-fly is seen by a person possessing normal vision, he would have little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that he was looking at the leg of a fly; and if it should be viewed through a reading-glass, it would probably be even more easily distinguished as such. But now let us place under a microscope a small portion of this insect's leg, which roughly measures three-eighths of an inch



FIG. 1. THE FOOT OF A BLOW-FLY, SHOWING PADS AND CLAWS.

in length; say we magnify the twenty-fifth part of an inch of the foot end, and see what is then revealed. The result is shown in Figs. 1 and 2, and I wonder how many of my readers would recognize these



FIG. 2. FOOT OF BLOW-FLY: SIDE VIEW.

objects as tiny portions from the foot end of the legs of the familiar blow-fly—yet such is the fact.

It will be seen that various details have come into view, which, previously, were quite unknown to us. What are these curious structures? And what is their function? are questions that naturally follow.

In the first place, it is obvious that each foot of the blow-fly is provided with a pair of stout claws. These are of service to the insect when walking over rough surfaces or penetrating tiny crevices quite in-

visible to human sight. For example, when it climbs a perpendicular wall, or walks upside-down upon a ceiling, the apparently smooth surface has sufficient roughness for these tiny claws to get a grip upon it. However, it occasionally occurs that the blow-fly has other situations to meet, where it cannot use these hooked claws to any advantage. For instance, in its casual roaming, it may alight upon the smooth surface of the butcher's scales and dishes; or, occasionally it appears to confuse the transparent window panes of the shop with the surrounding atmosphere. In the latter case, we see it butting at the glass, with alternate rambles up and down the pane, as if it were in a great state of perplexity over the inexplicable discovery that a portion of the atmosphere had suddenly become tough and hard to penetrate.

The point we need to particularly observe, however, is that the fly walks up the perpendicular, smooth glass with perfect ease, although there is here no rough surface on which its claws can find a hold. This brings us to the next point in the anatomy of the foot of this insect, namely, the two pads seen between the claws. These pads are brought into play on such smooth surfaces as that of glass and similar materials, the claws being then thrown back, one to each side, beneath the foot and out of the way; just as, when the claws are in use, the pads are lifted up between them, also to be out of the way.

These pads or flaps act by adhesion, and for a long time were thought to hold, like suckers, by forming a vacuum; but when some flies were put into a vessel from which the air was withdrawn, and the flies still adhered, it was conclusively shown that a mistake had been made; and some other explanation was necessary.



FIG. 3. FOOT OF ICHNEUMON-FLY.

A foot adapted for stepping on the bodies of caterpillars.

Since then, it has been observed that the under side of these foot flaps are studded with tiny hairs which exude a sticky fluid, and it has, therefore, been surmised that this secretion both expels the air from beneath the pads and at the same time gums the pads to the smooth surface. In this way it is explained that, when we find a dead fly still adhering to a window pane or frame, it secreted this sticky fluid while its strength was failing, and later became too feeble to remove its feet again. Of course, a hold of this kind would stand a

here is perhaps the most probable, and the one most largely accepted amongst zoologists.

The remaining structures worthy of notice in the blow-fly's foot are the stout bristles which clothe its joints, and, also, the longer and more delicate ones termed "touch-bristles" seen nearest the pads, which are probably associated with the sense of touch, and serve to direct the insect to suitable foot-holds. The coarser bristles may serve a variety of purposes in the economy of the insect, acting as brushes,



FIG. 4. HEAD AND ONE OF THE FORE LEGS OF THE COMMON FLEA.

considerable pull, and so it bears the weight of the fly when upside-down. When the active fly would lift its foot, it loosens the pad by rolling it off the surface from opposite sides, just as we might readily open an envelope by pulling up the flap by the point before it has properly stuck, although it would be extremely difficult to open by pulling directly from above.

Although various views in explanation of the exact use of these adhesive organs which are familiar on many other flies besides the blow-fly, and also on bees, butterflies, and other insects, have been put forward from time to time, yet that given

combs, etc., as may be observed by watching a fly arranging its toilet.

In illustration Fig. 3 is shown another variety of the pad and claw arrangement. This example is that of an ichneumon fly—a parasitic fly whose business it is to seek out plump and healthy caterpillars and carefully deposit its eggs in their bodies, its offspring eventually feeding on the substance of their caterpillar host.

Now, if the reader will think for one moment of this insect's occupation, and then glance at its strong comb-like claws, and then consider the plump and soft bodies of the caterpillars it has to deal

with, no large effort of the imagination will be required to understand how the caterpillars are persuaded into a gentle submission to the egg-depositing business, when gripped with six feet like this.

We begin now to grasp the fact that the varied and wonderful structures and modifications revealed in insects' feet when viewed by the microscope have to do with the economy of the individual insect. This fact becomes plainer still as we investigate. For example, in illustration Fig. 4 is shown the head and one of the fore legs of the common flea, the second fore leg being partly shown. This lively insect is seen to be waving its leg with a kind of movement which seems to imply, "Just a moment, and I will be with you!"

We see in this fore leg some extraordinary basal parts, considering it is only an insect's leg, and great muscular development—as one might expect, considering the flea's marvelous jumping capabilities—and some more of the spines and bristles so characteristic of the legs of insects. Also, we note that

the feet terminate in two delicate claws, by means of which it retains its connection with the soft skin of its host.

It will be interesting to make a little comparison with the legs of this parasitic insect. Let us, for example, consider another familiar parasite, viz., the common sheep-tick—which is largely in evidence at sheep-shearing. In illustration Fig. 5 the foot of this insect is shown under the same enlargement as that of the previous illustration of the flea. If, however, we

we see at once the delicacy of the one compared with the other. The legs and feet of the flea are adapted for a soft bodied host, while those of the sheep-tick are specially formed for creeping about amongst the wool on the tougher skin of the sheep.

And, by the way, sheep-ticks are said to leave their prey for breeding purposes, carrying on these functions beneath stones on the ground, or in similar situations, becoming vegetarians for the time being.

However, the craving for blood returns in due course, when, we are told, they ascend the stems of grasses, and while holding on with their fore legs, extend their hinder ones, and in this attitude they wait until some woolly sheep rubs against them, and so once more they find a victim. Look at the illustration once again, and note how perfectly the legs and claws are adapted for this performance.

Although fully-developed insects possess only six legs, yet, in their larval or caterpillar stage, we often find them with as many as sixteen. On careful obser-

vation, however, we discover that the legs of caterpillars are of two distinct kinds. The first three pairs taper from the body, are jointed, and terminate in a claw (Fig. 6), and these are the chief organs of locomotion. It often happens, though, that the caterpillar, while reaching out to the green leaves on which it feeds, has to loose its hold with these first three pairs of legs, and then the hinder pairs of "pro-legs" or clasping organs come into use. These pro-legs can be lengthened out and withdrawn again, much after the manner of



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE HIND LEGS OF A SHEEP TICK.



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE WALKING LEGS OF A CATERPILLAR.

the "horns" of snails, and each foot is terminated with a row of horny hooks on its inner edge (Fig. 7), which penetrate tiny inequalities of surface in the branches and leaves and so give the caterpillar a firm grip. In this manner is explained that clinging or "creepy" sensation which a caterpillar gives to the hand when it crawls over it.

Only the first three pairs of jointed legs are legs proper, however, and these remain throughout the metamorphoses of the insect, becoming the true jointed legs of the perfect insect. The fleshy pro-legs, or clinging organs, being mere membranous projections of the skin, disappear when the caterpillar makes its last moult, before becoming a pupa or chrysalis.

So we see that insects' feet are marvellously adapted to their environment and circumstances in life. If we glance at aquatic insects this becomes even more obvious. Everybody has probably observed, when quietly approaching a pond, some of

the familiar black diving beetles, which often rest on the surface of the water when they come up to take in their supply of air, which they get from the atmosphere. On the slightest movement of the observer, they disappear with astonishing rapidity into the watery depths, this manœuvre being effected by means of their hind legs, which are beautifully adapted for aquatic locomotion. One of these legs is shown in Fig. 8, and it is seen to be well-developed, and both broadened and flattened, and fringed with stiff hairs along its edges. These hairs open and spread out, presenting a surface to the water when the stroke is made, and are depressed when the leg returns, and in this way the insect is provided with most efficient oars.

The principle swimming organs with nearly all adult aquatic insects are the hind legs, and another very beautiful and remarkable example may be instanced in the leg



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE PRO-LEGS OR CLASPERS OF A CATERPILLAR, SHOWING THE HORNY HOOKS.

of the little whirlwig or whirligig beetles seen on almost any sunny day during summer or winter in quiet nooks of rivers, carrying on their mazy turning and whirlings on the surface of the water in most merry fashion. Of course, to carry out such manœuvres as these sudden twistings and turnings, a special organ is needed, and in this case the hinder pairs of legs are the modified structures, the joints

of the fore leg, is the water-scorpion—a flattened, dingy-coloured insect, of sluggish habits, which is as often as not mistaken for a bit of dead leaf; and in this way it probably deceives its prey. Its method is to lie in wait until a worm—or some aquatic larva comes near, and this it suddenly seizes with a fore leg like that shown in Fig. 10. It should be noticed that this fore leg acts clasp-knife fashion,



FIG. 8. THE OAR-LIKE LEG OF A DIVING BEETLE.

forming a series of plates which open out and form an expanding paddle, each joint being fringed with flat hairs, which probably help to present a greater surface to the water. One of these legs is shown in Fig. 9, and it will be observed that, with considerable modification, the two claws, so characteristic of the feet of beetles, are still retained.

Another pond insect that presents a curious leg modification, but in this in-

stance the fore leg, is the water-scorpion—possessing strong muscles, by means of which the blade-like portion is pulled down upon it, the victim, of course, being gripped between them.

As a concluding example we may leave aquatic insects and consider one of subterranean habits, namely, the mole-cricket. This insect excavates its burrows by means of its marvellous fore legs, which are wonderfully specialized for the work, bringing

forcibly to mind the strong hands of the familiar mole; from this feature, indeed, the insect derives its popular name.

The fore legs, like the hands of the mole, possess extraordinary strength, and those joints of the feet which in insects are usually slender, have developed here into four legs, and strong projections used for digging out the soil (Fig. 11), the foot being terminated with a small joint which bears two claws.

Another feature of interest, also shown in the illustration, is the curious oval opening seen at the back portion of this digging organ. This is one of the ears of this insect; the hearing organs of crickets and



FIG. 10. FORE LEG OF A WATER SCORPION, WHICH ACTS LIKE THE BLADE AND HANDLE OF A CLASP KNIFE

green grasshoppers, strange to say, are found placed in this curious position below the knee.

On the opposite side of the fore leg to that shown in the illustration, on the digging parts, are placed some other strong projections which point outwards and serve the insect to cut through any strong roots with which it may happen to meet while making its excavations; these projections are brought in contact with similar prominences higher up the leg, the two sets forming together most efficient shears.

It is plain, then, that the wonders of anatomy exhibited by the microscope in the feet and legs of insects are not provided for mere ornamentation, but, invariably, serve some other and practical purpose in the economy of the insect that bears them.

And it is equally clear that, without the agency of the microscope, much that is to us extraordinary in the movements of insects would remain inexplicable or only explicable on some hypothesis which we had no means of verifying with certainty. The microscope thus reveals to us the most astonishing diversities of structure in these tiny organs of tiny insects, as wonderful in their perfect adaptiveness to varying conditions of



FIG. 9. ONE OF THE EXPANDING PADDLES OF THE WHIRLIGIG BEETLE.

life as the diversified structures of larger creatures with which we are more familiar. And one conclusion which we may draw

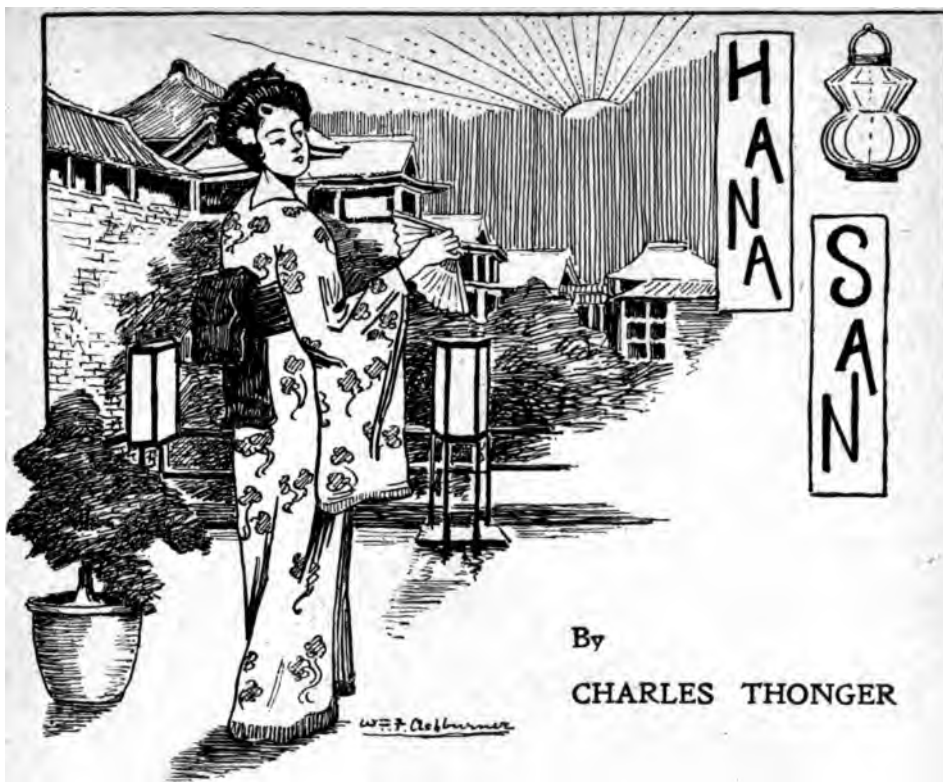
tion on a large scale only. Her minutest work is fashioned with a deftness, a perfection of form to utility, a delicacy com-



FIG. 11. ONE OF THE FORE LEGS OF THE MOLE-CRICKET, BY MEANS OF WHICH IT DIGS ITS BURROWS. THE OVAL OPENING SEEN BEHIND THE DIGGING BLADES IS ONE OF THE INSECT'S EARS.

from these studies in the minuter forms of nature is that, whether she is working on a large or a small scale, she works with extraordinary precision. Nature is no clumsy artificer, limited by coarse tools to produc-

bined with strength that must inspire in us an ever-increasing wonder and awe, the more deeply we penetrate into her mysteries. That the study is fascinating I hope this article goes to prove.



By

CHARLES THONGER

IN the gathering glow of morning Hana San went down to her daily toil in Daisiu's paddy fields—Daisiu, the hunchback, with his yellow, wrinkled face and shifty, pig-like eyes. With her small, brown hands she disentangled the rice plants and set them in little clusters at regular distances over the swampy flats. The hours were long, but Hana San had been born to work, and she did not complain on that account. What she envied was the gay chatter of her companions, the song of Nachi and the tinkling *samisen* of Miya, who played among the plum groves when darkness had set and the fireflies danced in the shadows. For Hana San was lonely, very lonely, and when evening came and the snowy slopes of distant Fuji glowed with all the glory of the western sky, she climbed the misty hillside with an aching heart.

"Surely he would come to-night! To-night!" How many times had she said the words in her heart. But morning came, and still she listened for his foot-fall.

Faithful, simple-minded little Hana San, what should she know of war, that

terrible blood-red beast, which strode through the land with dripping jaws and cruel fangs? Her life was of the sunshine, the flowers, and the hum of bees, the temple bell, and the soft green of the paddy fields. She realised in a dumb, mysterious way that her country was in danger, that a great and mighty nation was trying to crush it, and that Kato, her husband, had left her to help the great cause.

Life without Kato—what was it? A weary round of grey monotony, a daily hope which blossomed as a flower, only to be nipped and blighted by cruel disappointment. If only she lived in one of the big towns, she might have heard news of him, but news never came to the tiny village, buried among the azalea groves, the glory of Dai Nippon, in which she lived.

True; mysterious packets bearing tidings of the outside world came at regular intervals to Daisiu, in whose fields she worked all day. But Daisiu—the thought of him made her shudder—never told anyone what he heard. Once she plucked up courage to ask him if he could tell her anything of Kato. She remembered how strangely he had behaved—how a sudden

light had come into his cunning eyes—how he had rolled his thick lips, and waited before replying.

She did not know how in that pause he had weighed the chances of Kato's return, and knew that they were as one in ten thousand.

"No, he knew nothing, but he would enquire—he had means of finding out—she must be patient."

And from that day he had always seemed interested in her. Often when she was stooping at her work, her fingers twined among the matted roots of the rice plants, she had turned to find Daisiu standing watching her. Why was his face so terrible? He was not so ugly as blind Taro, who sat begging for alms by the side of the hill road. And yet there was something she could not define—a malignant gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, a look of crafty design, as though he possessed the power to foretell the future, and the future was pleasant to him.

She thought, too, of the time when one evening he had sat in his little office paying the workers as they left the fields; how he had left her until last, and had paid her more than her due. It was not until she reached her home that she found out his mistake, and, full of fear, had hastened back to tell him. He was not in the office, and she had found him standing wrapped in thought, a solitary grey figure at the edge of the misty paddy fields. He had not moved as she bent before him, holding out the money, but had stared hard at her, and did not seem surprised.

"Keep it, Hana San, for you are pretty, and must not want," he had said, and when she had left him and was back again on the road, she could see he had turned and was following her with his eyes. She often thought of it with wonder, for Daisiu was a miser, and underpaid everyone.

But as the days slipped backward and the snowy plum petals fell to the ground, giving place to the rosy pink of the cherry, and the mauve and white of the wistaria, she grew yet more troubled. For there was no sign of Kato, no word from him, to comfort her aching heart. Worse than all, the truth of Daisiu's liberality and his strange glances had been slowly borne to her. For months she had noticed his in-

terest in her without fathoming its true meaning, and had accepted thankfully and unsuspectingly the added wage which he dropped into her little brown hand, as he made his weekly payments.

It was O Sada San who had told her. Sada San, who was jealous of her beauty, and who never failed to ferret out other people's secrets.

She could hardly believe it, it was horrible.

Daisiu loved her! Daisiu loved her!

The words of Sada San, spoken with a sneer, as though, indeed, it were no enviable thing, buzzed in her childish brain continually.

What could there be in her that should make Daisiu cast on her the eye of favour? Daisiu, with his many rice fields and his labourers. Daisiu, who was rich, and lent out money on usury. Besides, was she not married to Kato? Hana San could not understand it—how should she? For in her simple mind there was no knowledge of the love of men such as Daisiu.

If Hana San's little bronze mirror, the same that she brought from the home of her childhood, could have spoken, it would have told of a face which was as pure and beautiful as the lotus flower in bloom. Of full red lips, of wondrous olive skin damasked with the blush of morning, of pearly teeth and brown black hair. Of eyes in whose depths lurked soft fancies and budding passions, of starry nights and summer days.

Daisiu realised it perfectly.

That night Hana San crept out into the moonbeams and watched the twinkling lights in the village disappear one by one. The stillness was broken by the plaintive notes of Miya's *samisen*, as she played in the little tea house on the hill. A ripple of laughter came to her, borne on the scented breeze of night; a moth brushed past and was lost in the shadows. Then the *samisen* was silent, and the laughter died away. Far below, she could see the mists rising above Daisiu's paddy fields, and their icy coldness seemed to steal across her heart.

How lonely she felt! The earth was filled with shadows and nameless terrors; each bush and tree seemed to bend towards her in a spirit of inquiry. A great hush had fallen, and it seemed as though court-

less ears were listening for some sound which must come from her. With a little hushed cry she sank to the warm earth, and her lips moved with tender, passionate yearning.

"Kato! Kato!"

The moon rose in stately splendour, and caused black shadows of tree and branch to stretch themselves across the ground. It touched, too, the little crumpled figure of Hana San. Slowly the soft folds of her *kimono* fell from her face, and around her dark eyes were rings of shadow. Far away the silver shape of Fuji rose in silent majesty, clear and lucent in the pale virgin light.

Hana San fell on her knees, and in the fullness of her sorrow prayed to the goddess of the mountain, great Asama. In her childish entreaty there was but one great cry:

"Kato! Kato!"

Surely he would come to her. She felt that he was thinking of her then—her lover, her husband.

But as she turned to go, her eyes fell again on the white mists which marked the rice fields of Daisiu, the hunchback.

* * *

It was peony time, and Hana San was resting by the sacred lotus pond, which is near the little shrine of Kwannon. The mossy roof of the temple showed against the blue sky, and the worshippers, gay butterflies in their bright *kimonos*, passed in fluttering groups under the red *torii*, up the twisted pathway, overshadowed by giant cryptomerias, into the courtyard. It was holiday, and the crowd, no longer blue-clad workers, blossomed out in all the glory of festal finery and silken *obis*. But Hana San had not the heart to do as the others. She sat apart by the lotus pond, a pathetic little figure, her head bent.

"Hana San Hana San!" they cried; but she heeded them not.

In the dim mystery of the temple, shaven priests served continually, with weird chanting and endless postulations; the soft tones of bronze bells rose above the shuffling murmur made by the feet of the faithful.

A woman with her little one on her arm stroked the worn face of Binzuru, and then touched her baby. Binzuru, who cures the ills of all who touch him. A

child-mother dropped a tiny doll in the lap of Kishi Bojin, whose face, full of compassion and pity, looks down on those whose children have been called away by the gods. Further on sounded the chink-chink of copper coins, as a group who had received blessings threw their paper-covered offerings. The voice of prayer from many lips sounded like waves beating on a distant shore, or like the hum of bees.

But no one prayed for Hana San.

Along the pathway through the trees came the figure of a man. It was Daisiu. He moved quickly, and his small eyes scanned the crowd as though they sought to find someone. For a moment he paused, then turned towards the pond where the sacred lilies opened their petals to the sun.

"Hana San," he said, "I have news."

At his voice she started.

Why had he followed her there? Daisiu never prayed, except to the Inari, whose power it is to grant a fruitful rice harvest. Hana San was frightened.

In his hand Daisiu held a slip of paper. Against its whiteness his thin yellow fingers looked like the talons of some great bird.

"It is of Kato," he continued, and watched her face out of the corners of his bloodshot eyes.

"Kato!" she cried. "Oh, tell me is he coming? My husband, my loved one!"

Daisiu paused, and his fingers closed over the paper.

"He is dead," he said abruptly, and his thick lips moved outwards.

Hana San did not stir. His eyes seemed to fascinate her like those of a serpent. But the damask had fled from her cheek, and her hands were clenched.

"He fell in the great battle, and sleeps among the snows," continued Daisiu. "You are—," he hesitated and touched her, "you are free."

Still Hana San uttered no sound. She realised his words, but their meaning was hidden.

"Kato was dead. Kato dead." Her lips moved, as she repeated the words over and over.

Daisiu stood perfectly still, and she felt that his eyes were drawing her towards him, by some power which was unknown and terrible.

"You understand. Hana San. You are free—free. Death is nothing but the gate-



HANA SAN WAS RESTING BY THE SACRED LOTUS POND.

way of Nirvana. Yours is the life, think of its meaning. A lonely life—ugh. The bird does not die because the hunter has snared her mate; the cricket's note is heard in the grass, though her companion is trodden under foot."

He bent his face towards her, and the lines about his mouth deepened. Her cheeks felt his hot breath, and she shrank instinctively from him. For a moment she wavered, and her dark eyes looked straight into his. But her wavering was of fear and dumbness.

Daisiu saw it. He straightened himself, and the muscles of his face relaxed. Slowly his eyes, greedy in their gaze, followed the patterned lines of her kimono, and his lips moved with a scarcely perceptible motion.

Hana San did not stir under his gaze. Her eyes, wide open, were fixed full on his. Her lips, just parted, showed her white, even teeth; only her bosom heaved.

Into Daisiu's eyes came a gleam of triumph.

"Tis well. The wealth of Daisiu's rice fields is better than the sting of poverty. Hunger is bad for the body, and love nourishes the soul. Hana San," he bent and whispered, "it wants but little until the shadows fall, and the scent of the lilies floats on the night breeze."

He turned and was gone.

Until that day Daisiu had never made an offering; he asked, but gave nothing in return. Perhaps his prayers were unanswered. But now in the dim light of the temple, he pressed forward with the crowd, and with them cast a handful of copper coins towards the priests, who stood before the lacquered shrine of Iyeyasu.

* * *

Night had come, and the air held the scent of lilies, even as Daisiu had said. The music and laughter of another day had died into silence, and the moths fluttered backwards and forwards on noiseless wings. But there was no moon to throw strange shadows on the ground, and the rain clouds gathered round the brow of Fuji, and hurried onwards.

Beside the dim light which burnt before her household gods, Hana San bowed her head as though in prayer. Long she knelt,

but no words came. Her small mind could not compass what had come to pass; the true meaning of life and death had never yet been shown her. The past was all so shadowy and unreal, the future alone she saw clearly. It made her tremble. But deep down in her heart, far below the aching sorrow, was a thought which seemed to pervade her whole being,—her love for her husband, and her great resolve to be faithful to him even to the end. Fate had stolen all she had, all that could be stolen, but this thought was hers, and she clung to it. Across the gulf of years, she felt that others had been tried, had suffered as she suffered now, and that beyond the murmuring seas, in lands distant and far, hearts, crushed like hers, beat in silent sympathy.

Suddenly from without there came a rustling, and a hollow sound as of footsteps.

Hana San started, and listened. Was it a bending branch—was it some night bird—or was it—?

Again it came, stealthily, slowly, but nearer.

The rain, first in single drops, then in a gentle patter, began to fall on the roof, and through the chinks of the *amado* a smell of the damp earth and trees was faintly borne.

It was a moment of human destiny.

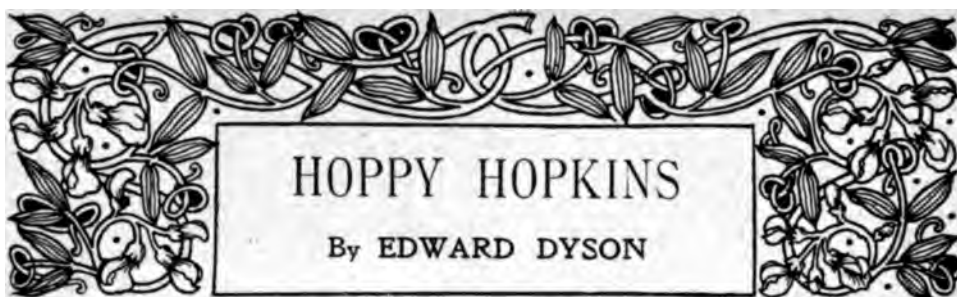
But in that moment the woman was born in Hana San, and the doubts and fears of childhood fled like mists on the mountain.

With one small hand she drew aside the soft *futon*, with the other she clasped a slip of faded ivory, in which was set a tiny blade.

In the movement that followed peace came to Hana San.

* * *

Outside in the rain and darkness stood a man, worn and travel stained. His face bore the look of those who have passed through much, but have reached their own, at last. He was smiling to himself, and his fingers straightened a silver token, which, fastened by a ribbon, hung from his breast. He paused to listen, then with a little cry he unfastened the *shoji* and passed within.



HOPPY HOPKINS

By EDWARD DYSON

TEDDY'S hermitage was of the school of architecture known in the Australian bush as "chock-and-log." The substantial walls were built of blue gum butts, the roof was composed of flat sheets of stringy bark. On the mining fields and the selections there are thousands of such huts, often, as in Teddy's case, the homes of solitary men, but the hut of Hopkins differed from the ordinary in being roughly fenced with sapling pickets and surrounded with a garden, a miracle of neatness and greenness in the barren, yellowy-brown, baked landscape of Giffen's Lead. Delicate creepers trailed picturesquely over the little building, and two generous wattles spread their dark, feathery foliage to shield it from the consuming sun that blazed down upon Giffen's Lead through the interminable summer days. Teddy, with long and patient toil, which, appraised at current wage-rates, represented some hundreds of pounds, had completed an irrigation scheme, bringing a small stream of water from far up the creek to feed his vegetable beds and refresh his flowers.

The miner had devised movable screens of potato-sacking to ward off the midday sun, and he tended his plants and trained them with the devotion a loving mother bestows upon the rearing of her first babe. No other dwelling was visible from Teddy's gate, and no other greenness but the dark line of bush beyond the abrupt bank on the far side of the creek, where mining operations suddenly gave way to pastoral pursuits and a fitful and slovenly attempt at agriculture.

A mile up, towards its source, the creek was a clean rivulet running between narrow banks clothed prodigally with scrub and fern and flowering creepers, and

walled in with giant trees. Here it sprawled over many acres where not one green leaf relieved the aching monotony of brown reef and yellow slurry. Here the stream was muddy and moved painfully and blindly like an insect clogged in syrup.

To-day the flat lay in a blaze of sunlight that softened nothing, hid nothing. The vivid realism of the scene was painful to the eye, and etched itself on the brain as with hot needles. In the middle distance two men worked with sullen energy, digging out old tailings. When they straightened their backs, and threw the perspiration from their brows with expert forefingers, their eyes turned instinctively for comfort to the oasis where Teddy's garden glowed on the hillside. On the extreme left a big-boned grey horse trudged in the magic circle of a puddling machine almost smothered in wet clay, and a clay-coloured small boy riding on the beam drowsed in the heat, cracking his whip fitfully or crying in a burst of diligence, and in a voice that came sharply out of the distance:

"Gee up there, carn't yer? Gee up, Carbine!"

On the extreme right the creek turned sharply out of view, and beyond that broke into a run and again raced down to Birbin, as if eager to escape the desolation and the defilement of Giffen's Lead.

Birbin called itself a township. It consisted of four houses, a hotel, a blacksmith's shop, and a weatherboard school rather larger than a dog kennel, but built on precisely the same lines. Three of the four houses were deserted and rapidly falling into decay. Daily, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, about a score of rough-haired, freckled, bare-legged children [

colated out of the bush by as many tracks, and drifted into the miniature school-house to receive the benefits of a State education, through the agency of a monotonous and interminable chant, it would seem.

Coming from the direction of Binbin along a foot-track, a little girl of not more than six years of age wandered into the picture, dragging behind her on a long string a home-made school-bag containing the scant paraphernalia of a student in the lower first, a heavy-legged little girl poorly and hastily dressed, and looking as if her old clothes had suffered from much racing through the scrub. Upon an undisciplined mass of dark hair was perched a ridiculously small and shapeless hat ornamented with the wing of a parrot; through the tangle in front peeped a blistered nose, from which the white skin was peeling in tiny shavings, and a suggestion of a plain and dirty face in which the expressionlessness of bush childhood was tempered with a certain raffish audacity that might have been wholly due to the fact that the left eye had an upward tilt, which kept it continually at impudent variance with its neighbour.

The youngster walked slowly, breaking into an awkward skip now and again to vary the monotony of life and things on Giffen's Lead. At Teddy's she stole aside to peep through the battens of the gate at the wonderful vegetable beds and the jaunty flowers. She looked up at the sulphur-crested, old-man cockatoo drowsing on his perch near the door, with an abashed expression and something of awe. He was a strange, wise bird, he talked learnedly, and had a grave contempt for little girls. She had a certain respect for him, and felt uneasy under his severely judicial scrutiny. With the magpie it was different, he was frivolous, a mere comedian who whistled step-dance tunes and talked cheerful folly in an absurd voice.

Having peeped at everything of interest, the child rattled the gate sharply on its leather hinges, and stood for a moment awaiting developments, eager-eyed, poised for flight. The cockatoo opened his round eyes, blinked sleepily, and closed them again, croaking in his sleep:

"Blast me, if it ain't that brat agin!"

The magpie ran daintily along the path, and pecked at her, as one in authority resenting impertinence.

Thrusting her face in between the battens, and watching the hut door anxiously, the youngster ventured further.

"Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!" she piped. "Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins! Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!"

She retreated a step and waited, ready to dart off, palpitant with excitement, thrilled with little terrors. Here was adventure, here was an enterprise, dangerous, forbidden; it offered the pagan infant soul that curious blend of rapture and dread that makes stories of giant and genii so enthralling to the young. She had committed the same sin scores of times, but the hazard had not lost its piquancy nor the little hairy man his mystery.

"Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!" she cried again, and the magpie repeated in a shrill parody of the childish voice, "'Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins! Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!"

Suddenly the hut door was jerked open, and, with a gasp and an inarticulate cry, the child fled as fast as her short, stout legs would carry her, still towing her school-bag, urged on by fear, but feeling the keen joy that comes to the lawless youngster whose spirit of mischief is gratified to the full.

Teddy Hopkins had darted to the gate, an untidy, wild-looking man, with much iron-grey hair and beard, and a round eye that stared dreadfully. He was, to all appearances, in a paroxysm of rage, he flourished his clenched hands over the gate, and screamed abuse after the girl, that was at first unintelligible spluttering, but which presently developed into understandable language.

"Go home, you dirty Scoogil brat," yelled Hopkins. "If I come after you I'll break every bone in your body, I will! You out-larious heathen, go home!"

The Scoogil brat, spurred by his voice, increased her efforts, and fell headlong, but rolled to her feet again as if by the process of a natural law, and continued running until she imagined a safe distance lay between her and her enemy, when she stopped, and turned to watch and listen.

"Go home an' learn yer manners do," cried the man gesticulating with a fury out of all reasonable proportion. "Comin'

here disturbin' decent people in their own homes! Gerrout, you monkey, or——"

Teddy tore open the gate, and made a show of pursuing the youngster, but she was not deceived.

"Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!" she cried, somewhat weakly it must be admitted, and at a venture, as if fearful of trying the man too far.

"Brat!" roared Hopkins. "Brat! Brat! Brat!" and he danced up and down on his lame leg in grotesque wrath.

This spectacle so amused the child that her shrill laughter echoed along the creek, and caused the two fossickers and the boy driving the puddles to look up, but the sight was not unusual to them, the boy drowsed again, and the men continued their work without comment.

Finding Teddy's anger cooling, Lena had resort to the galling properties of satirical rhyme, and chanted monotonously:

"'Oppy, 'Oppy, rix tix toppy! 'Oppy, 'Oppy, rix tix toppy!" A form of insult very much favoured by children, and most efficacious in this case. Galled beyond bearing to find the fine arts employed against him, Hopkins tossed his arms about frantically, darted down on a missile, threw it very wide of the mark, and broke into abuse again.

"Go home an' wash yer dirty face!" he cried, "an' tell yer father from me he's a squid—that's what *he* is— a squid! What could one expect from the likes of him but impident bla'g'ards of girls. Gerrout, you brat!"

Having exhausted his resources, Hopkins darted for the cover of his hut. The grave and ancient cockatoo caught his eye at the door and regarded him with a side-long, critical glance.

"D——n that kid!" said the bird in seeming derision. Teddy stopped, and shook a horny fist under Cockie's hebraic beak.

"See here, Richard Cobden," he said fiercely, "if there's any back chat from you I'll knock the Jew's head off you, my man."

The cockatoo stepped demurely from his perch on to the threatening hand and croaked:

"Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!"

"Well, well," said Hopkins, and a grin

spread itself under the profuse hair that almost covered his tanned face; "it's hard when a man's gotter take insults from his own family."

Carrying Richard Cobden and followed by the jealous magpie, who clicked at the heel of his boot, Teddy dived into the cool shades of his hut.

Lena Scoogil remained for a few minutes as if expecting further developments, and then resumed her slow journey homewards, indulging in occasional experiments in hopsotch by the way, her adventure with Hoppy Hopkins already forgotten.

The feud between Barry Scoogil and Ted Hopkins was known to be bitter and irreconcilable, and the people of Giffen's Lead, Binbin, and the surrounding district were familiar with its history, and had long since ceased to find any particular interest in it. Up till eight years ago, when Barry Scoogil married Dan Keeting's widow, Scoogil and Hopkins had been close mates for the greater part of their lives. They had lived together and worked together, and had fared alike on whatever was going, and neither man would have disputed the other's claim to anything he possessed. Theirs was in fact one of those firm mateships fostered between men by the exigencies of life on the early Australian goldfields, when friendships formed between partners in a claim often became stronger than ties of blood, and in many instances were broken only by death. The two men were a great deal alike, taciturn, hard-working, ambitionless. They associated on terms of closest intimacy for many years without becoming communicative. What conversation they had, laconic and conducted with long intervals, referred as a rule to their work. Without any real desire for riches, they pursued gold with great energy and the skill that comes only from long experience.

Hoppy and Scoogil had been on Giffen's Lead about seven months, and had almost made up their minds that the field was exhausted, when one wet, dark, midnight, when the dying fire in the wide, sod chimney lit the interior with a reddish glow, Barry from his bunk on the left hand side of the hut spoke to his mate:

"Say there, Teddy, are yer sleepin'?"

From his bunk on the right hand side Hopkins grunted an informative grunt, and after a minute or so Scoogil continued:

"I—I, eh—I bin thinkin' o' gettin' married, Ted."

A long silence, during which the hut darkened, and then Hopkins suddenly:

"Who's bin thinkin' o' gettin' married, didjer say?"

"I have."

Scoogil remained in pained expectation of an answer for over an hour, but as no answer was forthcoming he then tried to compose himself for sleep. Next morning the men performed their several duties as tidy "batchers," and breakfast was eaten in silence. It was not till the mates were gathering up their tools to go to work that Hopkins referred to the subject that occupied their two minds.

"You didn't happen to have nightmare 'r nothin' last night?" he asked.

"Who? Me? Why, no; o' course not."

"Not about marriages an' the like?"

"No, Hoppy, that was straight. I'm goin' to marry Keeting's widdier."

They walked to the mine without exchanging a word, but at the mouth of the shaft Hopkins said:

"You're dead set on marryin'?"

"I am," answered his mate sullenly.

"An' what o' me?"

"Oh, you'll be all right, Hoppy."

"You turn dog on me!"

"Eh, well, 'tain't turnin' dog—I——"

But at this point Hopkins opened out into one of his rare flights of passion and abuse, and for five minutes he reviled his mate, calling him evil names, and likening him to hounds, swine, cows, and other beasts that perish, and Scoogil listened with bowed head, and an air of patient humility implying a consciousness of guilt.

"The man what'll go back on a mate ain't no man," cried Hopkins; "he's a swine, an' no better. Ain't I been a good mate all these years? Ain't I done the square thing by you? Ain't I always done me fair share o' the cookin' an' the washin' up? Ain't I treated you like a man, straight an' true? Who nussed you

when you had roomertism at the Water-holes? An' who was yer best friend at the Piper? An' now you shunt me like a nole shirt. Well, I'm done with you. Yer a dog, Barry Scoogil, after all, an' I'm done with you!"

And there and then the mates made a division of their property and parted, Barry going to the widow's selection up the creek, Teddy back to the hut, and never since their parting had a word passed between them, or a look that was not vindictive. Teddy could not make up his mind to leave Giffen's Lead, but remained, fossicking over the old field, re-washing dirt that had already been washed, ferreting out scraps of auriferous deposit that had escaped the original workers, discovering new deposits, and prospecting industriously for a quartz lode. It was said at Binbin that he had struck many rich patches, and there was talk of great treasure hidden about his hut. Barry married Keeting's widow, and settled on her land, and tried farming and failed, and fruit-growing, and poultry-breeding, and many things, and failed in each, always having to come back to the old alluvial field for a few pennyweights of gold when bread was actually wanting.

Little Lena was Barry Scoogil's daughter, and from the day when, at the age of three, she escaped from the parental eye, and made her way to Hoppy's fence, and poked an elfish and impudent baby face at him through the battens, and chuckled at the shaggy miner and the amazing birds that talked to him as he worked in the garden, Teddy and Teddy's hut had exerted a curious fascination over her childish mind. She was scolded for going near the place, and beaten for calling after Hoppy, but this only added to the mystery of the hut and the zest of her adventures with its occupant.

As soon as she was old enough to imitate the other children, she would steal to the gate and call "Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins," and run in terror when he charged down upon her, feeling awed delight in the thunders of abuse which Hopkins was called upon to hurl after her as an earnest of his antipathy to her rascally father. This had been going on for four years, and it was rare that two days passed with-

out Ted hearing the childish voice crying his nickname or seeing the quaint, impish face peering between his palings.

Gradually Hopkins had withdrawn himself from all friendships, and was now living much like a hermit. The companionship and conversation he desired he could have with his birds, to whose education he devoted much of his leisure, and he no longer toiled in all weathers, a circumstance that convinced his wide-spread neighbours of the truth of the rumours of a secret hoard.

Towards the evening of the second day after Lena's visit as herein recorded, Hopkins began to display a great uneasiness. He had wandered to the gate several times within an hour, and had looked anxiously up the creek to the left, and eagerly down the creek in the direction of Binbin, and had returned to his hut in a condition of apparent perplexity, quite disregarding the sober comments of Richard Cobden and the low comedy antics of Andy the magpie. This condition continued for several days, and deepened as time went by. Half a dozen times he had been seen drifting aimlessly about the creek in the vicinity of Scoogil's holding, and he spent many hours wandering in a purposeless way between the Lead and Binbin, dressed in his usual shiftless manner in the eternal rough blue shirt, the clay-bespattered moleskin trousers that were always too big, always on the point of falling off, and always sustained by a miracle, and the same heavy, unlaced blucher boots, for although a careful housekeeper and a diligent gardener Hoppy was a hopeless sloven in person.

Hopkins was not quick in admitting to himself the occasion of his disquietude, but an honest acknowledgment was made at length. For a whole week he had not had a visit from the Scoogil brat.

The old man's impatience was provoked by this trifling break in the routine of his life, but impatience developed into a feverish anxiety as days passed, and he could discover no cause for the change. The child was nowhere visible. Half a dozen times he went out with the intention of inquiring after the youngster, but the exclusive life he had been living for years made it difficult for him to approach any-

body on Giffen's Lead, apart altogether from the bitterness of betraying an interest in Scoogil or any of his breed, and Teddy assured himself that the concern he felt was in some way owing to his great enmity towards the brat's father. But Teddy's uneasiness deepened, and at length he was constrained to approach Fisk, the blacksmith at Binbin, and, after some awkward, desultory conversation about the weather, and a fictitious show of interest in the art of shoeing pack mules, he said artfully and with elaborate diffidence:

"Bin any bother up to widder Keetin's place lately?"

He could not yet bring himself to use Scoogil's name.

"At Scoogil's, d'yer mean?" said Fisk. "I hear his kiddy's pretty bad with some kind o' fever."

"Pretty bad, but not very—o' course, not very," said Hoppy, struggling to disguise his emotion.

"Darned bad," continued Fisk emphatically. "An' he was sayin' to me that there's a big chance o' the nipper peggin' out if he can't get the doctor up from Gum Flats."

"Then why don't he get the doctor—blast 'im, why don't he?" Hopkins had fallen into a sudden rage, and was throwing his arms about.

"Because he's stony," continued the blacksmith: "ain't got a copper, an' the doctor won't come up here for less'n seven quid."

"But what's he doin' about it?"

"Workin' his darnedest on the Lead with Burns. All depends on the dirt they're puttin' through the puddler now. If it don't pan out well I'm afraid Barry Scoogil's youngster ain't long for this world."

"An' there ain't an ounce o' gold in an acre o' that dirt!" cried Hopkins excitedly. "Don't I know it? It's ez poor ez mud. Scoogil's a fool, a hidiot, a howlin' jackass!" And apparently quite overmastered by his contempt for his old mate, Teddy limped out of the blacksmith's forge, and trotted off in the direction of Giffen's Lead, muttering angrily as he went.

Teddy spent the rest of that day under cover, watching Scoogil and Burns at work

on the flat industriously barrowing dirt to the puddling machine, where the grey horse moved wearily in his destined circle, and as he watched the old miner was prey to deep agitation. His reflections were disturbed by Richard Cobden who, being the victim of an illusion, awakened to blink his bead-like little eyes and croak testily: "There's that brat agin! Oh, blast that brat!"

Hopkins started to his feet, turning eagerly and instinctively to the gate. Then he rounded on the bird.

"You lie!" he cried furiously. "You devil, you lie!" And the amazed cockatoo was sent flying from his perch with an open-handed blow that came near finishing his comfortable existence there and then.

Barry Scoogil, toiling on the flat, worked with the energy of a man who realised that something dearer than life was at stake. He was of a class that does not pause to question its emotion, only within the last few days had he come to understand that fate could afflict him with no sorrow, no terror, no form or manner of affliction to nearly equal the horror of losing his child. He realised this with a conviction that never for a moment relaxed its grip on his heart, but he made no complaint, he worked—worked with compressed lips, silently, regretting that work was not harder, that it must cease. Only in work was there any relief, for he felt that every shovel of dirt he lifted helped the little sufferer. For a fortnight he had worked on Burn's selection, clearing the land of the big timber, and Burns was paying him in kind, assisting him to fossick an ounce or two of gold from the mangled banks of the creek to provide money for the doctor and the nourishments Lena must have. A few dishes of the wash, taken from here and there and panned off, had promised well for this last machineful of dirt, and Barry Scoogil had wild hopes. The thought of going to Dr. Kidman and dragging that important personage to his child's bedside by the throat had occurred to him again and again, but he only bent his back, and drove his pick the harder to kill the mad idea. Dr. Kidman was over fond of bush brandy, and not at all a man of sentiment. All Barry's hopes lay in the puddling machine.

All day long barrow load after barrow load of wash dirt was wheeled to the puddler, and tumbled in to add its quota of gold to that accumulating in the dark sand at the bottom. The puddling machine was a very primitive affair, like a trench dug in a circle round an old gum stump, the sides and bottom of the machine being closely boarded. Pivoted to the top of the stump was a long beam to which were chained heavy, iron-toothed harrows. The horse dragged this beam around, and the harrows ploughed the dirt, disintegrating it, while the water, running continuously in at the top on one side, and out at the top on the other, carried away all the soluble clay in the form of sludge. Occasionally the horse was stopped, the water drained off, and the well-washed stones forked from the machine and thrown aside. Then came more dirt, more water, and the work went on. The gold, being heaviest, sank to the bottom of the puddler, and remained there to be recovered in "the cleaning up" on Saturday morning, when the residue of the sand and gravel in the machine would be put through the sluice boxes, which served to separate the clean gold from all foreign material.

"I mean to bring a gun an' watch that ole puddler to-night," said Scoogil at knock-off time on Friday evening.

"Where's the use?" asked Burns. "There ain't a man in the country side who'd do you for half a grain. Go to bed, an' get your natural rest, or you'll be knockin' up."

"I ain't takin' no risks," replied Scoogil decisively. "There may be a heap o' gold in that stuff, an' I ain't takin' no risks!"

Burns's expression implied grave doubt. He shook his head. Evidently he had no expectations.

"Never heard of a puddler or a sluice box being robbed since the first rush to this Lead," he said.

"Maybe no, but I have doubts o' me own 'bout that machine last week. Think o' the stuff we put through, tons an' tons of it, an' she panned out nine weights—nine pennyweights for a week's thunderin' hard graft of two men, a horse an' a boy! My opinion is some one scraped a barrer load 'r two of stuff off the bottom. There's

them Chows out on Banjo Hill! Chinamen is born thieves; I wouldn't trust 'em not to steal the tail off a sick horse. But let 'em come to-night."

Scoogil clinched his teeth and raised a gnarled, brown fist. The gesture was eloquent of determination, and Burns said no more.

At about nine o'clock that night Barry Scoogil relieved the boy, who had returned from his tea to keep watch and ward over the golden sand and gravel in the puddler, and, having made himself comfortable on some bags by an old mullock tip that offered cover and a support for his back, he took his gun between his knees, and gave himself over to sad thought.

Scoogil had been on guard about four hours when his chin sank slowly upon his breast, and he slept. He was awakened by the sound of the clattering of water-worn stones disturbed on the heap of tailings, and starting to his knees discovered a vague, dark figure leaning over the edge of the puddler.

"Who's there?" cried the miner.

The figure straightened itself, and moved away quickly, and springing to his feet Scoogil followed.

"Bail up!" he called, starting to run, but, tripping, he rolled over a heap of pipe-clay, and when he recovered the thief was wading through the slurry in the creek bed, making in the direction of the bush.

"Bail up!" yelled Scoogil, "or by heaven I'll fire!"

The figure broke into a run, and Barry raised his muzzle-loader and fired. The running figure pulled up for a moment, but instantly resumed the flight, and, fearing that the man would escape into the scrub, Scoogil fired again, and, throwing the gun aside, dashed after the thief. The fugitive plunged into cover of the scrub well ahead of his pursuer, and after a brief, vain search in the thick growth the miner returned hastily to the machine, fearing a stratagem. Possibly, he thought, the thief had a mate, and this was merely a trick to draw him off from his guard.

Before ten o'clock next morning it was known all over Giffen's Lead and as far as Banjo Hill, and Binbin, and The Magpie that Barry Scoogi' had shot a man, and

a big crowd superintended the washing-up. Spots of blood had been found leading up the bank of the creek, and a patch like a man's hand upon a dry log in the scrub. This served to verify Barry's story.

The surprise occasioned by this adventure was nothing, however, to the astonishment and the sensation created by the fact that Scoogil cleaned up for something over twenty-five ounces of gold. This meant that Barry would have quite one hundred pounds clear for his week's work. It was amazing. A new rush to the flat followed almost immediately, parties started at once in the old ground, and during the afternoon the Chinamen from Banjo Hill stole up with their tubs and cradles, and went to work in the sober, systematic way peculiar to the breed, but nowhere could the fossickers wash prospects that justified them in continuing their enterprise.

Scoogil's elation was childish in its exuberance. Hitherto the most undemonstrative of men, he capered like a kid over the pan containing the gold, and sang and shouted until his friends took him in hand, under the impression that his good fortune had driven him mad. Doctor Kidman was brought from the distant township, and told them that Lena would be saved with great care and many medicines. All the expensive things necessary were ordered from town, and Barry Scoogil's heart was relieved, and his soul warmed with a great thankfulness.

On the occasion of the doctor's second visit, Fisk, the blacksmith, met him at Scoogil's door, and said:

"There's some one else along here wantin' to see you, Doctor."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, who was an extremely businesslike man, "if he can afford luxuries."

"Oh, he's got a bit o' money. His name's Hopkins. He lives in the hut with the garden on the left as you come up the Lead."

"Well, and what's wrong with him?"

"He says it's haxidental."

Doctor Kidman called on Hoppy, and remained with him an hour. He rode out again from Gum Flats that evening, and as he returned asked Fisk to keep an eye on the sick man. Next morning it was whispered about that Hoppy Hopkins had

been shot in the back and shoulder, and was in a pretty bad way. A circle of men discussed the matter under the verandah of the Packer's Arms at Binbin.

"I wouldn't 'a' believed it of him," said Scoogil. "He'd a 'asty temper, an' might 'a' bin a bit queer in spots, but thievin' 'r any dirty work like o' that wasn't never in his line. I can't fit Hoppy with it at all."

"'N yet there ain't no gettin' out of it. He's the bloke you potted right enough," said Peters confidently.

"I s'pose so," assented Scoogil, "but it don't seem natural. I allow he hates me an' mine, an' it looks ez if he was willin' to rob me to get even."

"I wouldn't say too much about this business if I was you, Barry, ole man," said Fisk, who had just sauntered over from his forge. Fisk's air was judicial. He smoked with long, slow puffs, enjoying his importance, and the curiosity in the eyes turned upon him.

"An' why not?" asked Peters.

"Why, becuz it might be brought up agin' him."

"But ain't a man actin' within his political rights in shootin' a thief?"

"Yes, in shootin' a thief, but Hoppy Hopkins ain't no thief."

"Why, what d'yer mean?" asked Scoogil anxiously.

"I mean that Hopkins wasn't takin' gold out o' your puddler."

"Then what in God's name was he doin' there?"

"He was puttin' gold in, Barry Scoogil!"

"What!" The others stepped nearer to Fisk, agape with amazement, but Scoogil leaned for support against the wall, and his face went grey under the tan.

"Puttin' gold in," he muttered. "Puttin' gold in. Yes, that's more like him—that's more like Ted Hopkins."

"He was saltin' your wash dirt with his own gold right enough," continued Fisk. "He was awfully cut up about your kiddy dyin', an' your not bein' able to get a doctor, an' what not, an', knowin' there wasn't half a weight to the ton in the stuff you were washin', an' bein' too proud to offer you help straight out 'cause of the old quarrel, he sneaked up in the darkness. an'

threw 'bout twenty-four ounces into the machine."

"Oh, come, that's a pretty miserable kind o' lie," said Peters.

"It's true," cried Scoogil fiercely. "It's true! I might 'a' known it. The gold wasn't Lead gold at all. No one ever got that coarse, shotty stuff on Giffen's. We all noticed that it was different. It was Pink Stream gold. Hoppy must 'a' taken it out of that patch he worked there, an' kep' it by him all this time."

"An' what're you thinkin' o' doin' about it now, Scoogil?" asked Fisk.

"I'm goin' up to my old mate."

"Well, maybe that's the best thing to do."

Fisk went up the creek with Scoogil, and returned and told the men what had happened.

"Barry just opened the door, an' walked in, an' stood by the bunk lookin' down at Hopkins, an' Hopkins just kep' still fer a while, an' then said casual like in a weak voice. 'Hello, Scoogil!' he sez, and Scoogil he sez, 'Hello Hoppy!' an' then sat down on a stool, lookin' at his mate, an' blow me if they said another word."

But the reconciliation was complete, for Scoogil, and afterwards Mrs. Scoogil, nursed Hopkins assiduously, and the time came when the convalescent, sitting in his garden taking the sun, heard somebody rattling at the gate, and looking round discovered a pale little, mischievous face, from which all the tan and freckles had gone, pushed impudently through the palings.

"Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!" cried the familiar childish voice. "Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!" And Richard Cobden awoke, and, blinking at Lena Scoogil, croaked with some surprise:

"There's that brat agin—that brat agin!" And Andy, the magpie, ran pertly down the path, and clicked his sharp beak, pecking vainly at the little girl's thin legs.

"Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins! Ole 'Oppy 'Opkins!" Lena piped audaciously, and Hoppy, still too weak to retaliate, grinned feebly, and muttered to himself:

"That's good to hear! My word, that's good!"



MISS MABEL LOVE.

From a recent portrait by Mr. Charles E. Dawson



By OSCAR PARKER

THIS month and last will be known for many a year to come as the season for Shakespeare's vogue in the London playhouse. It is a question whether, judging from many signs, the playgoing public is not thinking it has rather too much of Shakespeare, and whether less might not with advantage have been crowded into these few weeks. The risk is that a reaction may condemn him to comparative oblivion for some years to come. Perhaps not, and certainly I hope not, but it is manifest that admiration for Shakespeare, is not yet of that robust and all-pervading quality that outweighs the fascination of novelty, however crude and evanescent it may be.

Youth, with all its heedless, headstrong egoism, the surging blood blinding the eyes of judgment, its uncalculating frenzy, its fierce desire, is the key to the character of the unstable Romeo. This is the age of hot love—love for the abstract woman concreted in any visible and adequate unit of her sex. Romeo has no imagination until it is made active by some actual divinity in the flesh. He could not love an abstraction, a mere creation of his fancy, though endowed with the most exquisite womanliness. Character does not affect him. His senses are so completely captivated by the shell that he has no wonder for what lies beneath it; or, rather, he dimly sees the inner through the rose-hue of the outer comeliness. The manager of a railway bookstall once interpreted for me the literary taste of the public by saying:—"If you only put a pretty picture on the cover of a magazine it doesn't matter a d— what you put inside." The illus-

tration is pertinent if ignoble. Gild the cage and no one will ask if it holds a toad or a nightingale. In the hey-day of hot unreasoning youth the senses are everything, the judgment nowhere.

"Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.

What is it else?"

What else indeed? Certainly it is not discreet, or wise, or temperate, or considerate of others, or anything but egregiously selfish.

Now we can, with large-minded sympathy and toleration, condone these excesses of perfervid love in the very spring-time of life, but we should be paying Mr. Waller a poor compliment if we were to admit that he could persuade us not to see in him, in face, expression, figure, voice and gesture, proofs of riper judgment and wider experience than consort with Shakespeare's Romeo. If I were to say that I should like to see Mr. Henry Ainley play the part, the distinction I am making would be apparent. But rarely indeed does an actor combine the requisite experience with the power to create a complete illusion of youth so as to make the part absolutely convincing, and not until the third act of "Romeo and Juliet," as presented at the Imperial, am I able fully to rid myself of the sense of unreality. Where is the impressionable, love-sick boy, eager in quarrel, boon-comrade of the mercurial Mercutio, the callow youth whose sighs for one fair maid are choked by a



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Photo by Langfer.

"Romeo and Juliet."—HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
No. 27. June, 1906.

dawning passion for another? But when the drama moves to the domain of tragedy, where the hammer-blows of destiny quickly shape the unformed youth into the guise of manhood, we no longer feel that sense of unreality. When life turns to serious purport—when Romeo weds and Tybalt flouts him; when Mercutio falls and Romeo avenges him; in the poetry of passion in Juliet's chamber; in the agony of despair in the Friar's cell, Mr. Waller's interpretation reaches a very high level of dramatic art. With scarcely a visible touch of theatrical effect, in his wooing, in his fighting, in his grief he is true to life. The poet's inimitable phrase falls from his lips with all its rare and startling beauty, an accomplishment which, even in these later days of more restrained interpretation, stands out as a fine model of excellence. And Miss Evelyn Millard's Juliet is as full of dainty charm, of sweet womanliness awaking to the wonderful spring-time of love. She, too, just fails to realise for us the adolescence of Juliet, but what is that beside the exquisite, almost pathetic, beauty of her delivery of the balcony scene? And when her passion and her grief have, by their quick necromancy, transformed the girl into the woman capable of daring all things, Miss Millard's Juliet satisfies us at all points.

The other members of the cast at the Imperial are almost equally satisfactory, though Mr. H. V. Esmond, in a part not altogether suited to him, is a trifle theatrical, and mechanical. His Mercutio is a gay and rollicking gentleman, bubbling over with high spirits, but the art is not concealed—he lets us see how he does it. The Friar Laurence of Mr. George is, on the other hand, an impressive, a convincing performance, and so, too, is Miss Mary Yorke's nurse.

It has, of course, been said often enough, but will bear repetition, that in "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare has portrayed the blinding egoism of young love, brooking no interference, counting no cost, ignoring every consideration of prudence and rushing headlong on its way to heaven or hell as fate and circumstance may decree. To the cold, calculating, unemotional mind, with little or no ardour of imagination, the tragedy is unmeaning because the lovers are but silly children, who ought

to be spanked and sent to bed. The fervour is unreal to them, the whole atmosphere of the play a poison and a pestilence. They fail to realise even the poetry of the story, and also they fail to realise that secondary theme in the dramatist's conception—that through the untoward fate of the scions of the two rival Houses of Verona, Montague and Capulet are brought to friendship and a long and bitter feud healed at last. This should not be forgotten in estimating the ethical value of "Romeo and Juliet." For the peace and tranquillity of Verona the price was not too much to pay; Nature moves to her greatest ends over countless graves of unconscious victims.

One is impressed with the profound sincerity underlying Miss Tita Brand's recent revival of Othello at the Shaftesbury Theatre; and if there were drawbacks, the student of Shakespeare will frankly admit that they are chiefly to be laid to the account of the drama itself, and not to the interpretation. The play was approached in almost a spirit of consecration—certainly with the utmost reverence—and for that reason (if there were no other) deserved the support of every playgoer whose dramatic taste has a Catholic range. It was an honest production, honest to the dramatist and honest to the spectator, with a fairly even cast and an admirable mise-en-scene. No senseless cuts marred the revival; the proportions were not outraged by unduly accenting the leading characters at the expense of the secondary parts; the setting was adequate without extravagance, illuminating but not distracting. In short, this revival was an event of distinction, and if the public did not realise it, so much to the loss of the public. Those who would see a really conscientious production of Shakespeare's great tragedy, given as the poet wrote it, not distorted by any abnormal preponderance of a star part, would have found it if they had sought it at the Shaftesbury. Even Miss Brand herself seemed to me to aim at an almost excessive restraint in her interpretation of the pathetic fortunes of Desdemona. She gave us a very gentle impersonation; Othello was her God, her love a worship, and the beauty of Shakespeare's lines lost nothing because they were declaimed with a tender cadence rather than



Photo by Johnston and Hoffman.

MISS TITA BRAND.

"Othello."—SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

a boisterous and excessive ardour. Into that fault of accent Mr. Hubert Carter as Othello was betrayed more than once. He not only tears his passion to tatters, but the words go with it. Again and again, whole sentences were quite lost in the vehemence of his articulation. That Mr. Carter understands the importance of careful elocution and can declaim blank verse with moderation, a sense of values and eloquence was evident enough in the earlier scenes with Desdemona, Iago and Cassio, but in the tempestuous fury of his jealousy his speech was too loud-pitched and tumultuous for coherence. On the whole, Mr. Carter's delineation of the Moor seemed to lack impressiveness. Othello is a plain soldier, frank, blunt, open-hearted, unsuspecting by nature, entirely without intellectual subtlety, but Mr. Carter's impersonation presents a double contrast to Mr. Barnes's Iago. Iago is an unscrupulous plotter, but in the hands of Mr. Barnes the wiles of the villain are cloaked in an effective guise of blunt honesty. Othello is as open as the day, but in Mr. Carter's hands his honesty of soul is somewhat hidden under a blandness of manner that suggests craft. It would seem that in his anxiety to furnish a sufficient contrast between the tender lover and the jealous savage he has been tempted to overdo both parts. A more straightforward uncompromising villain than Mr. Barnes's Iago has not been seen for many a year, if ever. This is a scoundrel to the very roots of his being, a full-bodied scoundrel, puffed-up with conceit of his own villainy, but, as I have said, clothed in an outward bearing of such impulsive frankness as would most readily impose upon the open nature of the Moor.

The last act of the play was given at the Shaftesbury in its entirety, a most unusual course, and one not likely, I should think, to be often repeated. It is a harrowing scene, drawn out to quite inordinate length. The murder of Emilia by Iago has always seemed to me an affectation, serving no useful purpose in the tragic dénouement, and weakening, instead of heightening, the effect of the scene as a whole. There is no occasion to paint Iago's villainy in more lurid colours, or to add another grain to the remorse of Othello. And there are other obviously

possible cuts in the final scene. Those managers do wisely who speed the inevitable catastrophe to its accomplishment as quickly as possible. Nevertheless, the fidelity with which the scene was given in this revival was creditable to the sincerity of Miss Brand's undertaking.

Rarely does such an opportunity come to an actor as fell to the lot of Mr. Walter Hampden, when the temporary illness of Mr. Irving cast upon him the role of Hamlet at the Adelphi revival. Mr. Irving came to the part with the prestige of a great name, a personal popularity and a natural eagerness on the part of the public to witness his assumption of the role which it is every ambitious actor's longing to essay. While it cannot be said that he made any startling revelation to serve as a fresh clue to the baffling character of the Danish prince, or set at rest the problems which critics of Shakespeare have so long discussed, yet the performance was no slavish copy of previous interpreters and introduced several novel variants upon conventional usage in the "business" of the part. They were interesting innovations because they were intelligent and illuminating. One such innovation is in the scene where Hamlet upbraids his mother for marrying his dead father's brother, and points the contrast between the dead and the living husbands. The picture of his father, which she is bidden look upon, is woven in the arras in the walls of the chamber. In conventional usage Hamlet usually points to a painting hanging on the wall or to a miniature in a locket depending from his own neck. In an article in this magazine by Mrs. Tooley in April of last year reference is made to the tapestried chamber in the Castle of Elsinore as it existed in 1603, as described by Garter, King at Arms, who visited Elsinore in that year by command of James I. to invest the Danish queen's brother with the insignia of that order. On this tapestry, says Stowe, on the authority of his friend, Garter, King at Arms, "all the Danish kings are exprest in antique habit, according to their several times." What more likely, therefore, than that Shakespeare, having either himself seen this tapestry or (if he did not himself visit Denmark with the King's Players in 1585 or 1586) having had a description of it from his



MR. HUBERT CARTER.

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman.

"Othello."—SHAFESBURY THEATRE.

brother actors, adopted the suggestion and conceived these tapestried portraits as hanging before Hamlet in this scene with his mother? At all events, the innovation is vivid and picturesque. But these are, after all, minor matters. What more concerns us—does Mr. Irving throw any fresh light upon the real character of Hamlet? Was he a moody introspective philosopher? Was he a gay young student, full of life and high spirits, on whom a great shadow and an unnerving responsibility had suddenly fallen? Was he weak in resolution, or timid in action, or unconvinced or restrained by consideration for his mother? Save that Mr. Irving's Hamlet is by turns moody, capricious, violent and jovial, we get no answer to these questions, and such answer as we do get, it must be confessed, is not very definite. Unless, therefore, it is to be concluded that Hamlet was too unstable to be capable of definite classification, Mr. Irving's interpretation is rather whimsical than a consistent whole. Mr. Walter Hampden, in taking the part, after playing Laertes in the original cast of the revival, was necessarily much hampered by the limitations imposed upon a temporary substitute. In spite of them, however, he won a genuine triumph. He could not strike out an original interpretation. To a large extent, therefore, Mr. Irving's Hamlet was his model, but he is too genuinely sincere and cultivated an artist to be merely a successful double. He was by sheer force of creative capability a great deal more than that. It would be unfair to criticise the rendition as one could an original creation, but it will be admitted, I think, by all who have seen Mr. Hampden in the part that he could, if given full opportunity, present a Hamlet that would arrest attention. He avoided all exaggerated rant, all tendency to over-act. He was neither the moody philosopher nor the hysterical maniac, but a healthy young gentleman, somewhat imbued with philosophical speculation at Wittenburg it is true, and very much out of conceit with his fellows, especially bitter towards women by reason of his mother's infidelity to the memory of his father. With this interpretation Mr. Hampden's Hamlet is a consistent piece of work. He speaks the lines with admirable effect; not a word is lost, not a

meaning obscure, and I believe his reputation will grow with every repetition of the part.

Miss Lily Brayton has been a surprise to everyone, for it was not generally believed that the part of Ophelia was suited to her. She has triumphantly refuted any such forebodings. Never has the mad scene been more touchingly, more convincingly rendered. The King of Mr. Asche is as robust and truculent a villain as ever trod the stage, sensual, brutal, conscienceless. Mrs. Tree's rendition of the Queen is not so vivid. She is too theatrical, too self-conscious, too evidently a make-believe to be real flesh and blood. Polonius, at the hands of Mr. Lyell Swete is a new creation, and I cannot say that this is not a just and adequate interpretation. It is impossible to suppose that a trusted counsellor would be the clown or the senile wreck in which Polonius is conventionally portrayed. Mr. Swete has dignity, suavity, but the dignity, we soon discover, is but a pose of pompous egotism, the suavity but a mode of expressing a kind of universal patronage. He patronises the King, the Queen, the Prince, his own daughter. He is a combination of Molentrave and the Duke of Devonshire. He is very funny.

Hamlet is produced at the Adelphi with excellent taste and judgment. I do not know when the ghost scene has been invested with so much weirdness and subtle suggestion of truthfulness.

Four delightful noisy little chatterers usher in the fortunes of the Carley family in "Her Own Way" at the Lyric. They are having a birthday dinner in the nursery, and it's as good as a whole play to listen to them. Four irrepressible, mischievous, cheeky little beggars, with spirits at 100 in the shade and cares at zero, real children, every mother's son and daughter of them, the sort of children you want to kiss, and all of them American children. Mr. Clyde Fitch is a bold and subtle playwright. Who else would have hazarded such a scene to capture the sympathies of an audience for the family whose fortunes he is about to bring before them? Who else, I might ask, would have conceived it? Mr. Fitch is a dramatist of infinite resources, with a woman's sureness of intuition and a man's vigour of attack. He



MISS LILY BRAYTON

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman.

"Hamlet."—ADOLPHI THEATRE.

makes one feel that he is playing at play-writing, though his "play" would be another man's serious work. One is convinced that it is no effort for him to conceive a dramatic situation, whether humorous or pathetic — that his genius is capable of any demand upon it.

The first two acts of "Her Own Way" are throbbing with living interest. The father of three of these super-vitalised kiddies has been bitten with the madness of speculation. Wall Street has sucked him dry, but his wife's fortune and his mother's are intact; still intact, but we know that fever, and we know, therefore, that their wealth is in peril also, and that the Carley family is on the brink of ruin. We foresee that there will presently be no more luxurious birthday dinners in the nursery with a plethora of ice-cream and giant crackers. Poor little kiddies; infatuated father! Thus Mr. Fitch strikes a homely but all-sufficient note. Surely, we say, he is not going to harrow us by condemning these innocent and happy youngsters to the miseries of poverty.

Stephen Carley, the gambler in stocks, his frivolous wife, and yet more frivolous and mercurial mother-in-law stand for the "smart set" of social New York, "smart," that is, in everything but the ability to take care of themselves. But Stephen has a sister, Georgiana, of very different mettle, the idol of the children, and it is needless to say that the part is taken by Miss Maxine Elliott, who has reached a much higher plane of dramatic ability since her previous visit to London. Among her admirers is Sam Coast, the keen, successful operator, hard, self-centred, ruthless in the pursuit of what he wants, and the thing he most wants is Georgiana. To win her the best way, in his judgment, is to ruin her family, and then step in as the friend-in-need, and recoup their losses at a price, the price being Georgiana's hand. Thereto he lures Stephen on to plunge deeper and deeper, till he squanders not only his mother's and his wife's money but Georgiana's as well. Reading all humanity by the light of his own instincts, he is a most amazed man when in the end he discovers that his are not the best methods to win the heart of a true woman. Of course, there must be the worthy lover, the man

who leaves the field open to his more pushing rival, the man who hesitates to speak from a sense of the hopelessness of his suit. This is a Lieutenant Coleman, of the U.S. Army, and in the course of the action he goes out to fight the Phillipinos. Thence he writes what he dared not say, and the reading of this letter by Georgiana, her way of taking the declaration she has been longing for but despairing of, is one of the most delightful episodes of the play. It stamps Miss Elliott a most accomplished mistress of the art of light comedy.

I think what will most impress the hardened theatre-goer in this performance of "Her Own Way" is the consummate naturalness of the business throughout. Dramatist, stage manager, and actor appear to conspire at the presentation of a stage picture as vividly life-like as if the idea of illusion were non-existent. Of course, the creation of a perfect illusion is always being sought for, but there are certain theatrical conventions by which that effect is obtained. In this performance these conventions have been so improved upon that they practically cease to exist — they are no longer recognisable or definable. We are observing life, not its reflection. It is art still, when we become conscious enough to reflect upon it, but its perfection as art consists in the fact that by no tiny shock of unreality or incongruity or theatricalism are we led to reflect upon it. The play is admirably cast throughout. Miss Maxine Elliott makes a most adorable heroine. She is original, and her originality is piquante and captivating. She has an admirable voice under perfect control, and is certainly destined to reach a very high position. Mr. James Carew's Sam Coast is unquestionably the next most noteworthy part. He succeeds in making it interesting to us as a study of a character which, though morally detestable, is immensely virile, and one of the definite products of modern life, the modern Juggernaut of finance. There is a lady-hairdresser (excellently played by Miss Lawrence), who is a very American product, a most independent and amusing young person, of democratic freedom of speech and manner. "Her Own Way" is a most entertaining production, in spite of certain reminiscent suggestions in the plot.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT.

"Her Own Way."—LYRIC THEATRE.

MISS MOOR'S MAID

By ETHEL GORDON BARWICK

MISS Belinda Moor, the elder of my two respected maiden aunts, was known in the family as the "Virgin Tiger"; in fact, it became her nickname. For years she and Miss Judith had remained a pair of unappropriated blessings. Moreover, between them they possessed a couple of tempers. Having systematically fought with their family, the two ladies resolved to set up a home on their own account, and invested in an austere bleak-looking mansion on the outskirts of a bustling town in the North. You may have gathered that my aunts, Belinda and Judith, were maiden ladies of a certain age (I believe this is the right expression to apply to females who are supposed to have outlived their chances of matrimony), and as the years flew on, they viewed the opposite sex more and more as their natural enemy; marriage, they said, was an unfortunate accident, to be avoided, if possible, and Miss Moor senior had studiously instilled into her younger sister's mind a holy horror of that unlucky state. Whether the lessons had fallen on fruitful ground, it is difficult to say. It was said that in her salad days Miss Judith had been frisky! Someone young and handsome had loved and ridden away, leaving her a sadder and wiser maid.

The circumstances I am about to relate occurred late in the year of '63; winter had cast down a mantle of snow, and the cheerful old-fashioned drawing-room of the Moor's house shone in the twinkling light of a roaring wood fire. The household had been a bit unsettled of late; Miss Belinda's confidential maid and personal attendant had actually committed the unpardonable crime of getting married. The old lady had stormed and cast up her hands and eyes to the ceiling, in vain. She vowed that Alice would live to rue the day. The young woman remained obdurate; she was in love, and her "young man" was pleading for an immediate marriage. The post of ladies' maid had now been vacant for more than a week. Many "young persons" had been interviewed and gone away. Miss Belinda had strict and rigid

rules—"evenings out" were few and far between, young men were forbidden the house, and no domestic was allowed to indulge in the luxury of a "fringe." On this particular afternoon the old lady sat nodding in front of the fire. A melancholy wind moaned and whirled through the high gables of the house. Miss Judith's cat, reposing in lazy warmth before the logs, winked her amber eyes, and listened to the elements with selfish unconcern.

Presently Burton, the butler entered softly, and announced in respectful tone that a young person was waiting below, and desired an interview respecting the situation as maid. Burton, the butler, had been years in the Misses Moor's house; he had a habit of coughing on occasions, and lived to be "superior." He always coughed when alluding to the other servants or in speaking of young persons who wished to see his mistress on any business. Miss Belinda ceased nodding, and gave orders that the young girl should be admitted, and a few minutes later a tall, fair woman entered the room. She was unusually tall, and wore a thick spotted veil, which the old lady instantly requested her to remove. She did as desired, and revealed a pleasant, large face, and close cropped hair. Miss Belinda sniffed. She hated anything which savoured of "the man." The maid, who gave her name as Marion Hedger, announced that she had seen an advertisement in the papers, inserted by the Miss Moors, and that she felt fully qualified to undertake the situation. Miss Belinda by degrees was favourably impressed. Marion made no mention of young men, or evenings out; the only point against her being her inability to dressmake, a fact which however, did not materially stand in the way, the old ladies' gowns being few and far between. Marion informed Miss Moor that she had lately lived with a Mrs. Rundle-Smith, a widow, who had decided to winter abroad, and, therefore, did not require the services of a maid any longer; hence Marion was seeking another situation.

The interview lasted some little time, and, proving satisfactory, Miss Belinda decided to engage the young woman, and wrote for a reference, which arrived in the course of a post. Mrs. Rundle-Smith spoke highly of Marion Hedger's qualifications.

A few months slipped by, and the Misses Moor became more and more pleased with their new ladies' maid. There was no doubt Hedger showed a great desire to be studiously attentive to the old ladies' wants and wishes. She also proved thoughtful and reliable. In the servants' hall, however, they summed her up as "that 'aughty and stuck up, there was no 'olding 'er"; in the language of "below stairs" she "kept herself to herself," neither giving confidences nor soliciting any.

One evening in March, Burton, with a mysterious air and actually forgetting to cough, appeared at Miss Belinda's elbow in the drawing-room.

"If you please, Madam, a gentleman is at the front door and wishes to speak to you very particular."

"A *what*?" gasped Miss Moor, letting her book drop, and sending the cat flying from her lap. (She had been deep in a treatise headed, "Man, the tyrant," penned by a lady who talked on platforms).

"A gentleman, Madam," resumed the butler; "leastways, 'e looks genteel, though 'e be *that* domineering and inquisitive, and would take a seat in the 'all. 'E says 'e must please to ask you to make it convenient to see 'im, 'is business is most pressin'."

Miss Belinda felt vaguely alarmed. She rose from her chair, re-adjusted her grey curls and cap before the mirror (on occasions she was but a woman, after all), and gave orders that the "gentleman" was to be admitted. A few seconds later a tall, soldierly man entered the room.

There was no beating about the bush; he came at once to the point. "I am exceedingly sorry to intrude, Madam, but from important facts which have come to my knowledge, it is necessary for me to view the inmates of your house, and if necessary to institute a search. I believe you have some unused attics on top." His fierce brown eyes ran rapidly round the room, seeming to pierce the heavy curtains drawn across the window.

Miss Belinda removed her spectacles and cleared her throat. She had the unpleasant sensation of cold water down her back; in other words, she had the creeps. Assuming a great show of courage, she said, "May I enquire, sir, by what right you force your way into this room, and insist upon interviewing my household?"

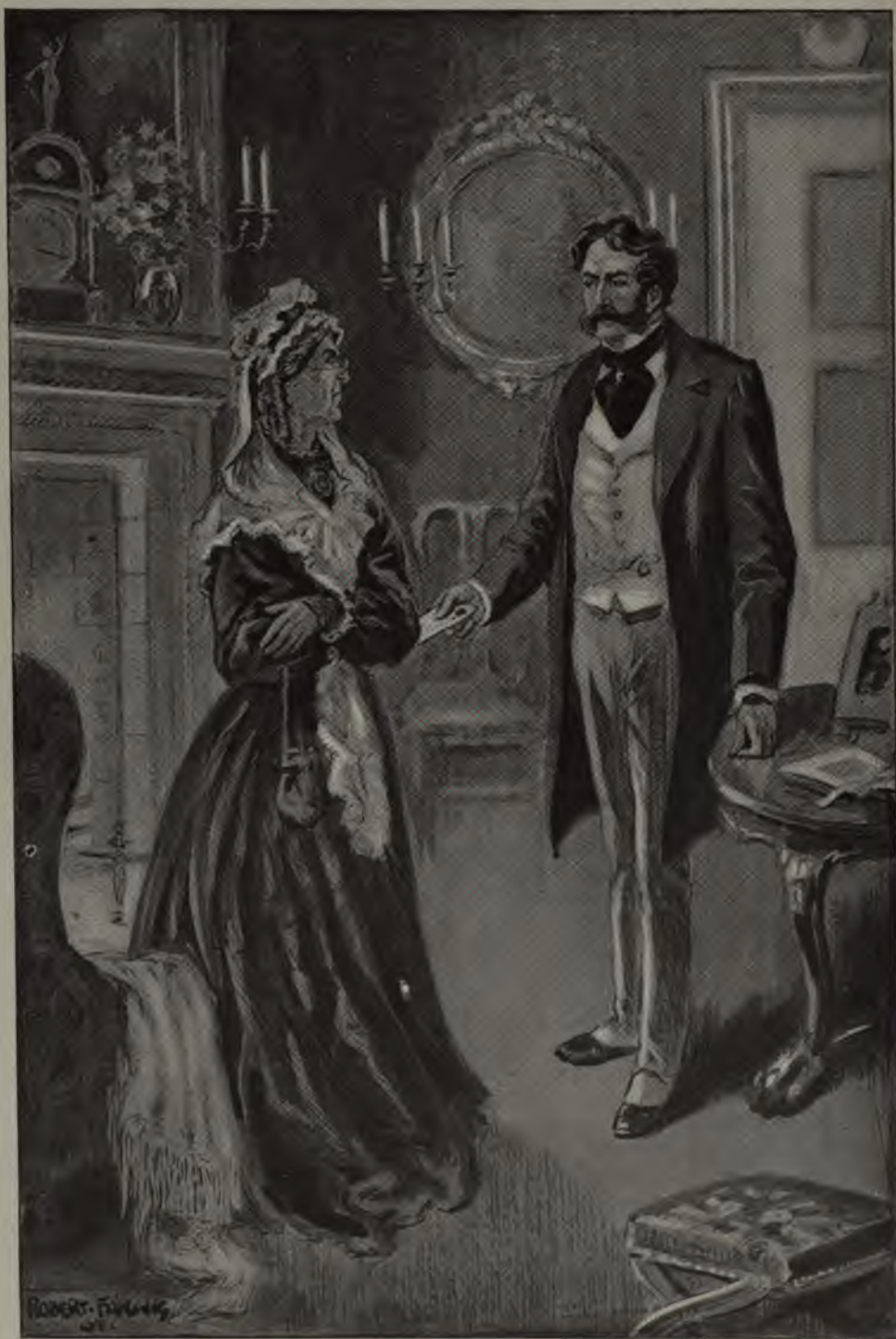
"In the King's name, Madam," he returned immediately, and produced his warrant. "I may as well tell you I am a detective, and I am about to search this house, but I am not at liberty to tell you more at present. Kindly give orders that *all* your servants are summoned for my immediate inspection."

Miss Belinda's nerve forsook her; dimly it dawned upon her that someone in the house was "wanted." She conjured up a deep tragedy in their midst. Without more ado she turned to leave the room, the detective following closely at her heels. It was clearly evident he did not mean to let the old lady out of his sight. Miss Belinda's destination was the servants' hall, and on her way there she encountered Miss Judith. In trembling accents she explained the condition of affairs, and the two Misses Moor, with Mr. Smedley, the detective, entered the servants' regions in solemn procession. The cook, not grasping what had happened, showed disapproval of the invasion; she flounced about the kitchen and tossed her head at Smedley. The latter, folding his hands, wore an innocently bland expression, and studied the ceiling. He might have been thinking of his mother, but in truth he was very much "on the spot." The servants were gradually collected, and the detective demanded of the two Misses Moor if the entire household was present.

"All but our personal maid," answered Miss Judith, who was trembling with anxiety and excitement. "Just now she is in her bedroom dressing to go out on an errand. I could send for her if you wished. I am sure she. . ."

"Pardon my interruption," chimed in Smedley, in an awful voice, "but I distinctly mentioned I wished to see *all* the inmates of this house."

Miss Belinda directed a girl to fetch Hedger at once, Smedley making her clearly understand that she was only to convey to Hedger that Miss Moor was



"In the King's name, Madam."

to speak to her. "You understand," he added meaningly; "*you need not say anything more.*"

An awful pause ensued when Ellen, the kitchen maid, had left the room. The servants realised something had happened, and they had a vague idea that in a few minutes they would all be clapped in prison. The cook was distinctly cowed, and evinced a strong desire to indulge in hysterics. She informed the company that she felt "that faint-like her 'eart seemed jumping all over 'er body," a fact which was hardly of vital interest to them at the moment. A very short time elapsed before the sound of returning footsteps echoed along the stone passage, and the next minute Marion Hedger stepped in before them all. In an instant's flash the entire expression of her face changed! A glance of cringing fear leapt into her eyes; the face was transformed! With a gasp she turned wildly towards the door, but was too late. Smedley stepped forward, and held her arm in an iron grip, saying, without a moment's hesitation, "I arrest you on this warrant." A minute later Miss Moor's maid was securely handcuffed!

"Ladies," said the detective, turning to the Misses Moor, who by this time were reduced to a condition of horrified collapse. "you see before you a convict, who some months since effected his escape from Dartmoor" (expressions of incredulity and horror all round): "for weeks past the most skilled of our force have vainly tried to track him. Like a wary fox he has resisted our united efforts. His plans to defy detection have been daring and numerous. His resources have appeared unlimited. At last (here Smedley grinned with malicious triumph), the bird is snared, our efforts are rewarded."

Hedger's expression was a study; he stood silent and sullen. His woman's dress, which had served him so well as a disguise for months past, now seemed no disguise at all. The man appeared to come forth, and to all he seemed to be the hardened criminal he undoubtedly was. In the pause which followed this last speech a torrent of wild fierce words rushed to his blanched lips. "You've cornered me at last, curse you, but I'll be even with you again. My chance will——"

He was peremptorily silenced by the de-

tective, who continued: "The other day we obtained a substantial clue. The man was spotted one afternoon in this town, where I presume he had been sent on an errand. We were in possession of his photograph, and so my colleague had little difficulty in finally cooking his goose." "But," faintly gasped Miss Belinda, who was hardly able to frame her words, "there *must* be some mistake; we cannot have been so deceived! It is incredible—absolutely preposterous!"

By this time the hall was almost empty. One or two of the servants had screamed and left the room as soon as Hedger had been handcuffed, and the cook had allowed herself to be conveyed upstairs with a glazed eye, and a tendency to kick.

"The fact of having been so deceived, Madam," resumed Smedley, "is not difficult to realise. The prisoner (whose rightful name, by the way, is Denton) might very easily pass for a woman, his curling hair and smooth, fair complexion being of material advantage. It would require the practised eye of the law to detect the fraud." (Smedley had a most exalted idea of himself and all his colleagues).

"But how do you explain the reference I have received? Who is Mrs. Rundle-Smith?" The two ladies were loath to own how utterly and entirely they had been taken in.

"Madam, are we not told the devil has power to assume a pleasing shape, and how on one occasion he went out and found seven friends worse than himself?" Smedley coughed, and stopped short. He wondered whether it was allowable to mention the name of the "old gentleman" before two highly-respectable maiden ladies. "There are always those, Madam, who are ready to frustrate the aims of justice. I have no doubt the writer of that 'excellent reference' will also turn out to be a jail-bird. In the meantime, may I ask you to kindly allow me to take possession of 'Mrs. Rundle-Smith's' letter?"

A few minutes later the convict, Mr. Smedley, and his colleagues who had been waiting outside, drove quickly away in a cab.

Denton never uttered another word, but, as he passed from the threshold, dear old Miss Judith, entirely overcome by her emotions, was hardly restrained from throwing her arms round his neck, in an agony

of pent-up feeling. Some weeks later the man made a confession. He explained that he had conceived the daring idea of entering my aunts' household in the character of ladies' maid, having read their advertisement in the local paper. He had on many occasions adopted the disguise of a woman with complete success, and felt well able to play his difficult part. The reference was, of course, a forgery, written

by one of his disreputable pals. It would seem almost incredible that for months this daring criminal had absolutely hoodwinked, not only my worthy aunts, but all the other inmates of the house. As for the poor old ladies, when they now reflect on that *awful* time, they cannot resist a shudder of disgust and horror—the disgust and horror of having actually been dressed and waited upon by a real live man!

DE MORTUIS

By A. L. HARRIS

THEIR names fall softly on the ear!
 Although the moral's bad, I fear—
 Who, that has read the tale, has not
 A sigh, regretful and sincere,
 For Guinevere
 And Lancelot?

Though they, who held each other dear,
 Be dust to dust this thousand year—
 In what was ancient Camelot,
 Perchance the spirits still appear,
 Of Guinevere
 And Lancelot?

So far away, and yet so near!
 When nobler ones, we should revere,
 Are half, if not quite all, forgot—
 Time only writes the names more clear
 Of Guinevere
 And Lancelot.

In beauty, she had ne'er a peer;
 No equal, he, with sword or spear.
 And thus it is—despite the blot
 That fouls their fame—we love to hear
 Of Guinevere
 And Lancelot.

Peace to the dead. Let no one jeer—
 Though, to the twain, a shrine we rear
 Wherein their sin's remembered not—
 But pay the tribute of a tear
 To Guinevere
 And Lancelot.



I spoke last month of "The Fascination of London," and I attributed it to the craving for more life which exists in most of us. But it is often those who are possessed with this desire who feel the most keenly the fascination of the country. For the joy which London brings to the heart of a man in May and June has something intoxicating in its nature, and when the bout is over he is the victim of reaction. If he stays in London, after the exaltation of spirit has passed, he goes through a purgatory of ennui and boredom. He does not understand why this should be, because London remains the same; there is the same crush at the Bank, in which he delighted; there is the same procession of carriages and well-dressed folk down the slope of Piccadilly. What is probably the matter with him is that he is country-bred, and the place, in consequence, has no real affinity with his character. A very large proportion of Londoners are country-bred, and to this fact is due the pessimism and continued dissatisfaction with their surroundings which is so common with many citizens. Their own country is calling them back to her, though they may be unconscious of the nature of the appeal. On the other hand, the born Londoner—the Cockney, as we call him—is an optimist of the first water, and I doubt whether he feels at all the fascination of the country. When he visits it, he takes a crowd with him;

he carries with him, also, his town amusements. Wordsworth once said that "a poet was a man who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him, delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them when he does not find them." I am afraid that "the goings on" which the Cockney is interested in are not those which Wordsworth included in his curious and delightful phrase. If the Cockney lives for a week in a country village he becomes a pessimist of the deepest dye. London is his universe, and he misses her "goings-on."

It is our early associations which have made us what we are, and, great as is the power of altered circumstances and new ties and responsibilities, it is the early life that is still ruler within us: we alter our opinions, but our characters, our buried lives remain the same. As Emerson says, "The mind loves its old home." In time we acquire, especially in this matter of London, a sort of double-mindedness. We are continually escaping from or rushing back to the City. We are in the same boat with a man who is in love with a lady who is not his affinity. We are country-bred, and everything in the country seems to find a response in our intellects and hearts, but we have conceived an unreasonable passion for the town which alternately absorbs and bores us. The Cockney is born, not made. London with him is not a passion, but an abiding satisfaction. On the other hand,

the country-bred citizen is always haunted with the conviction that here he has "no continuing city." I believe it is he who is the chief customer of the Furniture Removal firms. He moves continually from one suburb to another in obedience to the spirit of discontent which possesses him. But the Cockney is born, is brought up, lives and dies in Bloomsbury, Islington, or Hackney, and if he has to remove his furniture at any time it is only to the nearest pawnbrokers. I am country-born, and I am, therefore, of two minds regarding London. I have moved a score of times out of pure restlessness since I became a citizen. London stirs and exhilarates me, but "the warm comfortable joys of everydayness" visit me only in country places. My love of London is an unreasonable passion which is never satisfied: it comes and goes more rapidly than a motor-car can minister to. I am conscious at times of a sort of home-sickness, though I have no actual home in the country. Home, to men like me, is simply the country. It is not, however, any country that gives us complete satisfaction; it must be the sort of country that calls out our buried life. Some time ago *The Academy* offered a prize for the best short essay in 200 words on "The Street I Know Best," and though there was inspiration in the title, scarcely one of the competitors rose to the occasion. Many doubtless, were hampered by the fact that they could not let themselves go in so few words, and epigram became, therefore, a necessity. Epigram is for the few, not the many, and a laboured epigram is a contradiction in terms. But the title! Does it not set us all thinking? Men with only short memories think of the little suburban street in which is situated their latest villa residence; others with minds steeped in commercialism think only of the view from their office window, while a few, perhaps, realise that the only street which they have really known, every nook and cranny of which has imprinted itself on the mind, is the road in which they made mud-pies when boys or girls, and which during the impressionable years of childhood was the school where they learnt what is not to be found in books. The streets which I have lived in since those early days I have only been acquainted with: I have regarded them as means to

certain ends: I have been, perhaps, interested in the streets because of the persons who inhabit them. I have lived in a house in a street, not in the street itself. But the poor little unpicturesque village road that ran past the house in which I spent my childhood is on a quite different footing. I know it like I do my Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, or the date of the Norman Conquest. It led to nowhere: it did not even possess a name; it merely connected more important roads. There were views from the road because it was on higher ground than the country immediately surrounding, but I have never been able to get anybody outside my own family to agree with me that they are beautiful views. I once took a lady, who in London appeared to be my affinity, down that road. She tried, as she always does, to understand my enthusiasm. She made an heroic effort to say something pretty about the treeless, hedgeless waste that surrounded us, but I was conscious all the time that the doctrine of affinities was experiencing the severest of strains. Something had come between us for the moment, and I felt that it was the road. I saw something in it which she did not, and she saw things to which love had made me blind. Later on, when she was tired, she groaned out that she preferred the scenery of the New Cut to this wilderness. But to me that road is always beautiful: "the mind loves its old home," and I am young again when I find myself among old associations. "Remembrance gives expression to the landscape, and in this there is nothing melancholy. It is like the face of some well-beloved friend with whom one has passed through good and evil days, and who has always been faithful and kind." I am sure there are many lovers of London who are not whole-hearted in their affection for the City, for the simple reason that they have an undying love for some wild green landscape, the memory of which, as in the case of Wordsworth's "Poor Susan," constantly haunts their minds, even when London is most with them.

If the country-bred
NATURE NEAR Londoner cannot al-
LONDON. ways select his own
particular landscape in
which to satisfy his cravings for a pastoral

life, there is plenty of delightful country at his very doors. I am not referring to the London parks: only the Cockney really enjoys these: the alien is always conscious of the element of make-believe and artificiality which distinguishes even the most beautiful of our open spaces. Mrs. Meynell has pointed out that it is impossible to create the illusion of country in London, because we have lost the horizon. "Of all things that London has foregone," she says, "the most to be regretted is the horizon. No doubt, the sun makes a beautiful thing of the London smoke at times and in some places of the sky, but not there where the soft sharp distance ought to shine." In Battersea Park and in Kensington Gardens there are patches which are almost perfect reproductions of country lanes and hedgerows, but we are never deceived for one moment. We miss something, though few can tell what it is: the absence of the horizon should certainly count for much. "We exaggerate the praises of local scenery," says Emerson. "In every landscape," he continues, "the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies." In many Surrey villages the only evidence of the nearness of London is the absence in the north of the "soft sharp line": in its place is a confusion of mist and smoke and cloud. A Surrey prisoner was once asked by a magistrate, "Where have you been since December last?" The reply was, "I've been up in the smoke."

London is enclosed within an outer belt of country, which is more lovely and pastoral in its nature than districts and counties hundreds of miles away. The near presence of large towns like Manchester and Liverpool, Leeds and Halifax, seems to affect all the surrounding country; the villages appear to be in the grasp of the big towns. But for real sleepy old-world villages and towns there are none to compare with those within a radius of twenty or thirty miles from London. London may draw individuals away from the villages, but the places themselves are in appearance utterly indifferent to the neighbourhood of the greatest city in the world. The contrast is peculiar and striking, and may be experienced in the course

of an hour's railway run in any direction from the town. The very nearness of the City to these villages is possibly their salvation. Everything passes through them to other places: they assimilate none of the civilization which is represented by the motor-car and the bicycle on their way to the big towns of the midlands or the south coast. They are rarely the end of anybody's journey: they are too near to spend a holiday in; they are too far away for most of us to live in, and yet be in town every day. They make no appeal to the man or woman who, even on a holiday, must always be doing something. "What is there to do in the place?" is the first question which a Londoner asks when he is making enquiries in preparation for a holiday. If you tell him that the only entertainment provided consists of "the goings-on of the universe," he will black-ball the place at once without any further questions. Yet it is delight in this particular form of entertainment which constitutes the fascination of the country, and it has nothing whatever to do with golf links, tennis grounds, and motor-cars. I think sometimes that the gospel of work has been rather over-preached: men have applied it to what used to be called hours of leisure. I am reminded of the often-quoted saying of John Stuart Mill, when he spoke of the influence of Wordsworth's poems on his life. "From them," he said, "I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life have been removed." In other words, the ideal life must find delight in mere being as distinct from doing, and it follows that the men and women who depend not on themselves or on nature for interest and amusement are as yet but imperfectly developed creatures. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has talked to us eloquently of the "renaissance of wonder" which is taking place in our poetry and literature, but we see little sign of this attitude in the demeanour of "the man in the street." It is the vast and simple movements of Nature which are the eternal miracle, the perpetual source of wonder, but they bore the average citizen, who always wants to be doing something on his own account. The result is that this beautiful belt of country around London is almost forsaken by citizens, even on

Bank-holidays. You may wander over the Chiltern Hills in the north or the North Downs in the south on such days, and be unconscious of the fact that a public holiday is being celebrated. Another curious fact about this outer belt is that the intelligence of the average native of the region is lower than in almost any other portions of the United Kingdom. Surrey, Kent, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, and Essex compete with each other in the production of slow-witted and unintelligent folk. Fresh from London the contrast always appears particularly striking. For the sharpness and intelligence of the Londoner are always wonderful and sometimes really beautiful things. I know a Kentish farmer who lives about forty miles from town, and who occasionally comes up to the City on business. He has an exceptionally good-natured expression of countenance, and his complexion is of purely country production. One day he was hurrying to London Bridge to catch his train, and he stopped to buy a box of matches from a street urchin. The boy looked at him admiringly, smiled, and said, "You're from the country, sir." "Yes my boy," replied the farmer in his most benevolent manner. "Where do you live?" eagerly inquired the boy, as if seized with a sudden inspiration. The farmer told him, and rushed off, scarcely hearing the boy's parting words: "Wish you could give me a job, sir." A few days afterwards, as the farmer was sitting at dinner, the servant informed him that a little boy wanted to see him, and would not go away. The farmer went out into the hall, and there was his little friend, the London urchin. "How on earth did you get here, my boy?" enquired the farmer. "Walked," replied the boy. "But how did you know my name and where I lived?" was the farmer's next question. "Asked," replied the boy. "I told 'em what you was like, and they knew." "What have you come for?" asked the farmer. "For that job, sir," confidently answered the boy. "How could you think I would give you one? I never promised anything," said the farmer. "I seed it in your face," eagerly replied the boy. And the farmer, in telling me the story, said that as the little boy had tramped forty miles, with full confid-

ence in the power of a benevolent face, there was nothing to do but to live up to the part, and give him a job in the stables. "He proved a real smart lad at his work, but as soon as I got used to him and appreciated him he left my service in order, as he explained to me, to better himself." This is a story characteristic of the intelligence and pushfulness of the Londoner, but it struck my friend, who was used to the slow-witted ways of his own villagers, as something uncanny and inhuman. He used it as an argument with me against national education, which, he said, only unsettled the poor, and made them dissatisfied. But the London urchin rarely seeks out the country in this way; the movement is all the other way, viz., from the country to the town, and it is the less intelligent folk who are left behind. London has drained all the surrounding country of its brains. If it were not so the charm of the outer belt would be considerably diminished to the man who is often bored and wearied with intellectual society and sharp-witted folk, and who finds a positive relief in talking with people whose vocabulary is limited, and whose greatest difficulty in life is to express themselves intelligibly.

In the "Fort-
nightly Review"

THE
TREATMENT
OF "THE SCOLD."

for May there is an
interesting article
by Lucas Malet

entitled "The Threatened Re-subjection of Women." The author sees signs of a reactionary wave which will have the effect of a serious set-back to the woman's movement. She is extremely vague as to the nature of this wave, and, so far, the only indication I have seen of its presence is the threatened re-introduction of the crinoline, against which John Strange Winter is calling upon her sisters to wage a holy war. Nobody has yet seriously proposed to restore the use of the brank or scold's bridle, which was the subject of an interesting article by Mr. B. H. Cunningham in the last number of this magazine. But the editor has received a great many letters on the subject from aggrieved ladies, and it is evident that the article has given

rise to a feeling of insecurity regarding the matter in the minds of our readers. The touching feature about most of these letters is that while the writers are glad that the punishment is a thing of the past, they all admit that the crime which it fitted is as rife as ever. Some of the letters are in the form of confessions to the editor, and they have been quite a revelation to me. I can honestly say that I have always regarded "the scold" in the same category as "the witch," as a rather unreal being, or, at least, as a prehistoric monster. I have in my time been the friend of many women: I hold one of the qualifications for a bishopric mentioned by St. Paul, in that I am the husband of one wife, but I am still without experience of the common scold, as she is called in old documents. I have, however, realised since reading these letters to the editor that I know very little about women. For not a single correspondent denies the existence of the evil, but all are mightily angry at the idea of punishment. One lady thinks it is "horrid" of us to publish such an article, because it has brought joy and hope to the heart of her husband. It has encouraged him in his habit of saying nasty things. Her grievance against this gentleman is that he says what he likes, but he expects her not to say a word in self-defence. I was inclined to sympathise with this lady until I came upon her postscript. When she had finished the letter she became evidently afraid that the editor might form the impression that she was a weak woman, so she added an illuminating postscript, "All my life I have said and done just as I liked, and I mean to do so until the end. He can do nothing to stop me. I should leave him if he did." After reading this we felt somehow pleased that our article had perhaps brought a little temporary hope into this husband's life. Another lady is shocked and horrified at the brutality of man in the past, but she seems to think that women are as trying as ever. But they are so because men don't take the trouble to understand them. She confesses to "an awful temper" herself, but her home has not been wrecked thereby, because her husband does not answer her back. Moreover, "he never

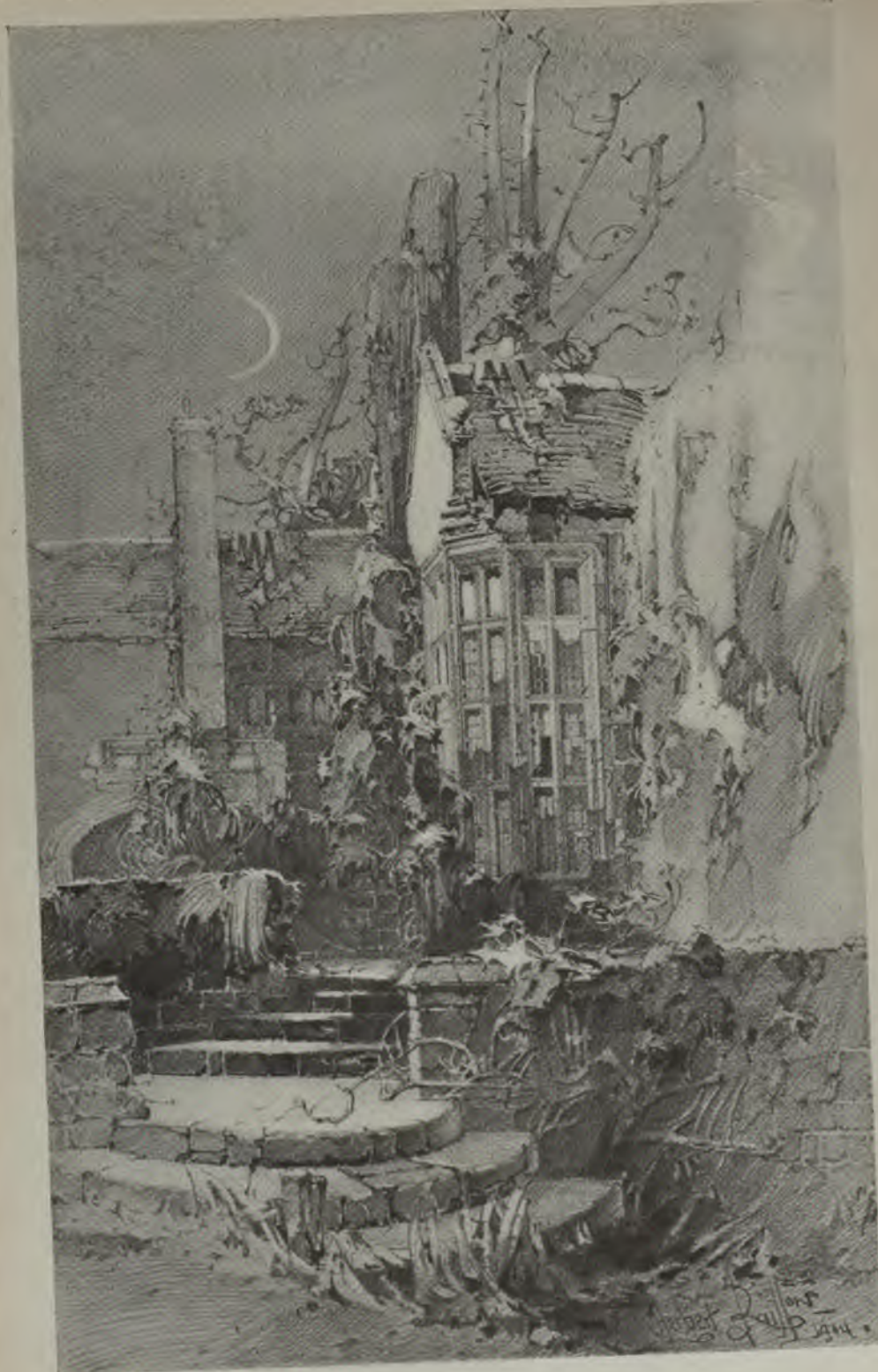
alludes in quieter moments to my angry speeches as if they were meant." I think that that husband must not only be a wise but a very nice man. His conduct has all the effect of corporal punishment without its indignity, because the lady confesses that his treatment makes her feel that she deserves whipping. One lady suggests "homes" for wives whose tempers are uncontrollable, but this advice seems to me ironical. It is surely "homes" that these ladies make impossible. Another correspondent asks us to discuss the question, and to suggest cures. The editor has, therefore, rather ungallantly handed the letters over to me to deal with. He tells me that here is a chance to put some of my arm-chair philosophy into practice. Well, I will try to be practical.

My chief objection to the brank is that, judging from the sketches given in Mr. Cunningham's article, it is so unbecoming. I am convinced that the scold exists, and Mr. Cunningham has proved to me that the brank is a most effective cure for the evil. The difficulties I see are how to get the bridle on, and what is to happen when it is taken off. Are there any ways or escape for the man other than the chimney? I am opposed to coercion, and I believe that if men were only tactful and kind, the brank could be applied quite painlessly. I believe that if some clever inventor could design a brank which would set off rather than hide a woman's physical charms, which should be ostensibly designed for this purpose, and its real object be wisely hidden, the ladies would readily accept the bridle. A brank might become as much a part of a women's attire as a corset. Women will gladly wear steels which forbid freedom of movement, and boots which prevent comfortable walking: it is easy to see that to ask them to sacrifice freedom of speech for the sake of a pretty and jewelled bridle is not an extravagant demand. Many women already wear masks and mechanical contrivances for the prevention of wrinkles and double chins: could not the scope of these articles be subtly and cunningly enlarged so as to make speech at least difficult? If a Royal Princess or some recognised leader of society could be induced to set the fashion it would be taken up. I am sure,

by all classes in time, and might even ultimately reach fishwives, which would surely be an unmixed blessing. It is true that the good-tempered woman would yield to the fashion equally with the scold, and we might thus be deprived of one of the great charms of woman's society, but what a development in the arts of coquetry and flirtation might take place through the desire of the man to have the bridle temporarily removed! John Strange Winter says that the threatened revival of the crinoline is entirely due to men, who, under the thin disguise of flattering woman's vanity are anxious to create a corner in steel. If men can achieve such results out of pure commercial ambition they can surely do much when the object is the peacefulness of their homes.

There is only one other remedy for the scold which suggests itself to me, and that is the removal of the cause of offence. If we cannot abolish men we can at least reform them. A scold is usually a disappointed woman. She has created an ideal man in her heart, has loved this ideal, and has forthwith invested some very ordinary male being with all the attributes of her ideal. And instead of being honestly annoyed and distressed at the woman's want of knowledge of him, he is immensely pleased and flattered, and imagines her to be his affinity. He makes no effort to live up to the ideal which has been formed of him: what is the necessity? The lady loves him as he is. But she really is only still in love with her ideal, and that is the tragedy of the matter. The gradual failure of the man to realise her expectations turns her into a scold; in fact, the falling to pieces of our ideals turns us all into embittered beings. If a man marries a woman who believes implicitly that he is a saint and a hero, he is not playing the game: he is marrying her under false pretences, and he deserves all the scolding he obtains. I have listened to a lady speaking of a man in terms which would be more appropriate to a saint or an angel, and I have heard that same man, afterwards, in speaking of the lady, confess that what attracted him to her was that she thoroughly understood his character! I

have felt on such occasions that I have been present at tragedy in the making. I like the definition of a friend given in a schoolboy's essay: "A friend is a person who knows all about you and likes you all the same." It is an equally good definition of a satisfactory lover, and it is the material out of which are made good husbands and companionable wives. "Men are strangely mistimed and misapplied. And the excellence of each is an inflamed individualism which separates him more." Married or single, we are all rather lonely beings, and as our individualities develop we discover fewer affinities. Men recognise the truth of this better than women, and fashion their lives accordingly. Women rebel at the idea of development: they distrust it: with Charles Lamb they would say, "I am content to stand still at the age at which I am arrived. . . . Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging puzzles and discomposes me." They denounce the man who is simply obeying the law of his being, as a traitor and a man without principle. Their "inflamed individualism" takes the form of scolding, they are born Conservatives: they are all Mrs. Partingtons when they think they can restrain the tide of human development. I think that men should recognise this fact more than they do and conceal better than they do sometimes, the alterations which are always taking place in their view-points and characters. They should cultivate at least the appearance of stability; like Lord Beaconsfield with the Conservatives, they should educate their partner to appreciate gradually the new order of things. I believe that home rule of the more rebellious sort can really be killed by kindness, tempered with a little artfulness. It is, at least, easier to manage an angry woman than an angry man: the former expresses herself in tears, and there are so many ways by which a man can dry up a woman's tears. The existence of a permanent "scold" is a reflection on the intelligence, as well as the heart of her husband; while a judicious and well-timed purchase at a jeweller's may often become a real form of life insurance.



DESERTED.

*"A secret curse o'er that old mansion hung
And its deserted garden."*

—Hood's "Haunted House."

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THE ART OF STAGE COSTUME DESIGNING

By GLADYS BEATTIE CROZIER

Illustrated from Original Designs by Mr. Percy Anderson and Mr. C. Wilhelm

FEW sounds can be more gratifying to the ears alike of the scenic artist and of the costume designer than that first faint inarticulate hum of appreciation which greets an especially brilliant combination of their skill, as the curtain goes up on the first night of a play. There lies revealed, let us imagine, to the fascinated eyes of the spectators some exquisite vision of a gorgeous semi-tropical garden leading down to a Mediterranean sea, with faint purple mist-wreathed mountains in the distance, and in the midst of trees, clothed in a wealth of blossom still swaying apparently in the faint delicious breeze that twilight so often brings, flit laughing girls clad in the delicately graceful garments of some other clime, pelting one another with flowers pulled from the surrounding blaze of bloom. On a time-worn, lichen-covered seat beneath a tree a group of sumptuously-attired matrons smile in dignified approval of this light-hearted merriment; and presently with a clash and tumult sweep the heroes of the play upon the scene, and the purely pictorial pleasure of the first moments gives place to deeper emotions in following the action of the story.

The art of Stage Costume Designing, for the inauguration of which Sir Henry Irving is mainly responsible, is a comparatively new one, and five-and-twenty

years ago did not even exist. Mr. Percy Anderson, Mr. C. Wilhelm, and Mr. Percy McQuoid share between them practically all this work connected with the more important productions, both in England and America, and they have had the rare opportunity of watching their influence spread with startling rapidity, until now stage costume, from having been considered, until a recent date, a matter of little practical importance, has come near on occasion to overcrowding the play itself; gorgeous ensembles and ballets and wonderful scenic effects so delighting the eye and capturing the imagination of the spectator with a feast of perfect beauty that he has but the remnants of a somewhat exhausted enthusiasm to bestow upon the performance itself.

Taste and good sense, however, combine to form a reaction against this temporary and very natural over-swing of the pendulum, and the advantages of beautiful stage mounting to a good play are so manifold as to far over-balance any possible disadvantages attendant upon it; whilst, where historical plays are in question, the prevailing system can hardly be overpraised. At a time when the stage is so much talked of as a means to the higher education of the masses, the value of such productions as Mr. Beerbohm



DESIGN FOR A PIERROT COSTUME.

By Mr. C. Wilhelm.

Tree's historical, romantic, or semi-mythical plays mounted in the splendid manner which has made him famous the world over, is obvious. They give to the humble holder of a back seat in the gallery the possibility of glimpses into what may be described as a series of exquisitely-illustrated pages of the world's romantic history, at almost every period of time and in every country. The accuracy of the picture is usually vouched for at His Majesty's Theatre by the name of Mr. Percy Anderson—who from the outset of his career as a designer of stage costume

has made absolute historical correctness his final goal, whilst such eminent artists as Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and Mr. Byam Shaw have given Mr. Beerbohm Tree the benefit of their services and general advice in the production of such plays as "Julius Cæsar" and "Much Ado About Nothing," they being special authorities on the periods with which these plays respectively deal.

With these two exceptions, however, Mr. Percy Anderson has been entirely responsible for the costumes seen at His Majesty's Theatre for the last four or five years, including those worn in plays of such varying periods as "Ulysses," "Twelfth Night," "King John," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Herod," "The Last of the Dandies," and "The Eternal City," the latter being an especially difficult piece of work to carry out owing to the elaborate ceremony which surrounds the simplest actions of the Pope within the Vatican and its surrounding gardens, from which strangers are rigorously excluded. A personal audience with His Holiness, supplemented by detailed information graciously supplied by relatives of an intimate friend who had held appointments at the Papal Court, finally overcame all obstacles, and the extremely interesting results obtained will still be well remembered by those who chanced to see the play.

Mr. Percy Anderson has also taken much interest and pleasure in dressing plays of a lighter and more fanciful nature, including a number of the Savoy Operas produced under the management of the d'Oyley Cartes, and many of Mr. George Edwardes' beautiful productions, both at Daly's Theatre and elsewhere, amongst which may be mentioned "San Toy," "The Country Girl," "The Duchess of Dantzig," "Veronique," and the latest success, the "Two Little Michus," in which the always picturesque and delightful Empire dress once more plays a leading part.

In America, Mr. Percy Anderson's work is almost as well known as at home, for he has done an immense amount of work for Mr. Charles Frohman, which includes such popular plays as "Quality Street," "A Gentleman of France," and "The Schoolgirl," whilst he was also responsible

such as "In the Days of Old," "Repentance," and "If I were King," to mention some of the more important productions; whilst, perhaps, that which called forth most special admiration was his particularly beautiful treatment of Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," with its exquisite rose-garden scene. He also has interested himself on several occasions in work for big American productions, which will doubtless, in course of time, make their way to England.

The sources to which the costume designer goes for inspiration or suggestion, or to gain some fresh idea, naturally vary very widely, according to the subject in hand.

If the dressing of an historical play, for instance, be the subject of his labours, it is necessary, first of all, to consult every book of the period still extant and preserved at the British Museum, in the hope that some ancient rhymers or chroniclers may have let fall a stray hint as to the fashioning of the costumes in vogue in his day; and much information, for instance, as to the various garments worn during his time may be found in the tales of Chaucer. Then again, for example, there is the mention in the *Odyssey* of a certain purple cloak given by Calypso to Ulysses, which caused Mr. Percy Anderson to provide a mantle of that imperial hue to complete Mr. Beerbohm Tree's costume in the Cave Scene in "Ulysses," at His Majesty's Theatre, a delicate bit of realism which was by no means lost upon lovers of the heroic annals of that splendid time.

Sometimes suggestions may be gleaned from a stray group of figures engraved on an ancient bit of pottery, or a fragment of wall painting, buried amidst some ruined city for hundreds or even thousands of years, which have miraculously escaped the general destruction, as in the case of the few remnants of mural decoration found at Knossos, in Crete, during the recent excavations, dating from about 3000 B.C., which retained almost all their original freshness of colouring. These Mr. Percy Anderson found invaluable in reconstructing the costumes worn in Homeric times. For costumes of a later historic date, the works of the old masters are of invaluable service for

purposes of reference and research, whilst when plays or ballets of a purely fanciful character are in preparation, the costume designer often goes straight to Mother Nature for inspiration. Mr. Wilhelm, whose work in the ballets at the Empire and in such plays as "Bluebell in Fairyland," and the "Cherry Girl," made so delightful an impression, finds his happiest inspiration in the country. In his latest work, for instance, at the Gaiety, in the "Spring Chicken," amidst the April colouring of one of the most charming scenes in which faintest primrose deepens into the colour of the bud sheaths in Spring and every shade of softest brown and saffron is represented, there is a single daring note of bluebell or violet, which gives definite character at once to the whole delightful picture; whilst nothing could be more exquisite than the feeling expressed in his flower ballet designs for various plays, his originality and genius displaying themselves alike in exquisite and striking colour harmonies and contrasts, and in his surprising skill in weaving weaver and dress into a single beautiful vision bearing the personality of the flower she or he represents. Nothing gives more play to his talent than the transformation of a chubby rosy child into a hardy little clover blossom or a field daisy, whilst who will forget his graceful yet childish water-lily in the "Bluebell in Fairyland" ballet, in one of the daintiest scenes ever given on the stage?

Twenty years ago a visit to the play revealed incongruities and anachronisms which, passing unheeded by the crowd who still held by the now almost discarded doctrine that "the play's the thing," proved an irritating and constant jar to the susceptibilities of those who either through foreign travel, an intimate acquaintance with the works of the old masters, or through the medium of books, were enabled, and indeed forced, to constantly detect them.

In the case of plays staged in modern days in Elizabethan fashion, let us recall the artistic effect produced in occasional scenes, such as the setting of the chorus in "Henry V." in Mr. Lewis Waller's first

production, now some four or five years ago, where Miss Hanbury's rare beauty gained an even added splendour through the sombre background afforded by a plain soft-falling curtain of a dull and toneless black; or, again, in the Elizabethan Stage Society's latest production of "Romeo and Juliet," early in last May, in which the severely simple setting to the tragedy of the childish-sweet little "Juliet" and her gallant boyish lover served only to bring them into more intimate touch with a very sympathetic audience, who, casting aside all barriers of nationality and time and place felt the tragedy which swept the young lovers to their doom to be as fresh and poignant as though it were happening to-day. The artistic tone of simplicity in these settings had a special charm of its own, which is, however, very different from that which prevailed in former days, in the production of the plays which delighted our grandmothers. They took the stage queen's mock ermine trains and cut-glass jewels set in brass or tin as a matter of course, and would have

been utterly understruck at the extravagance of the sumptuous robe, with its wonderful court train, copied exactly from the famous picture in the Louvre which the Empress Josephine wore in Mr. George Edwardes' production of the "Duchess of Dantzic." This production cost several hundred pounds, and every ornament worn by the actress was an elaborate copy of some beautiful old Empire design, whilst the ladies of the Court came little behind her in the magnificence of their attire.

Modern stage dresses are usually composed of quite as good, if not often of better, materials than those which would have been actually worn by the originals of the parts played. Fifteen shillings or a guinea a yard for the brocade used in the composition of a Desdemona gown is not considered an excessive sum, whilst the embroideries alone, on a sumptuous train, with its incrustations of glittering gems, worn by some leading lady in a big modern production, will often cost as much as a hundred guineas, taking numberless work-girls many weeks to



DESIGN FOR MR HENRY AINLEY'S "CASSIO" DRESS
IN THE RECENT REVIVAL OF "OTHELLO."

By Mr. Percy Anderson.

complete to the designer's satisfaction.

Stage jewellery and armour come, nowadays, almost entirely from Paris, where the manufacturers combine beautiful

usually makes separate and elaborate drawings of every brooch and buckle worn by each character in the play, whilst the very links which form the chain of office upon a courtier's neck are usually



DESIGNS FOR CHINESE HEAD DRESSES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

By Mr. Percy Anderson.

workmanship with extreme lightness of weight, a detail not to be despised, as those who have ever even chanced to wear a helmet, crown, or coat of mail for a single evening at a fancy dress ball will only too keenly appreciate. The designer

adapted from some picture of the period to be revived; fortunately, the old masters were most accurate and obliging in elaborately painting all such details in the "good old days" before the rise of impressionism in art.

It is highly necessary that the costume designer should have a good working knowledge of heraldry, which comes so

disuse; whilst the knowledge of the tiny variations in the elaborate armour worn during the Middle Ages, and, of course, varying in different countries, is also a special study in itself.

It is often an extremely difficult matter to decide how the wearer got in and out of some intricate, almost prehistoric, dress, like nothing worn in the civilized world



DESIGN FOR A FIFTEENTH CENTURY
CHINESE COSTUME

By Mr. Percy Anderson.



DESIGN FOR A JULIET COSTUME.

By Mr. Percy Anderson.

much into play in designing historical dresses of an early date, and Rouge Dragon of the Herald's Office is often called upon to give advice upon knotty points in the matter of the quarterings upon coats of arms long since fallen into

of to-day, or how some of the extraordinary mediæval head-dresses were balanced, twisted, or hung on to the heads



DESIGN FOR A WALKING DRESS, DATE 1830.

By Mr. Percy Anderson.
(For an unpublished play.)

of the comely dames whose beauty they set off to such advantage, and in these harassing matters the costume designer and the clever costumier, whose business it is to carry out the dresses from the designs provided, usually consult and work together, trying the various methods by which the effect is to be arrived at until a satisfactory result is finally obtained.

At times, when designing costumes for a period in which specially monstrous

fashions were in vogue, some modifications which will pass unnoticed on the stage, are absolutely necessary as a concession to the comfort of the actors or actresses who find it impossible to get through their parts clad in the extreme fashion of the day. Such an instance occurred in the case of a noted tenor engaged at the Savoy Theatre, who found at the dress rehearsal that his chain armour, owing to the too ardent zeal of the costumier, had been so made that it completely covered his chin, if not his mouth, making anything but a most muffled song well nigh impossible.

As regards the illustrations, which necessarily lose in the black-and-white reproductions the most charming and delicate colour blending of the original drawings—a few notes as to the various colour schemes employed will not come amiss.

Mr. C. Wilhelm's delightful Pierrot costumes on page 304 is a study in mauve and white, intricately contrasted to produce a very vivid and original effect.

Mr. Percy Anderson's design for an 1830 ball dress on page 305 is in the prettiest and most girlish colouring imaginable, the soft white silk skirt bearing cleverly inserted bands of lily-of-the-valley leaf green, a note of colour which is skilfully repeated in the flat, satin shoes, the belt, and, again, bows in the wearer's sunny, auburn hair, where it mingles in pleasant accord with a parrache of white ostrich plumes.

The design (page 307) for the beautiful Cassio dress worn by Mr. Henry Ainley in Miss

Tita Brand's recent production of "Othello" is an harmonious blending of hyacinth blue and a very soft grey, much slashed, sumptuously embroidered, and surmounted by a soft black hat. This design is by Mr. Anderson, as is also the collection of sketches (on page 308) of 15th century Chinese head-dresses, surrounding a central figure clad in royal blue in two shades, whilst the curious cap and cloth boots are of black.

The beautiful design for a Juliet cos-

tume on page 309 is one of the happiest examples of Mr. Percy Anderson's work. A pale cornflower-coloured underdress is partially concealed by an over-dress of deeper blue, delicately embroidered in gold, a heavy golden neckpiece revealing above

Chinese lady's dress of the 15th century period in three shades of pink, embroidered on ivory white, and with a suggestion of mauve in the sleeve linings, while on page 310 is a drawing showing how the 1830 maiden attired herself for her morning



DESIGN FOR MISS TITA BRAND'S DESDEMONA DRESS IN "OTHELLO."

By Mr. Percy Anderson.

it a soft white chemisette, which again makes its appearance at the elbows, where it is enmeshed by a golden net set with pearls. Bunches of cornflowers on either side of the head, and a long wreath of the same flowers complete her costume.

A design on page 309 shows us Mr. Anderson's sketch for a most fascinating

walk; Mr. Anderson has given her a charming striped green and white silk gown, a green hat, and a long embroidered scarf, whilst a lovely lace veil completes her costume.

The design on this page for the Desdemona dress worn by Miss Tita Brand in the recent revival is by the same artist, and

I am indebted to the courtesy of Miss Brand that I am able to reproduce both it and the design for the Cassio costume already described. The under-dress of faintest blue is richly embroidered in white; there is a soft white muslin under-bodice, and the picture is completed by a mantle of deep soft blue lined with the paler colour.

RIVAL QUEENS

By SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE

THE night draws near with slowly-dragging step,
Trailing her dusky skirts across the skies,
The Sun, 'mid banks of rosy-burning clouds,
In gorgeous beauty lies.

The Roses sway in languid drowsiness.
Cooled by the breath of soft descending shade;
The winds make rustlings through the leafy trees
With voices half dismayed.

Birdsongs are hushed. The very River, too,
In unison of quietness sweeps by;
From far across the dreamy land there steals
The echo of a sigh—

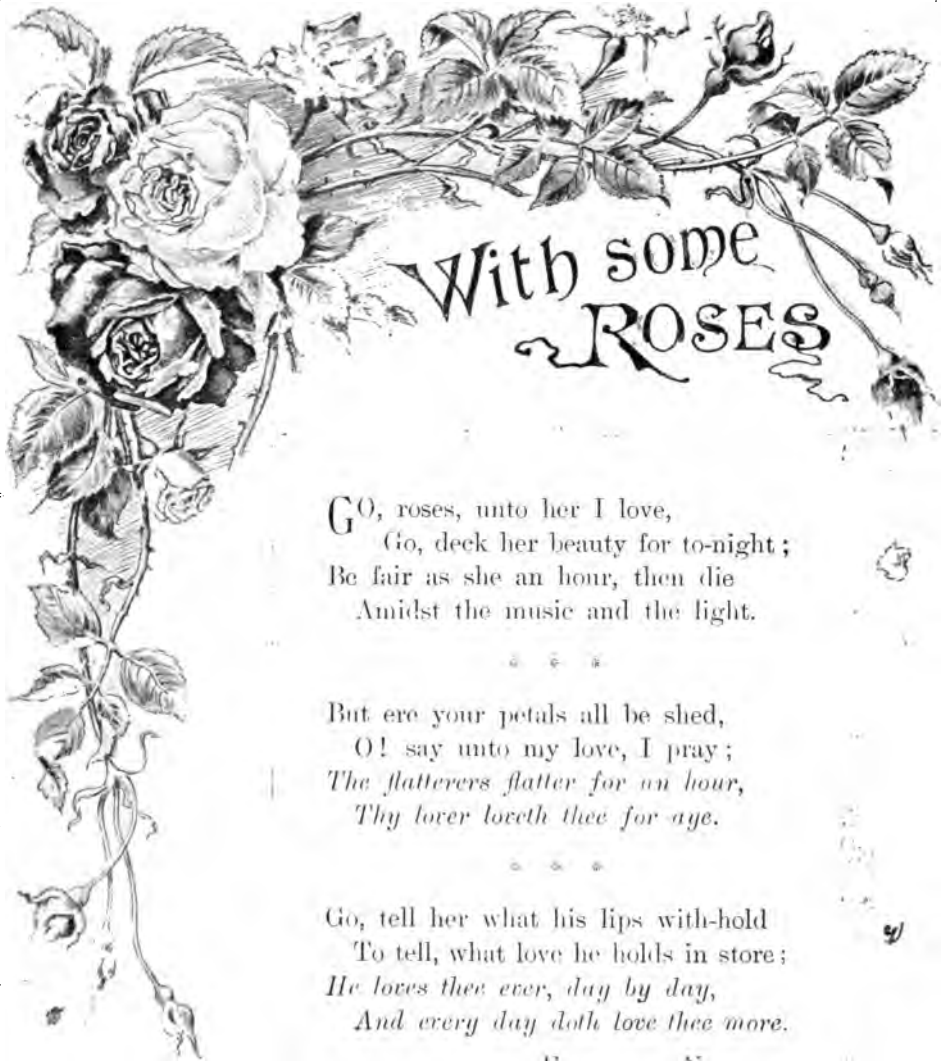
The last faint sigh of sad, departing Day,
Who to an alien must resign her crown—
And as it dies, through gossamer veils of cloud
The radiant Moon looks down.

The earth lies still and shadowy 'neath her gaze,
All virgin pure, and cool, and faintly sweet;
She slips from out her filmy shroud, and then
Night's kingdom is complete.

Complete? Ah, yes! but only for a spell,
For soon she, too, must hasten far away,
Whilst over the freshened Earth with flying feet
Trips glad, returning Day.

In darkest folds of Night's retreating gown
The Moon her pallid, vanquished face doth hide;
The Birds make merry in the boughs, and soon
The Flowers are open-eyed.

And when Night's last, dim curtain slides away,
Seized in the distance by an unseen hand,
The East grows warm—the ruddy Sun breaks forth—
Day rules the land!



With some ROSES

GO, roses, unto her I love,
Go, deck her beauty for to-night;
Be fair as she an hour, then die
Amidst the music and the light.

But ere your petals all be shed,
O! say unto my love, I pray;
*The flatterers flatter for an hour,
Thy lover loveth thee for aye.*

Go, tell her what his lips with-hold
To tell, what love he holds in store;
*He loves thee ever, day by day,
And every day doth love thee more.*

FREDERICK NIVEN.



PHIL TREVOR'S RIDE



By A. O. VAUGHAN

Illustrated by Bertram Gilbert

[This bustling tale of in-rigue and adventure in the days of the Commonwealth is told in seven incidents, each of which is complete in itself, though the whole form a single chapter relating the efforts of a Royalist Captain of horse to intercept a despatch sent from the Parliament to Lord Fairfax.]

I.

"SWEET ROGUES."

IN the ante-room of Prince Rupert's council chamber, in Gloucester City, sat two freckled captains, so yawning over the dice that they seldom mustered energy enough to proclaim the numbers as they fell, but read them in silence and cursed or welcomed the luck with a look alone. For the harvest heat of the world without made even this high-panelled room drowsy, cool though it was compared with the baking street below, till in to them entered a comely figure of another captain, cavalier of cavaliers, from the plume in the hat to the huge, jingling rowels of the silver-mounted spurs.

"Od's death! Phil Trevor!" cried Red Ned Pugh, the elder of the two at the table, tossing the dice box down. "Here's life again at last. Sit down and stir us up. When I got here, three days ago, they told me Rupert had sent thee east on some secret ride. But here thou art again, and here's my can; take a rouser then, and tell us the tale of the ride—that smile that shines like a new polish on that brass face of thine swears it worth the hearing."

The half-shrewd, half-caustic smile in Trevor's face deepened into one of whole-

souled enjoyment as he took the cup and spoke his toast. "A rouser? Ay, a rouser it need be, for here's to the two sweet, dainty rogues that took a quirk to clip my comb for me. But for them I might ha' had to come back and get it clipped indeed by Rupert—for failing."

"Petticoats again!" broke in Crompton, the other captain. "Now there'll be tale enow to come. Sit down and begin, Phil; begin."

Trevor flung himself to a seat astride the end of the bench, his back against the wainscot, his elbow on the table. "Tale enow, quotha?—it's half a dozen tales on end; seven scenes o' the same one comedy. There'll be tale enow for your patience, I'll assoil ye."

"What day was it when I started? Phew! It seems so long ago I've quite forgotten. Be that as it may, however, the ride was only secret at this end, for at the other end I had to show my papers and claim the help of whatever garrison I should quarter my troop it. And so I came to Slainingham House, where the old Earl Beleyne hath kept a great garrison ever since Edgehill fight—"

"And," interrupted Red Ned Pugh, drily, "where old Beleyne's daughter hath also held that garrison on a pin ever since Edgehill fight, and watched it buzz, as

often as the mood took her. If that be one o' the two sweet rogues, then say on, I've seen her."

"I've done more," said Trevor, "but we'll let that come in its proper place. Meanwhile, as I rode up to Slainingham I could scarce believe that the place was garrisoned at all, though I saw that it should need no great company to hold it. For it hath every advantage i' the world to begin with, standing on the tongue of land at the joining of the two rivers there. Nay, it all but stands on an island, for the rivers have tried to meet some two or three hundred yards before they come to the house, till they found the rock too strong just at the core, and so i' the end they had to swing out and come together two or three hundred yards behind the house instead. It needed but a breastwork across the neck, where the two rivers nearly meet, and then only starvation could capture the place, or an assault more bloody than the prize is worth. Yet even the garden hedge that was once across that neck had been done away with. Gad! it seemed so much as if they had been smoothing the way to invite the enemy to come in that I was stiff with amaze to see it.

"That amaze, though, would ha' mattered less had it been the only one. But as I was standing before the great hall door, waiting to be admitted to explain my coming, suddenly I was all bedazed by a greater amazement still, for by there came the old Earl's daughter. Ned, thou wert bragging just now of having seen her—tell Crompton here what she is like."

"That I will not," cried Pugh roundly; "for all I could say is that she is the cream of all sauciness; of all disdain; her nose ever i' the air, and her foot hardly touching the ground for distaste, whenever she saw such common freckled earth as Red Ned Pugh. That's my tale of her," ended he.

"Na, na," objected Trevor with a fresh smile. "Not distaste of Ned Pugh lifted her nose i' the air. It is a distaste of all men that come from outside into her garrison; rude fellows that sniff and stare at her arrangements for siege and battle, and gape at her plans for war. But it was none o' that was amazing me just then; it

was she herself. Splendour of Mother Eve! here was all the seven wonders of the world in one, the seven perfections of a perfect woman all met together at last. Never a woman in this world before had all the seven in her one self, that I grant ye—though never a woman was born yet but had one o' the seven as part of her, mind ye—but even the rarest o' the seven was here, and that's the perfect foot and ankle, as I saw then after all these years.

"Was she perfect, quotha? Zwounds! I stood stock still to stare. Nay, so still I stood, and so all eyes I stared, that if any witness should say I gaped, too, like any lout at the fat woman in a fair, hang me! I could not take oath that I did not. Perfect! Why, all the songs I had ever made, to this sweet maid or that, came up before me there, as if a prodigal heir should be confronted with all the leases wherein he had squandered his inheritance. She was so perfect that the wonder on't must ha' been in my eyes as I looked at the violet blue of hers, for straightway in that look she took a quirk of disdain for such a clown, staring there so stuckly. Marry! the disdain smoked in her eyes as she swept up the steps and in."

"Ned," put in Crompton, "Trevor may ha' ridden away from here in secret, but he hath left something yonder to mark the place he went to—he left his heart."

"Heart!" spoke Red Ned with a grin. "That was worn out and ended long ago, under this dainty foot and that. It's years now he hath had naught but a pair of bellows to sigh with, where his heart was wont to beat when e'er a maid looked at him, twenty years ago. The bellows he may ha' left, or he may ha' burst them sighing under the lattice of this goddess that I never saw in her. But a heart—na, na. Yet go on, Phil, I'll warrant, now, there'll be a rare tale to come after all that song of a woman's perfectness."

Trevor twisted his moustache with imperturbable enjoyment as he resumed. "Well, in due time I was admitted, to find that, instead of privately showing my papers and telling my business to Lord Beyleme alone, I must lay everything out before a general council of every officer about the place, including a young sprout or two that were fitter to be privates in somebody's life guards, than sitting there as

commanders in council with their elders. But, 'Od's death! chief and top of all that council, seeming to have rule and decision over every man there, was my lady of the perfectness. Nay, if ye'll make no bones on't, it was she who picked up the paper I laid before her father, and read it off like a town clerk at a proclamation. Beelzebub! I scarce could cover my grin at these new wise men of Gotham turned to war.

"Moreover, when I had explained the work I had been sent to do, to wit, to intercept and capture a certain despatch which it was supposed that Parliament would be sending to Fairfax in the West, this council seemed to see no great matter in that. Yet, since I had Prince Rupert's name on the paper for't, they made me welcome in a sort, but plainly only as one who held the King's commission, and not at all as one who was about the King's business. But I cracked no smile, for my mind was too heavy about that breastwork which was so needed. I liked not trusting myself and my troop in such a trap as Slainingham was without it.

"Plainly I told them, speaking it gently though; trust me I graced them with all courtesy; never a philosopher in a book could ha' been smoother. See me rising to the occasion; hear me holding forth—and then swear a prayer for me, for, Zwounds! I drew a hornet's nest about my ears. It seemed that I was interfering with the very trap they had laid, full cunningly, to give them the victory over the enemy. It was the Lady Margaret herself who chiefest battered me with the rules and arguments that showed me for such a very dunce at war. 'We have two troops of horse,' quoth she; 'two troops that have not their match, under Captain Ensor and his cousin Cranton'—and here she marked with an approving glance two o' the best valeted o' the young sprouts. 'If you had looked you would have seen how close-shaven a lawn we keep, from the hall door to the spot you speak of. When the enemy comes, marching insolently across that lawn, then our two troops of horse, one from each side of the house, can get a clear course at them and sweep them away like leaves before the blast.' Devil's hooks! gentlemen, she believed what she

was saying, and all these owls looked on at her and nodded admiration."

Red Ned rapped his beaker on the board in sheer glee, while Trevor broke off for a moment and took to his can in enjoyment of the reminiscence. "Sirs," he began again, "I am an obedient soldier and faithful servant of his Majesty, but Beelzebub himself would hardly expect me to ha' kept my face quite straight at that. Trust me, I tried, but there must ha' been a solemn twinkle that would break out in my eye, in spite of my best woodenness. Or it might ha' been even a grin when I looked at some o' their faces. I'll not take oath on it, for her next look was as if she would say to the rest—'Put this creature out of the window for me that it may fly away somewhere else.' But not one o' the others had wit enough to be quite sure that I laughed at them, and so that council broke up and the lawn remained smooth and green.

"Bones o' me! considering the lessons I had in such a seminary of war as Slainingham, I do not boast me half enough, here before ye common captains. There they are all most diligent students of the art military—as it is established and set forth from old times in the romances, wherein famous knights are wont to kill them a five-score earls of a day, just to give them excuse for pleasant wanderings. Small wonder that i' the midst of such lessons I broke most diligently about my work, and set every ear o' my troop as wide i' the wind as it would stretch, hearkening for the first whisper of what Parliament should do. And, just as Rupert expected, it was a bare day or two before I heard that a messenger would start that very morning with Parliament's instructions to Fairfax.

"Now the one way that messenger must ride, both for speed and safety, was along the great west road, where the Round-heads have a garrison at every half-ride, and that road, an' it please ye, was within easy reach of Slainingham. Yet the psalm-singers were all too thick on the ground for me to risk my poor one troop on such a venture in daylight. Ah, said I, if one only knew whether he would travel at night, and whether alone or with an escort!

"Well, ye know my motto, that a soldier's duty is as much to make hot love to

the women as fierce war on the men. And here was my rascal trumpeter, that was making hot love to my Lady Margaret's woman, letting me into a pretty secret that gave the whole hunt into my hands. It all began right at the foundation of things, as, *imprimis*, that this messenger was a man; which, to be sure, was only a marvel in that one had not ta'en him in that light before, and which left one no further on than waiting for the next word. But to match that was another marvel, to wit, that he, being a man, and thus, as it were, only half of a whole, belike there was a woman somewhere to complete him; a thing that still seemed to bring no great ship to land as yet. Only when this trumpeter, with a world of a grin, laid the two together, and told how this messenger was a lusty young gentleman, and had for sweetheart Mistress Isabel, the black-eyed daughter of old Sir Hugh Landon, whose house lay a two mile out of Barlington, why, then one began to see that there are holes in a ladder, and that a deal might follow the fact that this messenger was a man, and not a graven image. Nay, we were not even left to guessing, for this messenger had already sent a whisper privately to his sweetheart, to say that he expected to leave London to-day, and that to-night he would lie over at her father's house. Tophet! there was the bird in the bush complete, and only needing the net thrown over it to get it.

"It seemed that this Sir Hugh Landon, Roundhead of Roundheads, and Member of the Commons House of Parliament, was some degree of cousin to my old Lord Beyleme, and before Edgehill they had been as thick as thieves in friendship, as their daughters were still, in spite of the war. In truth these two last had still met at times to speak disparagingly of men, till Mistress Isabel began to except one particular man, and even since then gossip had still continued to pass between them by some ragged stages. And my Lady Margaret had none other to gossip with on that gossip save her waiting woman. Luck is ever nine points of success, and the other point is more luck.

"Zooks! I thought the thing as good as done already. By mounting at dusk I could beat up Landon House and be back again by sunrise. To be sure, Barlington was

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big with a fine, fat, Prick-ear garrison, godly enough to sour the milk of half a shire, but that is all in the play, and I drew out my troop for the ride that night with as light a heart as one could wish for.

"Well, ye both know what a night ride is; beshrew me, they are not things to forget, even at the best of times. But we had luck again, and all in good time I was drawing my line of men round Landon House, that loomed as wide and black as a small town in the soft darkness, needing every man I had to surround it. Then, as for the rest, you know the usual thing that happens at such adoos. First a log to drive in some door or clear some window, and after that great oaths, much pistol pointing and blade flourishing, perhaps a hasty serving man or two stretched or sent howling with a slashed pate; wenchies screaming, ladies stepping out in disarray to confront us and then backing away, half fainting, at sight of the steel; the gentlemen woundily out in shirt and breeches, sword in one hand and candle in t'other, and we snarling and routing out holes and corners to bolt our quarry.

"And so it fell out this time, save that the few serving men ran without blow needed, no ladies appeared, and no gentlemen showed front. In truth there seemed none willing to face us in all that great house, and presently Wharton, my lieutenant, was dragging a whimpering servant knave up the stair to show us the room the messenger was sleeping in. It had all gone as if we had had the rule of it so far.

"Setting Wharton to watch the other end of the passage, I swung a great sledgehammer against the door of the room pointed out, and at the second blow, in it flew. I after it. Luck again. Yonder he was, the one I wanted, for the two candles burning on a table inside showed me two figures against the other wall, each with a lantern in hand for flight, one a rare comely figure of a young gentlewoman, all in a mort of tears and fright, trying to press the other, her lover, the messenger, through a secret door behind the arras. 'Oh, fly, fly!' she was crying as I burst in. 'Here they are! Oh, go! Oh, fly!'

"He was hatted and cloaked to go, and hat and cloak hid all his face, so that I could not judge his temper. For the first breath, though, he seemed like intend-

ing to play the Paladin, as not liking to fly from one man before her, but as I dashed at him, steel out, all one thunder of 'Yield! Yield!'—and all one long roar of the great good fighting oaths that will come out with that fierce word—his sweetheart gave such a little scream of terror for him that he made no more ado but turned and fled into the secret black passage behind.

"Hot I was after him, but na, the lady flung her arms about me as though she would grip me there for ever, and, Gad! such fair round arms they were she held me with, and such great black eyes she flashed into mine! Oh! such cheek and chin and lips they were so close to mine. 'Loose me!' roared I. 'Never!' cried she, and so we glared at each other till, somehow, I guessed in a flash what could conquer her. Before she knew what next, I had done it—kissed her full and fair on the lips.

"Splendour of Eve! she unhand me quick enough then. Ye should ha' seen her face. Look out to-night at the harvest lightning in the velvet midnight sky, and you'll see her eyes as she flung back from me. Phew! I seized her lantern and flew on into the secret passage as much to get away from her as to be after her lover. Yet I had but done right. It was my work to get loose the quickest way and give chase."

"Ned," interrupted Crompton, with cavernous seriousness, "let us remember that excuse; it is the newest thing in excuses for a kiss. And yet I much doubt if the lady would forgive a man as soon for that as for the old first and most ancient one—that she was so sweet no man could help it. But go on, Phil, belike we'll hear more new things yet before we finish."

Trevor nodded in imperturbable good

humour as he resumed. "I could hear my quarry ahead of me, wondrous light of foot, but my own lantern helped me to make good speed too. The passage was in the thickness of the wall, with a sharp turn here and there, and steps down and down, till I guessed we were well below ground. Then a long, straight stretch, a rise, and, hey! a door that let me through into a half-filled barn, out of which my man was just vanishing by an outer door,



"The lady flung her arms about me."

dropping his lantern on the threshold as he went. Down I dropped my own lantern; out I shook another leg of speed, stride over stride I gained on him, and then, i' the vast black shadow of a giant elm, I caught him by the waist.

"Beelzebub! this was no man! By all the lithe waists I had ever squeezed this was no man, but a maid. Who that ever played a laughing romp with any merry sweet baggage could mistake the thrill of such an armful for the mere stodgy lump of a man? This then was some swift trick to save the messenger, trumped up at our

first summons to the house. I thought of that soft rogue that seized me back from the secret door, and at once I understood the light in her black eyes that made me kiss her—she must ha' had much ado to keep from laughing in my face. But—two maids to save one man! And two Puritan demurities at that—though I never yet saw the maid, mind you, Puritan, Paynim, or what you will, that was other than a sly, sweet rogue at a pinch. But a godly psalm-singer to have two to save him! Oh, fie! and we cavaliers, poor sinners, so glad if we only attain to half such righteousness as that. More yet, two so sweet; for this one in my arm felt sweet enough for all her sex.

"Gad! I swung her up i' my arms across my chest to carry her back to the house and question her. 'Let me down!' she cried, proof in itself that she was a woman. A man would just have said, 'I'll walk!' But, then, a man would have known why he was being carried as if he were a woman. 'Let me down,' commanded she again. Never a word said I, and I would not have put her down just then for all the toasting forks of all Beelzebub's life-guards.

"Then, 'Help!' she cried, but none so loud as one expects in a frightened woman, and straightway at that I heard a rush of swift feet, the feet of many men, and I tried to set her down that I might fight. But na; now it was she who would not be set down; nay, she threw her cloak about my head, clinging to me and throwing the cloak thicker about me till, well—till the half-dozen men that leaped on me, like hounds upon a boar, had little more to do than bind, and gag, and blindfold me, which they did in practised time.

"Then for a while they let me lie, and I thought the whole thing over behind my gag and rag. The tale indeed was plain enough to need no second thought. The secret passage had been so long that this end of it must lie well outside the ring of my men surrounding the house, and so this scuffle would not be heard—I could expect no rescue that way. By that token, too, I understood why my captive had cried for help so softly, just loud enough for her own ambush to hear, and not loud enough to rouse my men. It was a marvel how swiftly the messenger and these two gentlewomen had planned

this wile, all between our first summons at the door and our driving it in. More, they had planned it so perfectly, even to schooling the servants and sending men by the secret passage to lay this ambush. I was clean taken in my own pit, and, doubtless I had been bound and gagged to keep me quiet, so that Wharton and the men of the troop should wait and wait at their posts till the Horse from Barlington garrison could be brought to deal with them.

"But there I had the laugh on my side. Trust me, I had set a post far down the Barlington road, and blocked a bridge there, to give full time for every man of mine to get away. They might growl at having to leave me, but they trusted me for fox enough to turn up in good order somewhere on the road home. I grinned in my mind as I thought of the Barlington Horse.

"But to think and think was only to marvel again at the quick wit and the speed with which the messenger had turned his jeopardy into victory. Nay, I was so taken with pleasure at the neatness on't, and desired so much to see so rare a captain of war, that I was not ill-pleased when anon I was lifted and set astride a saddled horse, even though my feet were tied under his girth, and a cloak was swathed about me from head to foot, warm as the night was. In no long time I should see what manner of man he was that had done his work so well.

"Next, after the horse had carried me a little way, I caught the noise of a troop, and presently found myself knee to knee with two riders, though the cloak and the bandage between them kept me from distinguishing any words said. So we got into motion; I was to be carried away, it seemed.

"This troop, thought I, must be the one the messenger had had to escort him, and he must ha' quartered it at some farmhouse near to save the uproar to Landon House, had he brought it there with him. A-well, he was making sure of me, no matter what might happen to the rest when the Horse arrived from Barlington.

"That was a plaguey long ride before it ended. Beshrew me, an' ye want to know what is the top of all discomfort, ye must e'en take such a ride as I did then, i' the thick o' the night, blinkered and gagged,

and tied on your horse, with nothing to think on so much as your own defeat and the wonder of what next. Then ye'll be as glad as I was to hear the first rousing of the sleepy birds, for that to me meant dawn, daylight, and better speed, which would bring us the quicker wherever we were going, and so the sooner release me from gag, and bond, and blinker.

"That release came quicker than I hoped, for sunrise brought it, and I no sooner felt the rays warming upon my cheek, through a thin part o' the cloak, than we halted and I heard the troop forming into shape. Next my horse was led some little way further and turned about to face the troop, while the rider on my right loosed the bandage from my eyes—and straightway then broke into the most astonished oath of amazement I ever heard i' this weak world. I looked at him to see why, but, loo' you! I made no oath, for why, my own amazement was so far beyond all sound—Beelzebub! the man was Carter, one of the best o' my own troop.

"I looked round. It was all one piece. The troop that was drawn up before me, the troop that had guarded me all the way, was my own troop. Wharton at the head of it!

"I did not feel at my neck to see if the bedclothes were there and I in bed dreaming. Instead, I looked to see what else of Bedlam was here. And again it was still all one, for yonder, not a mile away, rose the house of Slainingham, lordly in the sunrise.

"First I laughed, chiefly at Wharton's face as he pressed staring towards me, speechless with bald astonishment. Carter was untying my hands, his fellow fumbling to loose my feet, and all the troop gaping like louts as they sat their saddles before me. Then to save us all from Bedlam came another figure, pressing her horse forward from behind me, Lady Margaret, an' it please ye; none other.

"She made me something of a bow as she checked her horse before me. 'Well, Sir Scare-babe!' began she. 'I see your march hath brought home a prisoner in truth. But, oh, fie! I did not think that Captain Trevor was Parliament's messenger as well as King's man. Or is it that this is the way all your great deeds are

done and your great name won, by subtle, smooth arrangement with your men?'

"Beelzebub! At her words I should by right ha' gaped again, too, in mere wonder and amaze. But that voice saved me; that was the very voice that had cried 'Let me down!' last night, i' the shadow of the great elm; the voice that had cried 'Help'; the voice of her I had held in my arms; the fugitive. It was all as clear as if blue lightning had split the darkness of a cloud. This, then, had all been a horse-jest played upon me. I was made the fool to give them sport at Slainingham, and she the lure and leader in the doing on't. Only—one thing—how came my lieutenant to be beguiled? I turned to him. 'Wharton, how came you to leave Landon House without me, since you did not know who your prisoner was?'

"'Sir, Captain Ensor and Captain Cran-ton, with the Lady Margaret, came and told me you had captured the messenger, and that I was to take him, and to draw off the troop, and return with him to Slainingham, while you would come on with their troops, that had come to help—yonder they go now into Slainingham.'

"I looked. The two troops were just crossing the lawn in front of the great house. Wharton had been fooled as fairly as I in his degree. It had been truly well done. A rare jest it had been to them, doubtless. But, I bethought me—what had it been to his Majesty? And as I thought of that I looked at the Lady Margaret and I spoke a little grimly. 'It was you then that played the messenger. Doubtless ye are all proud of the jest that may have let Parliament's real messenger slip through untouched. Doubtless, too, ye will be ready with your answer when the King asks why you help his enemies.'

"She broke into a smile all disdain; nay, she laughed outright. 'So, Sir Nestor-Ajax! the jest is fairly upon you. There was no messenger to come to Landon. You have proved well what a thick wit Rupert sent on this business. Why, the tale told you that the messenger was lover to my cousin Isabel. It was she who pretended to stop you at the secret door last night. Do you think that she, as a gentlewoman, would make a jest on danger to her lover? Even your thick brain must



"Up went her chin in swift anger, and back she reined a pace."

see that this was all a plot of mine to abate you, and to prick the bubble reputation you blew of yourself in your great talk of fortifying my father's house, as if you knew better about that than we who live there and have long thought over it. Now we may hope you will betake your wondrous skill and knowledge some other where.'

"Well, comrades, and what could I say to that, seeing that I might not answer her with the great bold words and swearings which alone would have fitted what I felt? And to try by quiet words to show her all their folly would have been as mere a folly in me, too, seeing how far she showed herself from realising all the bloody earnest of war. Na, the fault was not so much hers, as the fault of those who, being men and calling themselves captains, had helped instead of stopping her. The one thing I must think of at that moment was that time was lost and that, by all our reckonings, the messenger must be speeding west from London—perhaps was already past. My troop was

done, the horses were too weary, with the night ride on top of all the work of weeks past, to be fit for me to take and try to beset the road. Slainingham would help me none, neither could I trust its troops for grim work. I must ride away alone and see what might be done. There was no other way, and yet I felt no bitterness; the whole thing was so much beyond bitterness that it was not worth while to think about it. I had to smile as I looked at her and spoke.

"Madam, you have won your point in that you are rid of me for the moment. But, even so, my troop must go home with you and be well fed and rested till I call on it."

"She bowed to that, and the mischief so triumphed in the smiles that rippled in her face that it pricked me to mischief in return. The score should not be all on one side, thought I. I would leave a word that should stick with her while I was gone. 'As to the jest you played on me,' I went on, my

sauciest grin broadening in my face the while, 'It hath ever been my motto that one must pay for the sweets of life as one gets them. And truly I must look to pay heavy enow for such a sweet as that was when I had you in my arms across my breast. You were wondrous sweet to carry. Splendour of Eve! a sweeter maid I never held i' my arms!'

"I looked at her as her face froze in looking at me, and, oh, I had delight as I looked. 'Had you thought of that?' said I. 'Or, nay, belike that was part of the plot to you as you planned it.'

"Phew! that outfaced her. Up went her chin in swift anger and back she reined a pace recoiling. But I waited for nothing. Off I swept my hat. 'Planned it,' repeated I. 'And in truth it was sweet enough for that. I shall remember it every time I think of you—thinking how rare a waist you have, and how soft an armful you are. A-well, good-morrow now.' And so I rode away, leaving her at a stand for something to crush me with."

"Na, na, Phil," cried Ned Pugh, as the tale broke off for a moment. "Na, na; she had thee fairly; thou shouldst have let her have her triumph unmarred. Thou couldst have eased thy mind with the good

round words when once thou wert clear of her presence."

Trevor laughed. "Doubtless, but I am no saint. And in truth I rode away after that not unhappy. Behind me I had a quarrel with the two fools of captains at Slainingham, as soon as there should be time to teach them their lesson—if they were worth it. Before me was the good ripe prospect of the meeting with this messenger whose message I must get away from him. And with me was the comedy those two sweet mischiefs had played on me. Ho! think how the dainty minions must have laughed when they were laying their heads together. And what ado they must have had to straighten their faces when I burst into the chamber, where they waited for that play by the secret door. Again, with what tremendous pretty anger would they both now fume upon me every time they remembered me, the one for the kiss, the other for the carrying. Yea, I ha' been worse content many a time in this world than I was then, riding to an adventure and thinking on those soft rogues. Here's to them again," summed up Trevor, lifting his can and bottoming it.

"Nay, here's to them for ever," cried Red Ned with a chuckle.

To be continued.

SONNET

By M. M.

WHEN the last hour of waiting is gone by,
 And you clasp me from out the world your own,
 If to your greeting given passionately
 I seem to turn a heart and lip of stone,
 Pitiful Love, remember, ere you came
 The long slow years when every passer-by.
 The poor, the cold, the sufferer and the lame
 Claimed from my heart its utmost sympathy.
 Hungry and sick for love, for love athirst,
 Each seized the cup and drained the gen'rous wine;
 I turned a patient face to last as first.
 None ever guessed how yearned this heart of mine.
 Therefore, but clasp me closer to your breast,
 I am so tired of loving, let me rest.



A DOUBLE STILE, WARNING CAMP, SUSSEX.

RUSTIC STILES

By J. HARRIS STONE, M.A., F.I.S., F.C.S.

With Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author.

THERE are many styles of stile. In fact it were not much exaggeration to say with regard to the stiles of Great Britain and Ireland that naught can stale their infinite variety. Yet, when studied, it will be found that stile-characteristics in the same locality singularly repeat themselves, until a typical structure more or less peculiar to each district is evolved and recognisable.

The materials available for building stiles in one part of the country will naturally be the same. If near the sea, the harvest of the waves, pieces of timber pregnant with terribly pathetic memories, will be most readily pressed into the service—to such low offices may mighty monarchs come. And so it comes to pass that on many a treeless shore the boundary posts and stiles are entirely composed of odd ribs of wrecks, deck planking, or even portions of bulwarks of what were once

Mary Janes or Susan Anns which, having oft sailed the wintry seas, return at last, in their decrepit old age, to the soil whence they derived their birth and nurture. Such stiles near the sea are to be found all round our coasts, and they possess certain common generic features. The component pieces of wood are of uneven thickness and shape. Oak and elm are common, but not unfrequently you will come across splendid balks of oak, teak, and even mahogany. Augur holes are frequent, some stiles even still containing the oaken or iron bolts. Occasionally the smaller barnacle, gimlet-looking marks betray an outside piece of plank-ing. And then, again, some half-worn-away paint, with fragmentary lettering, irresistibly recalls a smart craft, rising and falling with sentient regularity, sending the salt waves sparkling away from her bows in clouds of foam, just lingering long



STONE STILE AT INNISCRONE, CO. SLIGO, IRELAND.

used; there are those obviously not so intended. The former we know well. They exist mostly in the outlets of towns where the fields are much subdivided for cattle-grazing, each pasture being efficiently hedged or walled in to prevent cows and sheep seeking pastures new. The rights of way, carefully insisted upon by the local Parish Council, are consequently continually leading over fences and boundaries, barbed wire, or impenetrable quickset, irresistibly forcing the pedestrian to use the means provided. No convenient side-gaps are allowed to remain in the hedges, no tumbledown places in the wall, a little way off, are permitted.

But the deliciously inconsequent stile is to be found in Ireland. There are no common stiles in Ireland. They are all uncommon—very. They turn up in completely wrong places. In the right places where, from ignorant preconceived ideas, they should be located, they are not. Where they are obviously wanted you don't find them. Where you do find them in Ireland they are clearly not needed by you, or anyone else, in the locality. Many theories may be advanced to account for the existence of Irish stiles, but none is satisfactory. Philosophers may suggest they are built to aid the sentimental emotions, to stimulate contemplative faculties, or

even, perhaps, by their very cussedness, to evoke wicked oburgations. The shallow-minded and heedless may even advance the rash theory that Irish stiles are for use, and in order to sustain so ridiculous an hypothesis, may draw disparaging comparisons between them and their English conferees. To thus degrade the Irish representatives of the stile-order is simply another injustice to Ireland. At Inniscrone, near Ballina, for instance, there is a stile at the extreme end of a wall which ends abruptly on a common. Now, a stone wall ending in nothing particular is inartistic and even irritating. Some would have suggested a pillar to mark its termination. Not so at Inniscrone. The Inniscrone mind when in doubt turns to stiles, and so a stile it is that marks the finish of the wall's impingement on the common. Similar amusing instances of stiles by the side of gateless apertures are common all over Ireland. It is difficult to imagine a sane person using the stile when he can without labour walk through the adjacent gap on the level.

Churchyard stiles, in little out-of-the-way villages, are often most quaint. That at old-fashioned Burpham, in Sussex, is of the narrow V shape, a type which becomes somewhat embarrassing to persons of adipose figure; however, as the sidesman

frequently seen in Essex and many other counties. Yet we import, free of all duty, millions of pounds worth annually of eggs, butter, and poultry from foreign lands. Would that our own country was annually lessening the amount of the dairy bills paid to foreigners! At present it is not. Our legislators would do well to overhaul the antiquated laws and customs pertaining to

periods, but bounteous nature is allowed to revel at her own sweet will—to riot, in short, as she delights to do—and the stile becomes the centre piece of a picture characteristically English or Irish, as the case may be. Such masterpieces of true rural scenery are to be found in many of our counties notably in Sussex, Kent, Devonshire, and Surrey. They suggest an



BRIDGE STILE, OLD MALDEN, SURREY.

land tenure in this country, for therein lies the explanation of the stile of desolation.

And then there is the stile not too faultlessly perfect, but just sufficiently practical to fulfil its purpose, while appealing at the same time to the artistic eye and beguilingly causing the wayfaring man or woman to linger awhile. The surroundings, perhaps overhanging trees of beech, birch, or elm, are not consorcially treated at stated

owner of an artistic temperament, easy to get on with, indolent perhaps, but delightful company. For the sake of travellers would there were more such! In a county abounding in artistic stiles one can with pleasure—

“Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a”

as probably Shakespeare himself realised. There are stiles that are intended to be



STONE STILE AT INNISCRONE, CO. SLIGO, IRELAND.

used; there are those obviously not so intended. The former we know well. They exist mostly in the outlets of towns where the fields are much subdivided for cattle-grazing, each pasture being efficiently hedged or walled in to prevent cows and sheep seeking pastures new. The rights of way, carefully insisted upon by the local Parish Council, are consequently continually leading over fences and boundaries, barbed wire, or impenetrable quickset, irresistibly forcing the pedestrian to use the means provided. No convenient side-gaps are allowed to remain in the hedges, no tumbledown places in the wall, a little way off, are permitted.

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suggested to the stout party vainly endeavouring, by a frontal attack, to enter a pew, the difficulty may generally be overcome by trying it sideways. The same description of stile is to be found close beside the old lych-gate at that delightful, antiquated village, Rustington—just a short walk from Littlehampton. In this churchyard are many quaint old tombstones with curious epitaphs upon them. One we copied. It is to Thomas Humphrey, who departed hence in 1859, and runs thus:—

“Stay, passengers, behold and see,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be,
Prepare yourself to follow me.”

The typical V-shaped wooden stiles of English churchyards find their counterparts in stone in County Sligo and in many of the Burren stiles of County Clare.

All the outlets of Littlehampton are prolific in stiles. At one spot, close together, an ordinary stile and also a cage-swing-gate stile are to be found cheek by jowl. The steps of the stile proper are constructed of cement made like a pudding in a zinc bucket and turned out. The pail in this particular instance was convex at the bottom, so that the top of the step has a

concavity which in wet weather becomes a small pond at the exact spot where the pedestrian's toe is placed—a noticeable fact when one has thin boots on.

In Cornwall the stiles are all of stone or nearly so. In County Clare a curious stile is made in the stone country by breaking down a portion of the wall, and simply placing on the ground, in the gap, a good-sized thorn bush. This has to be removed and replaced each time the pedestrian elects to use that means of egress. A simpler form of stile over a stone wall is common in Sussex, and consists in cutting away some three feet of wall, lowering it about two feet, and smoothing over the top of the gap with Portland cement. As the walls are of artificial conglomerate—a mixture of cement and pebbles, they are always a foot or more in thickness, so the stile formed across them is not the easiest to surmount.

There are so many entrancingly charming lanes in Kent, Surrey, and Devonshire, where stiles on either side of the hedges, embosomed in trees and surrounded with ferns, arouse admiration and invite rest that it is most difficult to particularise. The footpath from Malden to Surbiton, for example, is rendered delight-



STILE NEAR OYSTER BEDS, NEWBURY, CO. CLARE, IRELAND.



ON THE ROAD TO
MALDEN, SURREY.

ful by numerous picturesque stiles and near the church at Old Malden the singular spectacle of a bridge over the stream with a stile at either end is to be seen. The small villages around London abound in surprisingly pretty beauty spots where stiles are to be found. Particularly may be mentioned Chalfont St. Giles, Chenies, and Chesham. And then, perhaps, a typical instance of stiles lending enchantment to the view is at that most out-of-the-world, un-get-at-able, old village of Warning Camp, in Sussex, where a path through dreamingly

peaceful woods suddenly crosses the road with a stile on each side. In short to visit the stiles of England and Ireland is undoubtedly to become acquainted with their most beautiful parts.

Stiles are essentially human. They are not made for the use of animals, but solely for the service of man. If any animal ever does make use of the convenience it is only the closest friend of man—the dog. At times, as Swift says, it is convenient and proper to

“ Help your lame dog o’er the stile ; ”

but all the other animals go through the gate. Stiles are obstructions to be surmounted by man alone, and they may have been originally intended to serve a useful purpose even to inculcate some frequently occurring and necessary moral lesson, but on that point it is only fair to say that history is silent. Lawyers



AT LITTLEHAMPTON, SUSSEX.

will tell you that you should never jump till you come to the stile—but who but lawyers would think of jumping even when at the stile? The average man or woman is not jumpy but perhaps lawyers are.

To children there is something unusually

Many of our everyday expressions are associated with stiles, as might be expected from their time-honoured and close connection with the human race.

"To sit upon a stile" is metaphorical language for portraying the sycophant who has not made up his mind which side



CHURCH STILE AT BURPHAM, SUSSEX.

attractive about a stile. It may be that the crooked man who walked a crooked mile and found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile has had something to do with this, and there can be no doubt that in Kent, at any rate, the most popular rhyme for the little ones is:—

"Leg over leg as the dog went to Dover,
When he came to the stile—pop, he went
over,"

accompanied by a sudden upheaval of the infantile body at the word "pop."

it is advisable to take for his own material interests, or the politician who hesitates to declare his opinions till he sees which party is likely to win. Such miserable specimens of humanity always endeavour to get down on what they consider to be the right side of the hedge, the right in their case being more frequently the wrong.

But the stile-sitter of, at any rate a more pleasant, even if less clever, description, is the amiable gentleman so feelingly alluded to in the verse:—

"There was a young man who said 'How
 Shall I flee from that terrible cow?
 I will sit on the stile
 And continue to smile,
 Which may soften the heart of that cow.'"

There is a truly rural tone about that young man which touchingly appeals to the lover of simplicity.

To Corydon and Phyllis the stile has always been a great, almost necessary, institution. It is at times a trysting place, a resting place (on parallel lines or face to face), a spot where Phyllis has a reason-

sible to estimate, but from the frequency with which the lady novelist introduces the declaration at those spots they must be many.

Artists, too, have a keen eye for stiles, and delight to depict them at morning, at noon, and with the warm evening's glow upon them. The walls of the Academy year by year illustrate this, where some of our most famous artists' names have been associated with stiles. The most popular prints in the art shops are of lovers at stiles, or of the lady waiting at a stile to



ANOTHER TYPE OF SURREY STILE, NEAR MALDEN.

able excuse for giving her hand to Corydon and being helped over. If the little service be accompanied by a gentle hand pressure, and maybe by a glance at the pretty arched ankle—well, who can object? The stile serves a useful purpose, and, being as we have seen, distinctly human in its sympathies, enjoys the idealistic bit of love-making.

And how often proposals and acceptances have been made at stiles it is impos-

illustrate "He cometh not, she said," or some other equally suggestive and tell-tale motto. The wicked squire and the black-eyed gamekeeper's daughter, in exceedingly popular novels of the penny or threepenny class, always meet at the stile by the wood, and the naughty baronet and my lady's French maid concoct their villainous and absurdly intricate and quite unnecessarily involved plot, by moonlight, at the stile leading to the moated Grange.

Without stiles life would be very monotonous and grey. To rest awhile at a stile, in a lovely country, is to the brain-fatigued city dweller a "sweet oblivious antidote" to the bustle, turmoil, and strife of town.



OLD STILE AT LITTLEHAMPTON, SUSSEX.

A HOMING SONG

By GERALD DUNN

WHEN the silent sun doth fall
 Slowly in the silent west;
 When the creeping shadows call
 Back from labour unto rest,
 Back from labour friend to friend;
 Sing we softly one and all.
 "Love, be with us to the end."

When the shadow mis doth fall
 Dimly on the tired brain;
 When the quiet voices call
 Back from labour home again.
 Back from labour friend to friend;
 Then be with us one and all,
 Love, be with us at the end.

THE GUIDE'S STORY

A MATTERHORN TRAGEDY

By CHARLES REDAN

A FINE guide in his time,' exclaimed Josef Ryssel, as he watched the sturdy figure of old Peter Taugwalder descend over the Theodule Glacier to Zermatt. "But the great accident upon the Matterhorn was the end of him. They whispered strange and cruel things down in the valley, and the old man seemed from that moment to sink into a hopeless stupor, from which he never recovered."

"That was a terrible business," said I. The guide shrugged his shoulders. "So! What would you have? Pardon me, Herr, but the English are, at times, incomprehensible. Prudent and calm in some matters, foolhardy as children in others: cold upon the surface as the glaciers, warm-hearted at the core as the earth beneath. Practical to a fault, sentimental to madness. Verily as unfathomable as the climate of the land you live in. For, Herr, I was once in London."

"Pleasant place, London," said I.

Josef Ryssel leaned his broad shoulders against the hut, and, raising a gnarled forefinger, answered me impressively:

"I tell you, Herr, had I remained in that terrible city one day more, one little day, I must have died. I could not breathe, I could not see, I could not think. A cataract of wheeled things poured down upon me everywhere. I crawled into the crevasses, and wheeled things were there too. The horrible air, mein Gott, was full of shrieks, like the air of a devil's tempest. The perpetual roar of the avalanche frightened me. Presently, at noonday, there rose a foul mist, with an intense darkness. I rushed to the guides for help, but they stood still and pointed. A blind man, alone, was happy. He led me, gasping and "swindlig" to my lodgings, or no doubt I should have perished miserably in the streets." I could not help laughing at his earnestness. "Jolly thing, London too," I observed.

"The next day," he went on, "was less

black and noisome, and I found a place called the Monument; built, so I understood, to the thousands of people throttled to death in that dreadful smoke. Some excellent steps had been cut to the top. I remained there until the evening. The following morning I caught an early train to the coast, and sped away home with the gladdest of hearts. And, will you believe it, the very first thing I read in the paper was headed 'Dangers of the Alps.' The paragraph was all about someone who had never been up a mountain before, and consequently tumbled off the Jorasses. Then I thought of myself and the perils of the last two days, and marvelled at you English again. For what, Herr, are the perils of the mountains to those of London? Here a steady nerve, a firm foot, and practice alone are wanted. In your great capital, where death lurks in the very air, one must be made of granite to exist a week."

"Very likely," I returned, a trifle sarcastically. "But I fail to see what all this has to do with the Matterhorn accident, or why my countrymen were to blame."

"Not to blame, sir, not to blame," he added quickly. "Heaven forbid that I should say one word against those brave pioneers who met their doom that fateful summer's day in sixty-five. You are as God made you, and were I not a Swiss I should ask next to be an Englishman. But foolhardy generosity brought about the disaster. You forged a strong chain. Mr. Whymper, the Rev. Chas. Hudson, Lord Douglas, the great Michael Croz, that poor old man wending his steps downwards to the valley," he pointed to the blot moving dark against the snow field, "and his son. Such a chain would bear the strain of grim old Cervin's terrible pull. And then, and then, Herr, you weakened it all—Mr. Hadow, young, untested, a novice, insecure, was welded into it. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link. You won, but Mount Cervin did not forget.

Jealous of his Kinghood, he hung overhead, watching the steps of his victors. He marked the falterer. Poor fellow, not yet was so great a majesty for such as he. At that one weak joint the huge mountain, with pitiless hands, burst the tiny chain asunder and tossed the victims like pebbles at his feet."

I was quiet awhile, mentally picturing that great tragedy. The broken rope, the lightning glissade, the bound of four thousand feet to the land of eternal silence.

"No doubt the inclusion of Hadow was a mistake," I remarked at length.

"Indeed, sir, yes," said Ryssel. "We must woo the mountains as we woo the ladies. Patiently, gently, for the best are ever to the most persistent. And now, Herr, let us go in, for the air grows chilly, and I have a little story to tell of a strange affair that happened to me on that very peak." He pointed to the summit of Mount Cervin. "And that, perhaps, if you care to hear it, will keep us till dinner time."

I glanced up as he spoke, and gazed at the majestic pinnacle that loomed hugely above us. Probably there is no spectacle in the whole world so awesome, so stupendous as the first glimpse of the lonely Matterhorn. A turn in the road from St. Niklaus, and without a warning the mighty sentinel is upon you. The breath is caught, we do not speak—we only gaze and gaze. No words of mine can describe the isolated menace of this gigantic basilisk. Utterly inaccessible he seems, so vast and solitary are his inky precipices towering to the evening splendour. Beneath his frown the lesser mountains seem to crouch and tremble. It is as though the stern finger of God pointed grimly to the unseen.

They are the best of folks at the upper Theodule huts, but I always fancied their coffee the worst in Europe. Possibly an altitude of 10,000 feet acts prejudicially on coffee. At any rate, the concoction went down well enough to the accompaniment of a pipe, and the fire was grand.

"Yes, sir, thank you, just a fill," said Ryssel, as we settled ourselves comfortably to enjoy the warmth. "They don't make tobacco like this in Grindelwald." He lit up as he spoke, and, drawing softly on the quaintly-carved bowl, folded his great hands together and began:

"I don't know if you remember, Herr, the summer of ninety-one. But it was a bad year for us guides. The continual wet had made the snows treacherous, and folks were chary of venturing up. As usual, I had been engaged a year beforehand, and that for the whole season, but as the days wore on, and the rain never ceased, one by one my employers cried off. The prospect for the children was anything but bright, as chance parties fill little mouths but slowly. Now I may as well tell you that, for reasons which will presently appear, the names in this story are not correct. But the facts are beyond question. One morning in early August, after conducting two elderly ladies through all the terrors of the mule path from Visp, I was sitting on the wall outside the Monte Rosa Hotel, thinking ruefully enough of the wife and kiddies at home, not to say the emptiness of my own pockets, for old ladies are not always liberal, when someone slapped me on the back with a hearty greeting. I turned to find myself face to face with Sir Robert Glennie. Ah, but I was glad to see him, I can tell you, and must have shewn it plainer than I meant, for he sang out lustily as I grabbed him by the hand. 'Why, sir,' said I, smiling all over to mark his cheery face, 'it is like old times to see you here again.'

"And like old times to feel your grip, Josef,' said he. 'Lord, what can I have been thinking of to have forgotten it.' And then he pulled out his cigar case and gave me one. Well, Herr, pardon your presence, there never was a cigar in the world to touch Sir Robert Glennie's. Then he picked out another, and just for a little while we were silent. Ah! the happy days, gone all too quickly, that rolled back to us on those blue curls."

The guide sighed, and for a moment gazed thoughtfully into the blaze.

"After that," he went on, "we fell to yarning, and in a twinkling all my care was forgotten. I laughed and laughed till I nearly fell off the wall, and half the hotel was on the doorstep. 'Do you remember the fat Frenchman on the Pic du Midi?' said he. Then we started roaring again, for there was a time, Herr, when we fancied we never should have got that Frenchman round the corner."

He began to chuckle now at the recol-

lection of the incident, till I caught the contagion myself and begged for the story.

"It is little enough," said he wiping his eyes. "Only just a comic bit of tomfoolery. We were on a bit of a scramble in the Pyrenees that year, for Sir Robert and his daughter had engaged me to accompany them for an autumn tour in that district. One day we found ourselves at Gabas, a village on the Spanish frontier. From there, in company with a porter from Eaux Chaudes, we determined to make the ascent of the Pic du Midi D'Ossau. Well, sir, there was a stout Frenchman at the hotel by the name of Masson, who begged to be allowed to accompany us. The climbing is easy enough, though tiring for folks out of training. Nevertheless, Sir Robert Glennie, with his usual courtesy, assented, and away we went. I must say that Frenchman was a wonderful walker for one so big, but he would go up the mountain in a linen collar and thin boots, and the starch was nearly all out of him before we were half way up. Indeed, he kept perspiring and blowing till we thought something must go, and, despite the iron bars for footholds, it was quite a business to get him through the cheminees, of which there are two or three on the mountain. Well, presently we came to a queer little bit of rock work, where the track takes one round a ledge flanking a precipice. About midway along this a triangular boulder, some twelve feet high, projected. As it so happened, the ledge at that point was considerably worn away, and it was necessary to face the rock and straddle carefully round. Only a little caution was necessary. I should mention that the rope is not used upon the mountain, though in case of accident I had a coil over my shoulder. At the time we were proceeding in the following order: First came the porter, then Miss Glennie, then myself, then Monsieur Masson, and finally Sir Robert. The first three of us negotiated the business easily enough, and, never dreaming there would be any trouble, moved on a few steps. Then I heard a sort of grunt behind and Sir Robert laugh and say, 'Go on.' I turned round, and there was the Frenchman stuck half way. He had managed to get his right foot round on to the broader ledge beyond,

but dared not move his left for fear of overbalancing himself. Clutching at the rock for all the world like a huge frog, he stood there, streaming and trembling, with the most comical look of terror in his eyes imaginable. I could not help smiling, but in a moment I perceived that the position was anything but funny for Monsieur. Below him was a drop of about three thousand feet, above and in front of him was the smooth face of the boulder. The passage, which for persons of ordinary bulk was a mere nothing, had suddenly become for this person of large corporation a veritable danger. To get a rope round him in his then position was an impossibility. But with some little difficulty, for the ledge was narrow, I managed to pass the lady and reach out a hand. Monsieur, however, either from terror or a certainty of losing his balance, would not budge, but clung to the rock like a lichen. And now I come to think of it, perhaps he was right. For, Herr, strong as it has pleased God to make me, to pull back seventeen stone falling from a two foot ledge is beyond my powers. Things now began to look serious. The Frenchman was losing strength. He was deadly pale, and scared beyond measure. He said very little, but from time to time little squeaks of dismay issued from his lips. He could neither move forward nor back, and unless relief came very soon it was evident he must lose his precarious hold and fall. I then perceived there was only one way—to haul him up from above, like a sack of coals. So calling to Sir Robert to help me, we both managed to make our way to the top of the boulder. Once there, Sir Robert lowered me from one end of the cord, while I looped the other end under Monsieur's arms. Then I returned, and, hauling with a will, our united efforts brought the gentleman safe and sound to the top, frightened to death, vowing with heavy oaths never to set foot on a mountain again. And nothing would induce him to continue, so we left him squatted like some Indian idol on the top of the rock, and collected him when we went down again.

"Well, Herr, we chatted away on old days, and I learned that his daughter was no longer Miss Glennie, but Mrs. Letchworth. I took leave to congratulate him on the news, but it seemed to me there was

no light in his voice as he thanked me. Maybe, thought I, this Mr. Letchworth is one of the new sort, that I cannot take to. For, asking your pardon again, Herr, strange folks come to us now-a-days from your country. Many are of the old style, modest and of few words. But there are those who are excited and for ever boasting. Their accent is strange to me, and I cannot catch their meaning. Fine climbers they may be in the valleys, but on the hills I do not like them. The rope hangs too loosely from man to man, and the stones rattle overmuch between their feet.

"And now Ryssel," said he, 'I want to know if you can give us Friday and Saturday next. My daughter and her husband are mounting to-day from Breuil to the Theodule huts. To-morrow they intend to ascend the Breithorn, returning to the pass in time for lunch. Our arrangements are that I should join them there, and, in company with a porter and guide, proceed over the Furgger glacier to the lower Matterhorn hut, spend the night there, and ascend Mount Cervin on Saturday.'

"Why, indeed, sir, I can,' I replied, as pleased as could be, for I was mighty sick of beating my heels on Seiler's wall. 'Might I be so bold as to ask if Mr. Letchworth is a good mountaineer?'

"Yes,' replied Sir Robert, tartly. 'You may be sure he will look after himself all right.' But again I noticed that strange cloud in his eyes, and the dull fall in his voice. Then he turned, and without another word entered the hotel. I wondered again, for it was not Sir Robert's way to be short in his answers. But there, it was no business of mine. I was right glad to get to work again, and Friday morning at ten o'clock I was ready, sure enough, with my porter, Wilhelm Bennen—a relation of the famous Bennen who perished on the Haut de Cri, and as good as a guide himself—and provisions for two days.

"Well, Herr, I will not give you an account of our tramp to the huts. Suffice it to say Sir Robert kept us amused all the way with his old humour and quaint stories. Ah, but he was a fine craftsman. Never too quick, he had the staying power of an ox, with a head as cool and a foot as sure as Mr. Whympers. A wonderful eye for

country, too; by instinct he seemed immediately to grasp the track, and the best track, up an unknown peak.

"I ventured to compliment him on his well-known skill, but he shook his head.

"Getting old, Ryssel,' said he, 'like the rest of us. There are bits on the Ecrins I shouldn't care for now.'

"I laughed, but said no more, for there are bits of Ecrins I never did care for, and never shall to my dying day. I think, Herr, that for rotten snow and tricky ridges the Ecrins beat anything I ever was on. The very rocks seem frightened to hold themselves up.

"And now, sir, let me tell you candidly that from the first moment I set eyes on Mr. Letchworth I disliked him. Undersized and narrow he was, with rather a sickly look about him. But it was not that so much, nor his weak chin and yellow, scanty moustache, but his shifty, thin blue eyes. I could not bear them. They reminded me of the treacherous bridges of watery snow masking some deep crevasse.

"Men must be scarce in your country, Herr, that Miss Glennie should have picked him for her mate. As for the lady, she was just as sweet and pretty as when I first met her. A little fuller and quieter than of yore, perhaps, but as proper a young lady as one would wish to meet.

"So you are going to take us up the Matterhorn to-morrow,' said she, shaking me warmly by the hand. 'How splendid that will be. Mind, Josef'—she always called me by my Christian name—'I'm an old married lady now, and cannot afford to be tumbled about.'

"No fear of that, Madame,' I answered with a smile, for I knew her as a chip of the old block. 'Given fair weather, and no avalanches, I promise you a capital day's sport.'

"But, Herr, in this case I was a bad prophet, for there was more sport in that day than I care to face often. About two o'clock in the afternoon we roped up, and made our way over the Furgger Glacier to Hornli ridge. During the journey I had an opportunity of watching Mr. Letchworth at work, and I very soon perceived that he was no novice at the craft. He picked his steps carefully, and kept his distance well. His axe was slung over his back, while for

walking he used a short, hooked Alpine stick of the old sort. Quiet he was also, and courteous, and I began to think my prejudice against the man was one of those silly notions that are for ever getting into my head. In due time we came to the ridge, and mounted to the lower hut. The journey had been smartly performed, and as Bennen and I deposited the provisions in the cabane we felt pretty certain that to-morrow would bring with it a very pleasant little scramble.

"That night the sun went down blood red behind the peaks, and as I watched Miss Glennie and her husband intent upon the sight of those gorgeous tints dying over the hills I could not but think of my own young days, and wish them no happier noonday, or, please God, no calmer twilight than my own.

"*'A bit lurid, Ryssel,'* remarked Sir Robert, touching my arm.

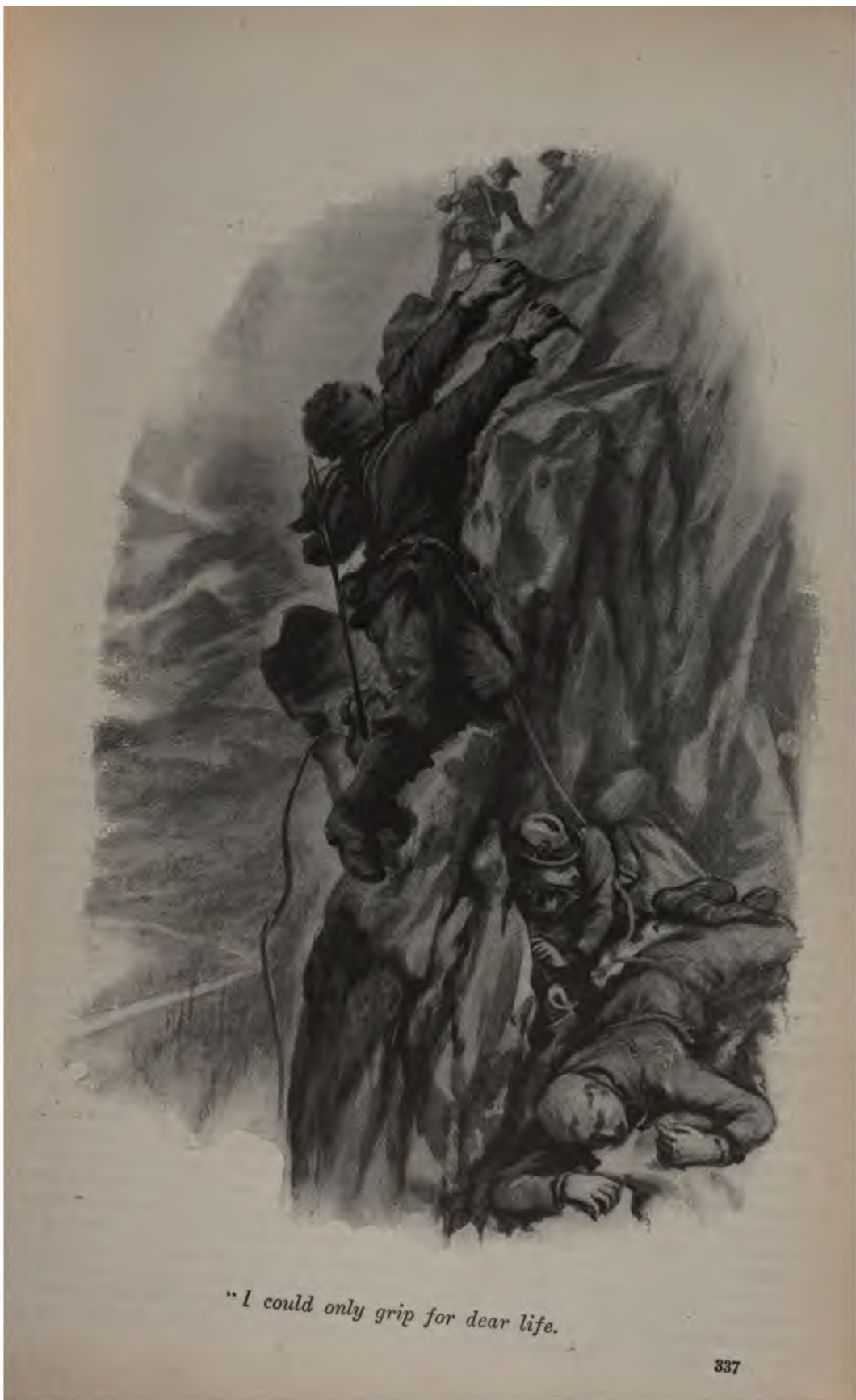
"I looked again. He was right. His trained eye had caught that deeper tinge of purple, that extra little bit of colour which sometimes puts a queer finish to a day on the High Alps.

"*'Nothing much, I think, sir,'* said I. *'Though maybe a thunderstorm is hanging about.'* For the air was close and heavy and the weather of late had been very sickly. Sir Robert was not so certain; at any rate, he gave instructions to be up betimes on the morrow. So with a long day in front of us we turned in early. Yet, strangely enough, Herr, sleep would not come to me. The shifty eyes of Mr. Letchworth seemed to follow me everywhere. His shallow laugh and high-pitched voice kept ringing continuously in my ears. I do not remember ever to have been so strangely influenced, for, like most guides, I can sleep anywhere and soundly. At last I fell into a troubled slumber, but the same face so haunted my dreams that I was right glad when the morning came, and it was time to start. By four we were all astir, and by six o'clock we were well on our way up the N.E. ridge. The ascent of the Matterhorn by this route is so well known to you, Herr, that there is no need to give particulars now. The upper hut was reached about half-past eight, and by 11.30 we passed to the Northern face, over the spot where the great accident occurred. The rocks at this point, as you know, Herr,

have now been blasted and ropes fixed to them to ease the passage. From start to finish no untoward incident had occurred, and a few minutes later we were upon the summit. Yet although the ascent had been so successfully performed, I should mention that I was far from feeling easy. Scarcely a breath of air prevailed, and a heavy mist was rolling up the mountain, obscuring the landscape, and boding us no good. Enough, however, was visible to make the view interesting, and whilst Bennen got out the provisions Sir Robert lost no time in pointing out the beauties of the landscape. The Weisshorn, Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the precipitous Finsteraarhorn, the Briethorn, the Twins, all were visible. The Southern panorama was hidden, but the green fields and chalets, forest, lake and waterfall, glacier and sunny slope, like fairy toys of exquisite workmanship, nestled in the protection of the valleys ten thousand feet beneath. And in the distance rose majestically the numberless peaks of Northern Switzerland. Yet the glimpse was all too brief, for the thick, cold pall of cloud rose ghostlike, and shut us in. The silence could almost be felt. It is strange, Herr, and eerie, that silence upon the mountains, so unnatural, so intense. In the valleys there is always something moving, something sounding, but not a whisper from the busy world comes up to break the grand solitude of the peaks. I often fancy that those who have stood upon great heights must realise more freely the old world story of Moses upon Sinai communing with his God, for the presence of the Omnipotent seems to me always there.

"We were not long at lunch. Both Sir Robert and Bennen kept glancing skyward, and I could see that Mr. Letchworth was beginning to fidget. That the Matterhorn was about to be visited by one of those terrific thunderstorms for which he is famous was obvious, I think, to all of us.

"For my own part, I was considering how best to arrange the party that the downward tramp might be more easily accomplished. In the event of a heavy rain it was necessary so to place the lady that a slip could be easily counteracted. Finally we decided to rope up as follows: Sir Robert led, his daughter followed, I came next, then Mr. Letchworth, and



"I could only grip for dear life."

finally Bennen. In this order, then, we commenced the descent. It must have been past mid-day when we took the first step homewards. But scarcely had we negotiated a few metres when an ominous roll of thunder warned us that the storm was close upon our heels. Just before the steep part on the Eastern face commences, Mr. Letchworth, who was immediately behind me, asked me to carry his spare axe, as he found that the handle incommoded him in descending. I immediately acquiesced, as Bennen was burdened with the provision bag and a spare rope, and I had nothing on my shoulders beyond Sir Robert's and Mrs. Letchworth's light waterproofs. I slung the axe through the rope behind me, and we proceeded. Meanwhile, the tumult of the approaching tempest increased. From pinnacle to pinnacle the angry echoes called heavily to each other, and ere the last grumble had died away the next threatening roll came louder and ever nearer. The whole air seemed alive with sound. Suddenly away on our right a louder crash broke upon the tumult. An avalanche of stones burst from the overhanging summit of the Matterhorn, and with huge, clattering leaps spun dizzily down the Eastern surface and vanished with a roar into the mist. We heard them crash and boom as they fell thousands of feet below upon the Furgger Glacier. Our axes gave forth a strange, hissing sound, and we could positively feel the electricity with which the atmosphere was charged. Needless to say, we hurried on as fast as the precipitous nature of our work would permit. Mrs. Letchworth was brave beyond expression. This was her first experience of an Alpine storm, but her nerve was equal to it.

"By one o'clock we were well upon the N.E. ridge that slopes directly to Zermatt. I was thankful that no snow or rain had fallen, as the slippery rocks would have rendered the descent perilous, especially for a lady. In fact, I was congratulating myself on our progress, when in an instant the whole face of the Matterhorn was lit with a blinding flash of lightning, followed almost immediately by an appalling crack that seemed as though it must rend the very mountain in twain. The full fury of the storm was upon us. For a step or two the lady faltered."

Her father's en-

couraging voice, steady as iron, came back to her from below:

"'Courage, Mary, all is well.'

"The helpful hand went up, and there was no halting. Flash upon flash, peal upon peal amid the continual rumble of the falling stones, and the huge precipices yawning below us, we moved steadily down. I do not remember a storm to compare with it in the High Alps. The lightning seemed literally to play around us. The electric tingling of arms and legs seemed momentarily to increase. So alarming indeed was the uproar that I was prepared at any time for a slip on the part of someone, but, Herr, I was not prepared for what was to follow."

Ryssel paused to relight his pipe, which during the narration of his story had gone out. Then he went on slowly:

"You must understand, Herr, our position at the moment of which I speak. We were something over 13,000 feet up; that is to say, some 700 feet above the Knubel hut on the N.E. ridge. The angle of the slope was about 45 degrees, but the place was not particularly difficult, requiring a steady head and ordinary care only. Some 2,000 odd feet below lay the Hornli ridge, on the left the Matterhorn Gletscher, and on the right the Furgger, but owing to the heavy mist that surrounded us we were unable to see but a short distance below. The storm, from the thunderclaps following so swiftly upon the lightning, was evidently directly overhead, while owing to the continual fall of rocks on the Eastern face, we were hugging the ridge as closely as possible.

"Sir Robert had his face towards me, and was helping Mrs. Letchworth down a rather awkward little bit, while I was assisting with the taut rope as far as possible, when, without the slightest warning, I received a terrific blow from behind, and was knocked face downwards on to the couple in front. Sir Robert fell over backwards, and the lady was swept from her steps like a feather. A moment more and the three of us were sliding down the precipitous slopes of the Matterhorn. My axe had been jerked from my hand as I slipped, but, though partially stunned, I was alive to our imminent danger. Unfortunately, my limbs seemed to be momentarily paralysed, but I remember making

a half-hearted grab at the rocks as I waited for the jerk of the cord behind. The jerk came, and confused and stunned I endeavoured to scramble to my feet. A few seconds' grace, and all would have been well, but the queer, powerless feeling in my limbs prevented rapid action, and at the supreme instant the tension, to my horror, suddenly slackened, while with increasing celerity we sped on and on. I knew, of course, what had happened. The rope had broken! In a flash my wits were about me. A few yards more, and the speed would be beyond my control. Flung from crag to crag, and precipice to precipice, we should rush continuously onwards, to be dashed, at last, like the stones, and as lifeless, upon the glacier thousands of feet beneath. In that instant, Herr, I seemed to possess two personalities: one that was striving with might and main to arrest our terrible progress, and another through whose brain passed all manner of absurd and trivial fancies. The fear of death staring into my very eyes, touching my very lips, never entered my head. It would be impossible to detail the innumerable ideas that, in that tiny lapse of time, swift as the flutter of some insect's wing, flashed into my brain and were gone! Incredible is the speed of Memory in the presence of annihilation. It is as though, fearing extinction, she were endeavouring to crowd into those flying seconds the thoughts of the un-lived days. But to show you how strange are one's fancies at such crises, I recollect wondering if I had lost the scrap of blue-tinted edelweiss I found one day upon the Eggishorn and pressed in my guide-book for luck; if Andermatt would marry the girl with red hair, and if little Carl would understand why daddy was so long in coming back. Yet all the while—in truth but a second or two—my other self was alive to our appalling danger. With an immense effort, for there was a strange numbness in my legs, I managed to get my head uppermost and my face to the mountain. Everything around seemed whirling, dim, unstable. I threw up my arms. For a second or two they slipped, and then by the mercy of Heaven they caught a projecting boulder. Instinctively I clutched, holding with every ounce of strength. I knew what was to come. It came! A wrench that

seemed to tear the loins from me, and then a dead weight. But I held. The power that it has pleased God to give me came to my rescue, and I held—I dared not move. There was this unaccountable numbness in my legs, and below the united drag of my fallen comrades. I could not glance back to see, but I gathered from their inaction they were either stunned or worse. I could only grip for dear life. But upwards I gazed with imploring eyes. Bennen had already detached himself, and was descending.

"'Quick,' I cried; 'quick!' for. Herr, I felt very faint. Something was singing in my ears, and the clapping of the storm had sunk to a whisper. He was speedy enough, I know, but it seemed ages before he reached me. But at last I felt his welcome grip as he slipped the spare cord under my arms and secured it rapidly to a friendly Boulder. Then he got down to Sir Robert, and lifted him to a place of comparative safety. Luckily, my old friend was only stunned, and after a stiff peg of brandy and a little attention was able to sit up. Bennen next turned to succour the lady. A nasty gash that bled profusely extended across her temple, and she was quite senseless. Unfortunately, during this interval I was unable to render assistance. Directly the strain was eased I staggered to my feet, but was obliged instantly to lean back, owing to the weakness in my limbs. I wondered what had happened to me.

"Meanwhile, but very tardily, I thought, Mr. Letchworth was making his way to the scene of the disaster. He had taken off the broken rope, and had wound it over his shoulder. Although still half dazed by the fall, I was conscious that his face had gone a deadly white, and in his nervousness he seemed to be fiddling with the severed rope. The other piece was still about me as he came down, and he began to help me take it off.

"'You are not much hurt, I hope,' he asked in a shaking voice, as he gathered up the loosened coils preparatory to moving down to his wife. I was about to reply when my eye caught the other broken end just as it vanished into his hand. The words were frozen upon my lips. I looked fixedly at him. His shifty eyes twisted away,

and he went, if possible, a chalkier hue than before. He turned hurriedly to descend, but in an instant I had him by the arm.

"I should be obliged, sir, if you would lay the rope down. I will take charge of it. Mrs. Letchworth needs your aid."

"I could see he was about to demur, but he seemed to think better of it, for he did as I told him. Then he moved to where Bennen was endeavouring to staunch Mrs. Letchworth's wound by the aid of his handkerchief and the water-bottle.

"Josef!" It was Sir Robert speaking—"Is my daughter all right?"

"Coming to," said I as briskly as possible, for other and queer thoughts were uppermost in my mind.

"And you?"

"Scratch or two, sir," said I; "nothing to speak of. Right as a trivet in five minutes," for by this time things were beginning to assume their true proportions. I was aware of being bruised from head to foot, and that my back was swollen and exceedingly painful.

"Near squeak that, Ryssel?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "I hope you are not much hurt."

"Not I," said he. "A bit sore, though. All three axes gone, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid so," said I. "Mine was jerked from me as I fell, but I have a spare one behind me."

"I put my hand to my back as I spoke and pulled out the other axe. Even as I pulled it seemed to me very light. But when I got it in front of me I stared in downright astonishment! With the exception of a fragment adhering to the handle the blade was gone. I was still puzzling over this new conundrum when Sir Robert clambered up and handed me the brandy flask.

"Why, what on earth—" he began. He took the handle in his hand and examined it curiously. Immediately a light seemed to dawn on him.

"By Jove, Ryssel, you had a narrow escape."

"What?" said I, assiduously applying myself to the flask, for I can tell you, Herr, I felt the want of it.

"This axe has been struck by lightning."

"Good God!" I cried, "that accounts for that pleasant little tap on the back."

"You may thank your stars you are alive, man. What else were you carrying?"

"Waterproofs," said I.

"And you may thank your stars for them also."

"Why so," I enquired.

"Non-conductors, my boy. And—and—" He suddenly paused. His gaze had fastened on the coil of rope lying at my feet. The severed end was protruding. For a full half-minute he stood there staring fixedly at it. He made no remark, nor did he touch the rope, but presently he raised his face, and his eyes met mine. I do not think I have ever seen such a look come out of any man. It was not horror exactly, nor surprise, nor perplexity. It was a look of dread certainty, as of a soul awakened from a horrible dream.

"Cut!" he whispered, and glanced back at Letchworth.

"It must have been an hour, Herr, before we could proceed. By binding up the gash, which was the only serious wound Mrs. Letchworth had received, we managed to staunch the flow of blood, which was at first rather copious. I think a pluckier or sweeter lady never stepped. After thanking Bennen profusely for his services, she declared she was quite ready to continue the descent. Yet it was a very silent party that presently entered the hut. For, Sir Robert, without giving any reason, though I, of course, was in his confidence, refused to permit us to be roped as before, but sent Bennen and Letchworth on in advance, while we followed more slowly behind. The broken cord he gave me to carry.

"We rested again for a short time in the cabane; but scarcely a dozen words were spoken—a cloud seemed to have fallen on us all. Sir Robert peremptorily forbade any discussion of the accident. All that was explained to Bennen and Mrs. Letchworth was that I had been struck by lightning, and the rope had given. As for Mr. Letchworth, he did not assert himself. Owing to the loss of our axes, and the shaking we had received, the descent to the lower hut became more tedious than usual. But Bennen insisted on Sir Robert using his, while I passed the handle of the one

that had given us all the trouble to Mrs. Letchworth. Luckily, also, I discovered my own a little further down, caught in a cleft in the rocks. So we were not so badly off, after all. Meanwhile, the thunder and lightning had almost completely passed away. Not a drop of rain had fallen. The storm had merely been one of those tremendous disturbances that frequently visit Mount Cervin. The mist, too, had cleared away, and below in the sunlight lay the glaciers and the pastures and the pretty village of Zermatt.

"It must have been nearly six o'clock by the time we reached the lower hut. Although obviously in pain, Mrs. Letchworth, from start to finish, had never so much as uttered a complaint. But once arrived, she made her way inside to lie down and recoup. Personally, I suggested that it would be better to continue the journey to the Schwarzsee Hotel, where every comfort would be in readiness for her. But Sir Robert's daughter was a born mountaineer, and ever prepared to take the rough with the smooth. Moreover, she observed with considerable truth that as our provisions and traps were ready to hand it would be easier to halt there, and then after a good night's rest cross over to the Theodule the next day.

"As for us men, we rested awhile outside and smoked. Not a word was spoken, though the accident, I think, was uppermost in the minds of all. Bennen was the first to break the silence. He turned to Sir Robert:

"If, sir, you have no further need of my services," said he, "I should like to return to Zermatt. I have an engagement early to-morrow morning."

"Sir Robert hesitated a moment, and then looked straight and fair into the man's eyes.

"No, thank you, Bennen," he said. "I shall not require you any further, but I shall not easily forget the service you have rendered us."

"The sunburn on the young porter's face deepened perceptibly.

"I was pleased to do anything I could, Herr; I cannot understand how the rope came to break," said he; "it was new and of the best Manila hemp. I think it must have been Ryssel," he added slyly. "He isn't a fair weight to carry up mountains.

Himmel! How they will laugh at Grindelwald when they hear he has been tumbling his party down Mount Cervin."

"I pinched the fellow by the arm till he howled again.

"You might mention, Wilhelm," said I, "that he is still very much alive, but doesn't fancy lightning punches on the back."

"For that tap fairly knocked me out, Herr, and no mistake. I doubt but for those blessed waterproofs I should be sitting here to-day. And then Sir Robert took the porter aside, but what he gave him, and what he said to him are more than I can tell you. I only know that as he turned to bid me farewell there was a roguish twinkle in his eye and a beatific expression on his honest face that were good to see. We heard him yodelling and whistling half the way to the village, and I reckon there were few happier men than Wilhelm Bennen in all Switzerland that night.

"But Sir Robert came back to us with a face set like the granite of the ridge above.

"Give me that rope, Ryssel." He pointed to the coil I carried on my shoulder. Then he opened his pocket-knife, and as I handed him the coil he cut off a piece about a yard long. Mr. Letchworth, a few yards off, was watching us in silence.

"Come here."

"The thing I cannot call him a man—got up. There was that in Sir Robert Glennie's voice that brooked no refusal.

"Look at that!"

"He thrust one end of the piece that he held almost in the other's face.

"Mr. Letchworth tried hard to look unconcerned. But the experiment was not a success. The lines round his eyes and mouth twitched perceptibly.

"Well," he said sullenly. "What of it?"

"What of it?" echoed Sir Robert.

"His voice was low now, but harder, and more threatening than before, and as he spoke he swung the rope end grimly to and fro.

"This of it, Mr. Letchworth, that you have to thank God and this brave man here, that such a rope as I now hold is not waiting for your cowardly neck. On the moors I had my suspicions, on the Broads they took shape and form, but I thrust the thought from me as a thing impossible, a hideous creation of my own brain! Now, I know, you damnable wretch, that once

again you have tried to rid yourself of your wife and me, by as dastardly a plot as ever brute conceived. It was a clever piece of ingenuity to saddle Ryssel with your axe so that the lightning might strike there, if at all. It was an easy enough job to cut the rope in those few seconds when your victims were helpless. Very clever it was of you when your plot failed to try and cover your tracks by unweaving the threads. In the confusion the trick might have passed unseen. Fortunately for yourself the guide discovered you before your work was finished. Let me tell you, Sir, had we fallen, it would have been difficult indeed for you to clear yourself, though, doubtless, your hellish ingenuity had provided for that contingency also. As sure, Letchworth, as I stand here, if you do not pull up in time, your end will be the gallows. You thought, I suppose, to inherit my money the earlier by your treachery. It may interest you to know now that not one farthing of my wealth is for you. Time and again I have paid your debts till I have imperilled my own fortune. Time and again for her sake I have dragged you from the abyss. To all my help your single answer is Death. But for her sake I will give you one last chance—I will hush this affair up; you shall go back a free creature to the world you burden. But in five minutes you leave this place and my family for ever. And these five minutes—

"He could no longer restrain himself, but mad with his wrongs flung himself upon Mr. Letchworth as the avalanche rushes upon the forest sapling, and bore him to the ground. The other made but a feeble effort to defend himself. In the hands of Sir Robert Glennie this weak-eyed thing was but a child. And there, with the rope-end, he beat him, beat him, beat him till the blood poured from the

terrible cuts. His screams for mercy brought Mrs. Letchworth to the door. She rushed at her father and stayed his hand.

"'Father, you forget, he is mine——'

"Sir Robert rose panting from the ground, and stared at the form writhing at his feet.

"'My God, Mary, he cut the rope.'

"'I know,' she answered simply.

"And then, Herr, for women are indeed most wonderful, weak and bruised as she was through this man's murderous intent, she wiped his blood-stained face and kissed him on the forehead. And I, Sir, turned into the hut with a something rising in my throat. For there is a time when strangers are better afield, and there are fountains still in my dry old heart that well upwards unbidden as they did when the mornings were young.

"The red had turned to purple, and the purple to grey upon the fading hills; the tinkle of the evening cattle came up to us no more ere Mr. Letchworth turned and made his way downwards through the mist. Whither he went I cannot tell you. What passed between those two is sacred to themselves and to their Maker. But this I know. She watched his figure till it faded into the twilight, then, with a cry, she rushed into the hut again. Far into the night as I stood outside smoking and watching the mountains rise spectre-like to the stars, I could hear her stifled sobs. Verily, love is like a mighty glacier. Happiness should have been for those two, but where the snow lies fairest there is the cruel crevasse, and in the end all melts to the eternal sea.

"And then, Herr, as I watched, there stood by me the figure of Sir Robert Glennie. Never a word he uttered, but gathered my hand silently into his own.

"In the distance the thunder was still rolling faintly."





By OSCAR PARKER

NO novelty has appeared on the London Stage this season that exacts more conscientious treatment than "Leah Kleschna," and for several reasons. It possesses unusual dramatic power; it grips the sympathies of the actors—in itself a strong point—and they play it vividly, intensely; it makes an exceptionally deep impression upon the audience; lastly, it has been a great success in America, and an American *cachet* means a good deal in legitimate drama nowadays. How are we to place "Leah Kleschna"? Is it flamboyant melodrama? Is it a mere juggle with false coin, brilliant, audacious, but delusive? Or is the emotion genuine; is the figure of the play a thing of real flesh and blood? No less a critic than Mr. J. T. Grein has said: "There is not a grain of truth or probability in the whole fabric." Let us see; this demands honesty. Leah springs from the peasantry, clean, wholesome, dull. Her mother was a good woman, and we hear of no tainted ancestry. But her mother died when Leah was young, and the girl's father revolted against the dullness. Having ambition but no principle, his revolt made him a criminal, a thief, a burglar. Is a criminal incapable of paternal love? We have abundance of proof in real life to the contrary. Then how will a criminal's paternal love affect his training of his own child, a daughter? It depends upon his intelligence, his sense of social outlawry, his emotional nature. It is no less natural for one man to train his child to be blind to her father's failings than for another to keep her life apart from his. Leah has been trained to become

her father's assistant. She grows to womanhood; she has no innate taint; she is pure-minded; she makes friends who are honest; and she realises the contrast; above all, she falls in love with an ideal embodied in a hero whose name she does not know. Then she, too, begins to revolt with the clearer vision, the awakened spiritual sense. She is still under the domination of her father, still possessed by his casuistry, still ignorant of the way out. Is there any improbability—any inherent untruthfulness in a mental and moral poise that merely awaits the guiding hand—the encouraging word—the confident tone of faith, to swerve to the right? Yet, there is the whole ground-work of "Leah Kleschna." To my mind, at all events, it is the supreme triumph of the dramatist that he realises, and suggests by the subtlest strokes, the full measure of the psychological problem and the absolute truthfulness of the issue.

Kleschna has planned a burglary at the house of a M. Sylvaine, and Leah is to do the job, the theft of some family jewels. Just as she is leaving with the plunder, she is confronted by M. Sylvaine himself, and she discovers that she has been robbing the man whom she has secretly idolised. Fortunately for Leah, he is possessed by a theory that no man, or woman, is wholly bad, and that it is more logical and humane to try reformation before punishment. Hence we have a remarkable scene at midnight in Paul Sylvaine's study between the idealist and the thief, or the idealist conquers. Is it so unreal—so preposterous a situation? A man need not be an idealist to seek to reform a woman or to refuse to

hand a penitent thief, man or woman, to the untender clutches of the police. Sylvaine appeals to whatever is good in Leah, and she is about to leave his house resolved at all cost to break from the old life, when a party of roysterers approach in the street outside, and one of them, Raoul Berton, climbs over the balcony railings just in time to see Sylvaine hurrying the girl into concealment. Berton is the brother of Sylvaine's fiancée, a "bad lot" himself, and not above trying to blackmail Sylvaine as the price of his silence. But Leah hears, confronts Berton, tells the whole truth of her presence there, and, as the first fruits of the truer womanhood awake in her, clears Sylvaine of suspicion by confessing her own degradation. Then she goes and, while Sylvaine is letting her out of the house, Berton steals the jewels and decamps, leaving suspicion to fall upon the girl when Sylvaine returns and find the jewels gone.

I cannot deal at such length with the third act, a model of ingenious construction, in which Leah vindicates Sylvaine's faith in her by taking upon herself the actual crime to clear the brother of Sylvaine's fiancée from suspicion. Such conduct may be quixotic; self-sacrifice always does appeal to some as the extreme of romantic folly, but it is not false—it is not necessarily melodramatic, and at all events this powerful scene has been led up to, and is throughout constructed, with a rare dramatic skill, with a consummate understanding of the human heart that stamp the author as a dramatic writer of exceptional power. Heretofore, we have gauged Mr. McClellan by "The Belle of New York" and "Glittering Gloria," but "Leah Kleschna" at the New Theatre is work of a very different order.

Rarely, too, is a play more perfectly cast. Mr. Charles Warner's "Kleschna" is as deft a piece of workmanship as anything he has done. If its realism is not as appalling as in his "Coupeau," it is quite as subtly composed, and, perhaps, more impressive. I often wonder how many, even regular, theatre-goers realise how vivid and sympathetic an imagination an actor must possess who can render voice, gesture, facial expression into a convincing blend in "creating" a character like Kleschna. For Kleschna is somewhat complex, something

more than a common thief, preying on society for a bare living. He is brave to recklessness; he is an intelligent student of events, and of men and women; he loves his daughter, though with an entirely selfish love. He must be made something more than simply repulsive, and Mr. Warner's dexterity of touch rouses in us more than admiration for his art, even a sympathetic interest in the old sinner himself. Miss Lena Ashwell plays Leah, and realises to the life the outward signs of the awakening and triumph of the soul's best self, its emergency from degrading associations into the full flower of true womanhood. It is a singularly conscientious performance, all the more poignant for its restraint—for its depth of feeling and yet absence of ranting passion. And Mr. Leonard Boyne, as Paul Sylvaine, the rising young Deputy and social Theorist, an almost impossible combination of a man of the world and an idealist, persuades us that the combination is not only possible but real, and that is his triumph. And so of all the parts, even to the slightest, the rendition is nearly flawless as may be.

Unfortunately, the play ends inartistically, a concession, no doubt, to a novel-reading and sentimental age. Leah goes back to her old life among the peasantry, her realisation of the simple life, the best life. Why not leave her there, happy and contented? But three years later Paul Sylvaine, still a bachelor, seeks her in the lettuce fields, tempts her back again to the world, and she goes to become his wife.

"John Chilcote, M.P.," is another instance, if one were needed, that a fine novel does not necessarily make a fine play—is, in fact, an instance that such adaptations are very prone to be failures, and for the obvious reason that situations which, in a novel, may be made dramatically convincing from the novelist's privilege of acting as an explanatory "chorus" to the characters, must in the play be presented with an almost brutal frankness and must, moreover, be exclusively created by the characters themselves. The dramatic climaxes of the novel are worked up to with much circumlocution and verbal reflection. To take them out of the story and treat them as episodes without the context is apt



Photo by Ellis and Walery.

MISS LENA ASHWELL—"Leah Kleschna"—NEW THEATRE.

to strip them too naked for decent appearance. For these reasons "John Chilcote, M.P." at the St. James' Theatre suffered as a drama. It was admirably staged, admirably acted, but no degree of perfection in the setting or the rendition could make it ring true. For Mr. Alexander it was, undoubtedly, a *tour de force*, but unfortunately for the sense of illusion so important in creating an effect of verity in the spectator's mind, we knew all the time it was Mr. Alexander who was Loder and Mr. Alexander likewise who was John Chilcote. No power of the imagination can make us sever the two characters in the play as we sever them in the novel. Nor does the use of the "double" help us. We are not in the least deluded. The resemblance is most remarkable, so remarkable indeed that I am sure there need not be quite so much pains taken by means of dim lights and over-hurried action to prevent a plain view of Mr. Alexander and Mr. Thorold on the two occasions when they were on the stage at the same moment. As it was managed, indeed, the employment of a "double" has very much the air of a theatrical ruse to quicken public interest. It is novel and sensational, but it is not demanded by dramatic exigency. The "double" would be more than justified if the likeness between the two men could be more effectively utilised to heighten the illusion, and thus create in the mind of the spectator the conviction that they might be mistaken for one another, but as the scenes were actually presented even that aid to the illusion was denied us. Mr. Alexander did all that is in the power of mortal man to differentiate the two characters, the peevish, irritable nerve-shattered Chilcote and the strong, self-reliant, sane John Loder; but that "all" is not enough to make a dramatic contrast, and he was only able to show us one man playing two parts, not a distinct John Loder masquerading as a distinct John Chilcote.

Furthermore, there are other complications which are logically justifiable as sound art in the novel but cannot be so readily condoned in the drama. There is a Mrs. John Chilcote, and it is with something of a shock that we contemplate visibly her unquestioning acceptance of Loder as her own husband, in the privacy of her home and as her escort to social entertain-

ments. The novelist can control this very unconventional situation, but the dramatist is less fortunate in preventing the mind of the spectator from taking the same view that Mrs. Chilcote's social acquaintances would take if they knew the facts. And yet, again, the romantic attachment which grows up between Mrs. Chilcote and John Loder is, in the drama, too sudden and unaccountable to be convincing. Persons of middle age are usually more temperate emotionally; the exigencies of dramatic form do not allow for that gradual development of a romantic passion, or for the transfer of Mrs. Chilcote's affections from her husband to his "double," a distinct personality, be it remembered, however close the resemblance. These things all create an atmosphere of unreality, against which the mind struggles in vain, and we leave the theatre with the feeling that we have been attending at some fantastic dream-play, not witnessing life, as it is really lived, at all.

Mr. Alexander has no opportunity worthy of his ability till the last act, but he makes the most of the scene when he declares his love for Mrs. Chilcote, and his resolve to put an end to the deceit that has involved him in so false a position. Ambition and love, if need be, must go. Here he is genuine, and rises to a fine height of dramatic earnestness, but the scene comes too late to save the play, and the very last scene again plunges the audience into the gloom of the unreal and fictitious. I doubt, too, if the solution of the complications, which is not that of the novel, is as dramatically sound as is that. I have not referred to the episode connecting John Loder with Lady Astrupp, who has a delightfully vivid portraiture at the hands of Miss Marion Terry. On the stage the incident by which Lady Astrupp fixes the identity of Loder has inevitably the air of a very theatrical device, but in the scene between that lady and Loder at her own house, Miss Terry gives us that consummate craftsmanship to which we are accustomed at her hands. Miss Miriam Clements is necessarily hampered by the artificiality of the part of Mrs. Chilcote, and it is greatly to the credit of her histrionic powers that she succeeds as well as she does in reconciling us to the essential falseness of the position created for her.

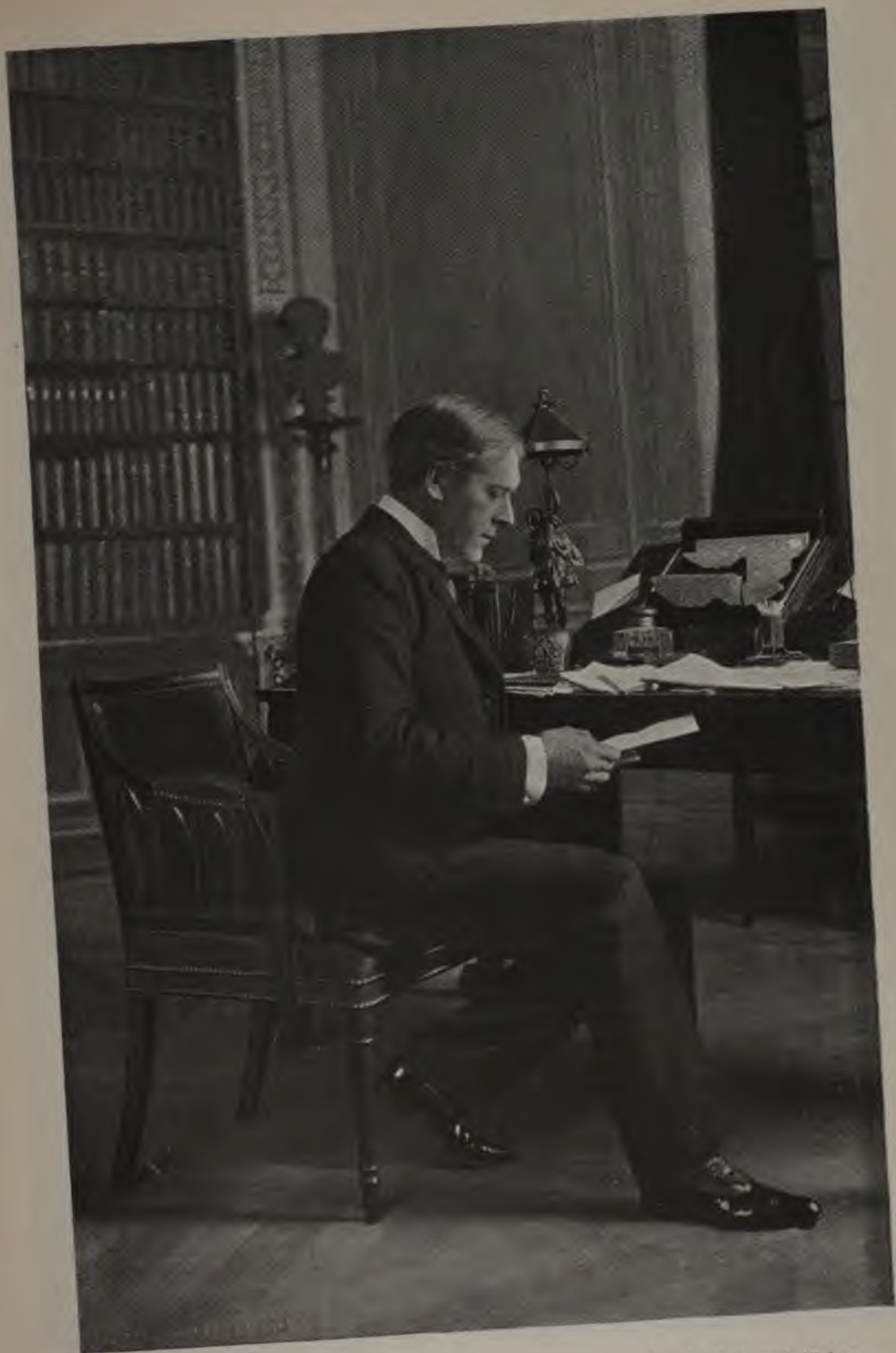


Photo by Ellis and Walery.
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—"John Chilcote, M.P."—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

To define the place of such a play as "What Pamela Wanted"—an adaptation by Mr. Charles Brookfield from the French of MM. Fred de Gresac and Pierre Veber—is easy enough. It is called "A Fantasy"; it is really a farce, a farce with lucid intervals—sane moments. But it is one of those plays which cannot be dissected without a feeling that one is doing both a foolish and a heartless thing. Under the knife it appears a rather bloodless and boneless thing, a mass of protoplasmic jelly, but that is not the way to deal with it. In truth, it shouldn't be "dealt with" at all, but simply enjoyed. If the spectator but yields to it—to the vivacious Pamela, the pleasure-hunting Mrs. Chalwin, the susceptible Lord Massingham, the gay and irresponsible Pardue, the impossible but diverting Baron "Puff-Puff," he has two hours of unalloyed enjoyment which he spoils when he begins to think. "What Pamela Wanted" is its own justification. It is bright, amusing, a most agreeable after-dinner diversion throughout. Mr. Brookfield has supplied it with many witty passages, and the farcical situations are never so outrageously extravagant as to give a shock to our enjoyment. Once accept it in the spirit of abandon which I have indicated as the right spirit, and they all go down with an agreeable flavour. There is no scene so good as in the first act of "The Freedom of Suzanne," in Miss Marie Tempest's hand, and on the other hand there is nothing so banal as the last two acts of "Suzanne." Pamela is not so well defined a character as Suzanne, but that is immaterial. She is younger, a school-girl just emancipated, with school-girl views of matrimony and of the course of action best suited for matrimonial happiness. She is all wrong, but that is a matter of course. Her perverted estimate of marital relations creates the ~~error~~. What Pamela really wanted—that is, *needed*—was a lesson in the futility of reckoning without love, and she gets it; so does her husband. They both put in practice their ante-nuptial theories of how the game should be played, and both become possessed of the demon of jealousy when they discover that life is not the simple play-ground they had chosen to consider it, but the complications that ensue are treated lightly, and we are not at any moment conscious of being in the pre-

sence of real tragedy. Even when the egregious "Puff-Puff" is waiting outside in the rain for Pamela, who has promised to elope with him, she is philandering with her husband indoors, wholly oblivious to her admirer's discomfort, and we know that husband and wife are so very much in love with one another—in love, too, in such a matter-of-fact, common-place way, in spite of all their fantastic theories—that there is no risk of their ever being scorched by the sputtering flirtations into which a jealous pique has driven them both.

Miss Ethel Irving is a most engaging young actress, and succeeds in the difficult task of making a consistent portrait of a character which the author has left rather formless. Pamela's faults are not essentially faults of character—she has not inherited the decadent moral sense that is responsible for certain escapades in her mother's "past"—but they are the faults of youth and inexperience, reasoning upon life from a perverted point of view. The fact to be insisted upon in her interpretation of the part is its genuine girlishness in spite of her lax notions of marital responsibility, which would be lamentable if they were genuine, but are merely amusing, since they are so plainly unsophisticated. I think she strikes just the right tone to make the heroine sympathetic as a true light comedy part. Miss Lottie Venne is inimitable as Mrs. Chalwin, the mother with a somewhat damaged reputation, conscious but daring still, and quite free from the desolating pangs of a useless remorse. Mr. Frank Cooper's Lord Massingham is a most vivid study of the middle-aged gallant, reckless, impecunious, impressionable, an adept at graceful compliments, reminded of the functions of a heart only because he is conscious of not possessing one. The comic Baron of Mr. Lennox Pawle and his compeers with the Maisie Mordaunt of Miss Armstrong (most emotionally unstable of ballet ladies) bring us to the elements of very broad farce. Of the play as a whole, it may be said that it is conventional in structure but clever in details, the dialogue witty, but of uneven quality, and the melange of comedy and farce, if diverting at times, is also disconcerting. No girl as Pamela is presented by Miss Irving could ever have a serious flirtation with a creature of the "Puff-Puff" variety. "What



Photo by Ellis and Walery.

MISS ETHEL IRVING—"What Pamela Wanted"—CRITERION THEATRE.

No. 28. July, 1905.

Pamela Wanted is really what we all want at times, and that is to be amused, and I do not know a better prescription than the play at the Criterion.

"*The Dictator*" at the Comedy is great fun, rollicking, breezy, irresponsible fun, a farce in three acts racy of the Yankee soil in structure, atmosphere, and "go." We all know what American humour is—its distinctive quality of exaggeration served with a blithe and innocent air of seriousness. "*The Dictator*" shows us the dramatic possibilities of the unexpected—the quaint perversities of speech and action, when the imagination bubbles over continuously with conceptions of the ridiculous, when it pictures life as a sort of clown's revel, when absurdity is piled upon absurdity until we lose the power of distinguishing between the normal actions of mankind and their eccentricities. Unlike much farcical comedy we have had in past years, "*The Dictator*" is clean, and the laughter it excites is honest and unashamed. Moreover, it takes us along at breathless speed; the "situations" follows so fast on one another that we have scarcely grasped the fun of one before another is on its heels. Even the dialogue is breathless; too energetic for modulated accent, it is pitched on a monotonous key, in which the oddest conceits tumble out of the lips with irresistibly funny effect. Everybody on the stage is so much in earnest that we are deceived into taking them seriously, and then, presto! they convulse us by a quip, a droll phrase, a turn of the situation that derives half its humorous effect from its unexpectedness and the other half from the gravity with which it is spoken or acted. I doubt if a London audience has ever realised the full measure of American farce before Mr. Frohman brought Mr. Richard Harding Davis's play, with Mr. William Collier and his company in it, from the States. Certainly, I recall nothing ever before seen in London so genuinely characteristic, so full of that abounding liveliness, so infused with that cool audacious substitution of the ridiculous for the sensible.

Mr. Collier is himself a revelation, an in-

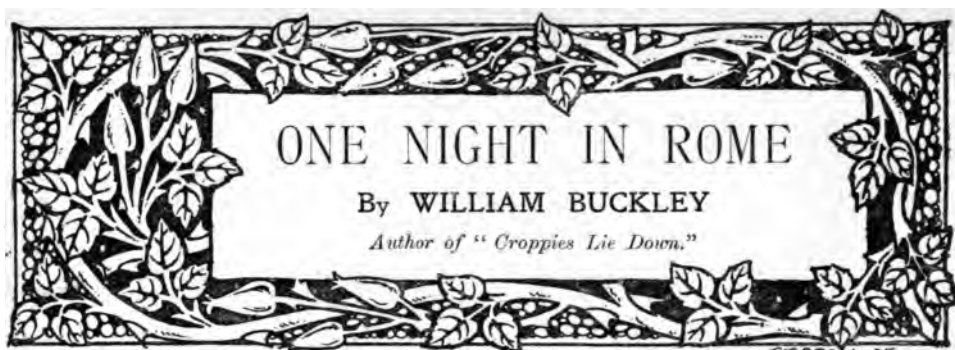
carnation of that tireless energy which is so distinctively American. He exactly supplements the author's amazing power of invention, his unlimited resources, his acute sense of fun. Mr. Collier is the play indeed; he is seldom off the stage, and it must be a most exhausting performance, though he impresses one as equal to any demand. He is admirably supported, too, by every member of the company, who are all as transatlantic as the play itself.

To tell the story of "*The Dictator*" briefly cannot more than suggest its delirious whimsicality. Brooke Travers (Mr. Collier) and his valet, Simpson, have fled from New York in the belief that they were responsible for an accidental homicide. They board a steamer just departing for Porto Banos, the capital of the Central American Republic of San Manama, wherein a revolution has recently placed in power a new president. He owes his success to Colonel Bowie, who has been appointed U.S. Consul to San Manama, and is a fellow-passenger of Travers to Porto Banos. The scene opens on the deck of the steamer, just arrived in the harbour of that port. Various discoveries are made by our passengers. Colonel Bowie, who has recently been married, learns that a Spanish lady to whom he has made matrimonial offers in the past, is waiting for him with a stiletto. He also learns that another revolution in San Manama has turned out his friend, and put a bitter enemy in the Presidential Chair. Travers and Simpson learn that a detective has been cabled to apprehend them. Under these circumstances a "deal" is expeditiously arranged between Colonel Bowie and Travers. For a good round sum in American dollars Bowie hands his credentials to Travers, who goes ashore as "Consul Bowie," but as he is not told of the counter-revolution that has turned out Colonel Bowie's party, he lands in a hornet's nest. How he meets the complicated perils that assail him, even to the extent of buying up the army and organizing another revolution that creates him Dictator, it would take too long to tell, but he is finally rescued by the timely arrival of a U.S. man-of-war.



Photo by Ellis and Walery.

JR. WILLIAM COLLIER—"The Dictator"—COMEDY THEATRE.



THE apples had been removed, and accepting the suggestion of their host the guests, rising, strolled leisurely out into the golden light of the scented evening. After the city's clamour had dwindled to a dull murmur, a cart wheel rumbling drowsily along the Appian Way remained sole echo of the traffic which roared there from the third hour. The party now broken into sauntering groups, wandered slowly round the laurel-cinctured grounds adjoining an olive plantation made upon the right, opportunely shutting off the forest of gaunt scaffolding that yet marked the new Rome growing day by day under the auspices of the admirable architect, artist, poet and charioteer to whom a capricious fate had entrusted the reins of the world; Marcia, the lady of the domain, waiting upon her companions with graceful deference.

Somewhat apart, walked together the host and the eldest of the company, an old man whose ornamental buskins proclaimed his senatorial rank, and whose upright bearing the needlessness of the ivory-tipped vine shoot with which he pointed out every now and then whatever attracted his attention.

"By Pollux, Sempronius," he was saying, "thou hast wrought wonderful changes here. Even last Faunalia, but for those olives, the place was little better than a desert. Go warily lest the Emperor should take a fancy to thy pretty country house one fine day."

"I would gladly resign both lands and houses," the younger man replied, laughing bitterly, "if he could only restore my father's upon the Aventine, and replace there the spoils of Zama."

The senator smiled grimly. "Thou mayest have fresh ones, my gallant procon-

sul, when thou hast the Judean appointment we spoke of."

"We are done with great wars," replied the other wearily. "I had rather a thousand times be quaestor in Asia or Ionia."

"Because thou art, like Alexis the statuary and thy half Greek sister, Hilaria, a philosopher," rejoined the old man shrugging his shoulders. "A poor trade, Sempronius, turning thoughts; well nigh as pitiful as turning paterae for the taverns. A proconsul's life is not a bad one. He has many ways of getting something for his time."

"But those Jews are dogs," muttered the young man.

The senator looped off a tall iris head from out the flaming myriads that blazed along the trimly kept border beside them. "Bah, they snarl, but bite they cannot," he said with a cruel lifting of the upper lip. "I, who lived amongst them, know it well. When a sedition-monger appears strike him down! For the rest, 'tis but pleasing the Rabblis. By Pollux, how fine!"

They had reached a portion of the walk spanned by a skilfully contrived arch of yellow-berried ivy whose long tendrils were permitted to fall in graceful masses athwart the way. Pushing these aside, a veritable paradise was revealed, hitherto masked by the curving laurel hedge on one side and on the other by groups of fantastically clipped bay trees stretching away across the clean-mown sward extending from the terrace steps. The little enclosure was literally deluged with roses that clambered and climbed on trellis and balustrade, or bloomed in parti-coloured clusters from cunning grafts or spread in huge globe from slender stems, row beyond row, in pink and white and red and many another allied shade, entangling the mazed glance

before the perfume made one sigh, so sweet it was. At the further end, a marble balcony reflected its polished length in the glowing pavement laid down between the great parterres, and through rifts in banks of Rhodian roses, arched and festooned above, was a glimpse of the time-worn monuments fringing the Appian Way—Soracte over all.

"Well, my father, what thinkest thou of our new shrine for the rosy god?" asked a gentle voice, and Marcia held up an armful of the leafy curtain, so that her other guests might enter too.

"By Bacchus himself, I would not have believed it of thee," cried the senator frankly. "Had Alexis a hand in the project?"

"Nay—her own design, from first to last," answered the husband. "The group was brought only yesterday from Ostia, where it had been delayed by the unloading of a cargo of dust for the Emperor's wrestlers. Alexis may be in Rome now—he said in his epistle he followed."

"And so he hath," said a young man in splendid Prætorian trappings. "I met him by the Capitol to-day. He bade me bear thy lady greeting."

"Pshaw, Sertorius, why didst thou not tell us so before?" exclaimed the host. "I should have sent a message to the Baths."

"I clean forgot," replied the other. "On coming to camp I and a maniple were ordered to arm and march to the new buildings on the Pincian where there has been looting. Fancy sending us to hunt poor wretches grubbing for platters and half-charred maple tables amid the wreckage! How sweet this place smells! 'Tis enough to take the pitchy smoke from one's nostrils. But what have we here?" he continued, pointing to a glorious bower, purple on sides and arch with vine clusters and approached by steps whereon great gilded urns of Grecian pattern had been placed, the rose trees they bore on supporting wires serving to screen a curtain beyond.

"The god," whispered Marcia. "But we shall let it wait, as now we hope Alexis may come and unveil it himself. Meantime, the mimes must while away an hour."

"By Venus, and her girdle too, fair lady, that were an easy task with no other aid than the beauty thou hast created here."

said another man, whose rich, semi-military dress and erect carriage marked him soldier of the first legion in the Empire. "It is as if the place had bloomed at thy smile!"

Marcia turned to him with one which might have justified the hyperbole. "Ah, Manlius, take those flatteries elsewhere," she cried, lifting a hand in remonstrance, and the Prætorian kissed the gem it bore.

"Sempronius, is this thy paternal care?" exclaimed the senator. "I gave yonder daughter of mine to thee, a maid of maids, and behold, she hath already learned the trick of wives! She'll need watching, I'll warrant thee!"

The young man laughed from his place between two Roman girls. "Had I the eyes of Argus," he replied, "I should train them to watching her perfections alone. The hour that bids a husband play the spy is herald of his loss."

"Of his loss! A comfortable doctrine, truly," rejoined the old man, "and by Plutus, most popular in Rome!"

"Nay, father," replied Marcia. "Hast thou never heard of the nurse being wooed for the maid?" And she darted a glance towards a girl whose white beauty struck a distinct note amid the warmer tones around. The latter coloured slightly, and Manlius at once began to praise again the ingenuity of the little garden.

If the flowery enclosure was beautiful in itself a moment before, it now boasted the added charm of life and movement, the grace of kindly voices blending and crossing in one harmonious web of sound. The centre was clear, but at each corner of the shrouded bower twin fountains twinkled gaily, gold fish darting and flickering in the pellucid waters, perpetually broken into myriad ripples under the glittering rain cast up from the nostrils of quaint dolphins, blunt-nosed and docile, that bore baby cupids in mimic state.

Around these the guests lingered, or, leaning on the balcony, watched the play of light and shade over the Alban hills in the soft breeze that swept on to toss aloft the haughty blazon upon the Janiculum. They were not numerous, two officers, a quaestor, Julia Maesa, a gay young widow, who had crossed from her neighbouring villa by the Ardean Way, a few ladies from the Palatine, a queenly dame of Sabine extraction, and Hilaria, the girl to

whom Marcia had just called momentary attention. They were undeniably beautiful, those Roman women, their loveliness, enhanced by details of dress which, like their coiffures, reflected each fantasy of fashion—from the cunning simplicity of Julia's stola to the careful negligence of the knot confining the Sabine's tresses. And, as they sauntered to and fro, their jewelled sandals prattled pleasantly on the mosaics.

Now, amid the roses seats were found, and with much laughter occupied. Then at a signal two hideously ugly African dwarfs leaped noiselessly into the midst, as if they had sprung to life at the clapping of Marcia's rosy palms, and commenced, to the music of unseen players, a grotesque dance accompanied by contortions and a play of feature so irresistibly droll that the audience applauded heartily, and the old man beat his staff upon the marble. Presently they were joined by girls leading an ivy-garlanded panther, shambling with apparent good nature beside its keepers, and the little group danced in pretty pantomime the life of the vine, singing, too, in alternate verse the praises of the honest god, which made the company laugh to the echo, yet never passed the limit of becoming mirth. Swiftly they disappeared, and a burst of applause rewarded their efforts. As if in reply, two girls, one white with the dazzling skin of Britain, the other black, yet more beautiful, returned, accompanied by a youth clad in knightly dress, but haggard of eye. Last came the panther, its grinning visage metamorphosed by a dexterous application of paint into the semblance of a human face.

One of the girls, dark as the Nubian night, and robed in flaming scarlet, flung herself upon the rich pavement, holding aloft a broad-rimmed hoop she carried. On it one of the attendants placed a goblet of wine full to the brim. Once more began a dance around that motionless figure, so tense that it might have been carved from the marble, the shapely arm steadily lifting the goblet-crowned ring against the tender blue of the evening sky. To and fro, in and out among the roses the panther, slouching low, followed the other girl's flitting form, yet ever foiled by the man, who invariably interposed just as he had touched her flying skirts, until, suddenly, the beast turned with a fierce growl and struck him

down. So unexpected, so ruthlessly realistic was the act that an involuntary shiver passed round, a tremour which gave way to a deep hiss of surprise and of comprehension when the brute, circling gracefully forward, leaped through the uplifted hoop, to alight upon the bosom of the woman beyond, who now stood with outstretched arms. And as that hideous form slipped from her to the pavement she bent the knee before it, and the beast, sitting upon its haunches, raised its parti-coloured visage, and all saw that the face cunningly painted upon it was the face of the Emperor.

There followed a long-drawn breath, a quick seeking and shifting of eyes; the unseen musicians struck up a tune once honoured by Nero's incomparable voice; the girl holding the hoop slipped it from under the cup, which she caught by a lightning sleight of hand, and, rising, drank to the Fortune of Women!

The Prætorians laughed sharply, and tossed the performers a generous largess, whilst the British maid, coming forward, sang a pretty song in honour of Rome's newest Empress—the lady Statilia Messalina. But a sense of embarrassment remained, and the laughter which greeted one of Julia's sallies had still a harsh ring in it, when Hilaria, springing to her feet, charged Sertorius with having stolen an anklet, appealing at the same time to the ladies for its recovery. The diversion was instantly seized, a gay league formed, and in a moment a mimic battle was being waged across the tessellated space where the dancers had gambolled and the panther had leaped on its prey. The girls were victorious, and drove the soldiers back amid showers of roses from the plenty around, Hilaria, Julia and the Sabine pushing Sertorius down upon one of the marble seats with lithe young arms not untrained in the arts of the arena, while the others were as closely beset until the old senator, dropping his staff with a cry of "*Ad triarios ventum est!*" restored the battle. Nevertheless, it would have gone hard with them if Sertorius had not inserted a finger between Hilaria's sandal and the fleet foot it bore, so that she leaped away, clutching at her gold-fringed stola and the other ladies drew back swearing merry oaths in dainty scorn of so unfair an opponent.

Sertorius, who had at first denied the

theft, now produced the anklet, and, clasp-
ing it upon a wrist, assumed the airs of a
dictator. Hilaria addressed herself to
Marcia, who, girdled by her husband's arm,
had been a laughing spectator of the con-
flict, and demanded a restoration of the
trinket on the excellent though hardly fea-
sible plea of equity, Sertorius defending
his position by quoting the convincing cir-
cumstance of possession, and appealing to
the uniform custom of the Roman Empire,
its Senate and People, on like occasions.
Hilaria's proposal that the battle should be
recommenced where it had broken off was
met by reference to the decision regarding
the Caudine Forks, though he graciously
admitted with a wry glance at the dint
made by the Sabine's knee upon his toy
lorica that the alternative offered him was
more pleasant. The other ladies now
added their voices, and a stirring debate
took place around Marcia's chair, Hilaria
eloquently pleading the cause of the anklet
with a pretty exaggeration of forensic
methods, a beautiful figure against the
roses, bearing, too, some suggestion of the
vanished majesty of Rome in eye and
port; the other dames, flushed from the
recent strife, grouped beside her, laughing
Amazons, watching beneath their hard
Roman smiles for a chance to snatch vic-
tory from their wary opponent.

"No!" cried Sertorius. "We will
have nought with arbitration. Whoever
heard of a conqueror thus yielding his
prize! But, since ye seek as suppliants
what ye have failed to otherwise take, I
shall sell this spolia opima. Come,
gentlemen, what will ye bid for this pretty
trinket, well-fashioned, light and grace-
ful, the work of I know not what Greek
craftsman—but his name is honoured
in the Tabernæ Argentariæ I swear.
Gilded? Nay—gold, and of the best—
beaten from the crown of an Eastern king!
Is it not, lady? And by the gods, fur-
nished with three sparkling rubies Tridates
himself would barter his magic to pos-
sess!"

"Listen to him," laughed Hilaria.
"Would he not make a perfect crier? Get
thee a stand, Sertorius, with all haste.
'Tis thus one may hear the auctioneers in
the Sacred Way wheedle the housewives
into buying a brace of battered penates
worn by the fingers of generations, or a

threadbare palla." And she shook her
spirited head, its locks dressed upward,
tier upon tier, into the semblance of little
bells.

"Stay, sir," called Julia. "I have here
a comb, a poor thing and, as thou seest, of
a fashion antique enough for Evander's
wife, yet if thou dost only gild it by thy
persuasive tongue and swearest 'twill cure
the headache, there's not a girl in the
Saburra but will risk her last denarius to
get it—and give thee something over into
the bargain! Wilt take the commission?"

The hit told, Sertorius being known in
the Suburra.

"Oh, ye gods, a Prætorian turned auc-
tioneer!" cried the Sabine suddenly.
"Take care, Julia, he may sell Rome over
our heads some day!"

The soldier's brown, laughing face lit
up, as if in the reflection of naked swords,
but he still held the toy aloft on one fin-
ger, crying, "Nay, to business, gentle
ladies—what's the bid?"

"These," cried Hilaria, displaying a
handful of roses.

"Lovely they are, lady," rejoined the
Prætorian, bowing towards Hilaria, "but
this sale is *sub hastâ*, not *sub rosâ*—
such currency may hold in Arcadia; here,
in Rome, we seek something harder to the
touch."

"More's the pity!" sighed Manlius.

"Nay, for then would our gardeners be
our masters—and what would we do in
December?" retorted Julia.

"Buy a rose farm in Paestum," answered
Sertorius. "But come, people and
Senate of Rome, is there no higher bid?
Will no one venture a sestertius for this
dainty thing?"

"A thousand!" cried Manlius, and he
laughed somewhat sheepishly as the ladies
tittered.

"Two thousand," replied Hilaria, with
sudden dignity. "'Tis more than 'tis
worth."

"Three thousand!" answered the Præ-
torian flushing, and the play flickered on
the edge of reality as Hilaria bid higher
and a cunning glint stole into the eyes
of the gaudy soldier who held the trophy.
Marcia knit her level brows. Then
Hilaria bid a kiss, Manlius threw up his
arm.

"A kiss!" cried the hostess coming for-

of Venus, and swear by the judgment of Paris it fits to a hair!" exclaimed Sertorius. "Oh, they know thee, Alexis."

"How go affairs in Greece?" asked the old senator when the sculptor had greeted the company.

"Admirably," he replied, seating himself. "The art and practice of music bids fair to reach so great a pitch of perfection that Orpheus may break his lute, or go play to the fishes."

Everyone laughed. "But it rarely happens that a nation hath so excellent a teacher," continued the old man. "We in Rome could spare him a little longer."

"Aye, he is most painstaking," assented Alexis. "He says the Greeks are the best judges of music in the world. Oh, they voted him crowns enough to top the mausoleum of Augustus! At Olympia all were bidden to the theatre when he played, so that they might at least once hear with unstopped ears the music of the spheres. Yea, tenderly pressed by whip and lictor. Many came, many did not, for a mysterious epidemic smote the town, and there was mourning within the gates."

The officers laughed, their bronze faces glistening in the reflections from their gilded trappings.

"The disease is not unknown in Rome," observed Julia dryly. "It is caused and cured by the same means. There is no danger of a relapse."

"Permit me a different opinion," rejoined the sculptor humbly. "This malady appears to have been indigenous, and, moreover, occasioned such resurrections as the Christians would not scorn, for all those seized by it, and thus carried out through the city gates were discovered at their country villas that same evening in a state of joyous health—though to be sure," he added in a lower tone, "some at least after supper were found again dead—drunk."

The ladies laughed, Julia clapping her hands. "Excellent," she cried; "the god who sent that plague must have been Esculapius himself. Would I had known it when by the Temple of Faunus to-day; he should have had a cock to out-crow the Socratic rooster!"

"An offering to Juno would be more appropriate," laughed the Greek; "since, I am told, Lucina was invoked in due form

at the performance, even while the Singer was in the middle of a note. 'Twas a pretty spectacle—but Aristophanes is dead."

"How goes the Prometheus thou art to finish for the Golden House?" asked Sempronius, as the married ladies exchanged glances.

"Slowly," replied the sculptor. "But this very evening I saw upon the Janiculum the face I seek for the god—a man looking down over the city."

"A Greek, of course," cried Hilaria; "a Roman Prometheus is unthinkable."

"Neither Greek nor Roman, lady," answered Alexis; "the type was Syrian. Oh, some of you must have met him—'tis a face to mark. And the eyes, deep as the midnight sky, searching as the sunlight."

"Never met I such a one," said Hilaria; "all eyes stare alike in Rome. But why did you not bid him come and be immortalized?"

"So I would," rejoined the sculptor simply; "but there was that about him would awe a world in arms. And when I did turn to speak, and give my name, he had disappeared. I never saw so wonderful a face—yet as I passed him methought he wept."

"Mayhap with laughter at the comedy of Rome?" said Julia.

"Perhaps he was a Christian!" cried Hilaria suddenly.

"Then it could not have been with laughter," rejoined Sertorius. "for a more hang-dog set never disgraced good sunlight. A cursed gang of plagiarists, who stole their religion from the Jews and then would thrust them forth from their paltry Elysium."

"Ye gods, a Christian Elysium!" muttered the Sabine.

"Yet, we protect the Jews, and light the streets with the Christians," laughed Manlius.

"Aye, but the Jews are a nation—the Christians a sect," replied the senator. "I myself saw that same Christus of Nazareth called King of the Jews, who was their founder. Thy talk, Alexis, reminds me of him; even such a man as thou describest was he. When last I met him 'twas in the Prætorium, whence they were leading him forth to die without the walls. I was then serving with our Eastern legions, and full

of soldier fancies, but I would not have thought it shame to have struck the man dead there and then, and set his tortured spirit free, and so cheat the howling rabble. Man! I say, he was no longer man—he was a moving agony! But he gave me one look which read my design and held my hand, as I stood to let the crowd go by, being on my way to a tiring woman of the lady Herodias, for truly, the Governor's wife was but sorry company that day. 'Tis a strange tangle," he continued, his hand in his beard. "Divine Messenger, yet silent when questioned on it—Son of God, yet crucified by a herd of snarling priests. Still, Messiah or madman, I care not which, by Hercules. he should have had justice! I would never have truckled to those yelping curs as did Pilatus; I thought it shame to Rome. By the gods he was afraid of them! 'Thou art no friend of Cæsar.' Aye, those were the words from them to him! Yet, though he saw nought amiss, he had Christus tortured and shown them to win their pity. Pity! 'His blood be upon us and our children!' was their cry. So Pilate let him go; he was one and friendless; they, many and powerful. Sempronius, when thou goest hence, and when a poor man stands arraigned before thee by such, recollect Christus of Nazareth, and hold the balance even. Pah, a cup of wine to take the taste from my mouth!"

"There are many followers of his in Rome to-day," said Marcia, as an attendant came forward with a goblet. "One Paul of Tarsus preacheth in the Via Lata and maketh many disciples, they say, even amongst those of the Palace."

"Paul of Tarsus!" cried Alexis. "I heard him preach in Athens; that harsh voice of his makes my blood cold! And then his doctrine—Stoicism run mad!"

"Aye, and besides, the shock-headed one they call Simon Peter," replied Sertorius. "Hast heard how the suit of Valerius Flaccus goes with his daughter, the dainty Petronilla?"

"Oh, the latest report is that she hath promised to listen to him in three days' time," answered the quæstor, looking up from a game of cottabos.

"Three days! An eternity!" laughed the Prætorian. "His mares will welcome the respite. They say he daily drives her to

the Mamertine, where she visits her father. She'll make a Christian of him."

"Hardly," cried Julia. "I met him to-day at the Baths; he was quite sane and cheerful."

"The pleasure of anticipation," exclaimed Sertorius; "the greatest on earth."

"Fie, Sertorius, thou art too young for such wisdom," smiled Marcia; "and, more, it holds not always. In proof thereof, we beg thee, Alexis, to unveil thy statue. For, 'tis but fitting that the hand which called such beauty from the marble should first present it to our eyes."

The sculptor bowed, and looked around. "By Bacchus, I could not wish a more fitting shrine," he said; "but where—ah, I see the pedestal. Well placed!"

And, preceded by Marcia, he crossed the polished length of rose-strewn marble to the steps whence the servants were busily removing the jars from before the curtain which he drew aside, an unseen hand cutting the supporting cord, so that it fell away at a touch.

There, standing on high in Parian stone, was Semele bearing the infant Bacchus, who lifted his little hands beneath the embowering vines and laughed in an ecstasy of merriment that was the dominant of the more sober gaiety on the face of the mother. It was intensely human, yet marked with that aloofness which dowers the Venus of Melos. Looking upon both one might be pardoned for forgetting that slaves toiled anywhere under the biting lash, that homeless destitution or comfortless old age ever encumbered the goodly earth, or blotted the glory of the day, so pure, so fresh, so untrammelled was its joy—the reflex of some happier mood than mortal minds may know; a vision from the sportive gods who dwell beyond the reach of tears.

The semi-circle fringing the radiant thing grew silent, the blood mounting to Marcia's olive cheek; then Hilaria laughed softly in spontaneous answer to the eternal mirth above, the laughter of a woman who keeps the heart of a child. "Oh, thou little darling," she cried with uplifted ivory arms; "the gods send me such as thou!"

The other women echoed her laugh, partly because of this, partly because of the compelling joy in these two faces. The men also laughed at Hilaria's sudden blush, and clapped their hands gaily, while blithe

pipe-playing from behind the roses filled the place with the melody of a Bacchic song which the guests struck up, the ladies joining boldly in the praise of the god of the purple vine with its god-like boon to mortal men—oblivion a little time.

The sinking sun struck slanting upon the marble group white where the faces caught the light, pearly grey below, from warm reflections around, as it rose against the velvety green of ilex and bay, backed by the sunny Alban hills, sapphire shadows in their gentle folds.

Now, cups of wine were handed round, and the health of Alexis and his hostess drunk amid acclamation, and shouts in honour of Bacchus, ever young and free from dusky care, rang through the perfumed garden until it seemed as if the noble face of Semele smiled in answer to the praises of her son.

"Bacchus, get me a legion, and I'll fore-swear the service of other deities!" cried Sertorius.

"And me a husband with a short breath and a long purse!" laughed Julia Maesa.

"And me the desire of my heart!" cried Manlius.

"Idem in me!" said Alexis.

"How they are both on the same word!" whispered Marcia, and Hilaria's face grew rosy.

"And the Christians a jollier god!" prayed the Quæstor.

"And Rome a new Cæsar!" shouted the Sabine girl, with wine-red cheeks.

"Come, Hilaria, what hast thou to beg for thyself or thy friends?" asked Marcia of the silent girl.

"For Manlius, something better than the desire of his heart," replied Hilaria, mischievously, "and for Alexis, that his Prometheus may equal this. And for myself," she continued with downcast eyes, "I beg as spouse the great stranger to whom Alex the ready was afraid to speak."

A roar of laughter greeted this, and in reply she bowed profoundly to the young men. Manlius looked away towards the olive grove. "Can this be he?" cried the soldier, pointing to a dark figure descending the slope with ungainly haste. The guests, as if by one accord, turned to the balcony, and watched that approaching form as it came rapidly over some broken ground, actually portion of the villa domain,

while heading for the tall pines marking the junction of the Appian and Ardean Ways, a hasting shadow in the growing twilight veiled by the smoke from many thousand hearth stones, though in the distance the encircling hills were still golden, green, and blue. The group watched him advance, the traveller's movements begetting interest, his face, too, being covered almost completely by the lappet of his toga. Apparently, he did not see them, or the glorious marble above the roses, but hurried on, although his path should take him just under the balcony where the grave of Marcia's little dog, Hero, was bright with autumn flowers.

"How he hurries," muttered the senator; "some escaping slave. I warrant. Ho, there!"

The challenge served only to hasten the steps of the fugitive, and he held on his way.

"The surly knave!" cried Marcia. "He will trample the flowers about my poor Hero's grave. Halt!"

But the man, just now beneath the balcony, broke into a run. Hilaria, leaping to a vine festoon, detached a bunch of grapes, which she poised and hurled after the retreating figure with all the might of her young arm, so truly that it burst in purple juice about the cowed head. "Staviator," she laughed, "heroem calcas!"

The hurrying man paused, and lifting the drenched lappet mechanically looked back. The people on the terrace gave vent to a contemptuous roar of merriment. "By Bacchus, the rogue's face is furrowed like a field in March!" cried Sertorius. "Hast thou nought to do but weep?"

The other did not answer, but looked back upon them all, a questioning glance in his great pathetic eyes. Hilaria parted her lips, as if to speak, yet suddenly paused with uplifted hand. The fugitive slowly turned his head. The guests, following the motion, saw, too, a white-robed form, luminous in the gathering twilight, advance quickly towards the man below, who fell upon his knees. The face of Him who came was now visible to the watchers, illuminated as if by some interior light, and not one of them forgot its majesty through all the years of life.

"The Man of the Janiculum!" cried Alexis.

"Christus of Nazareth, who they said rose again," whispered the senator. "But that's a fable—the Man is dead—dead in Galilee!"

The kneeling fugitive lifted suppliant hands, and with the trembling accents of great joy cried—"Lord! where goest Thou?" There was a pause, and then a voice, musical as mortal accents never were, replied amid a sudden stillness which was afterwards remembered—"To Rome, to be again crucified."

At the words the other rose and turned back, companioned by that wondrous shape, so that they passed across the lawn sloping away from the balcony. Hilaria's silver tones broke almost harshly upon the silence. "Marcia—Alexis!" she cried, "do you not see His feet are bleeding! He hath come a thorny way. Stay, Sir. You are hurt! Water, there! Marcia, stay Him! Sempronius, look! Great gods! His hands, too! Oh, shame, Sempronius, to let one thus pass by!"

Alexis caught her round the waist. "Let them go," he whispered; "it is not wise. Jove! There are Immortals, after all!"

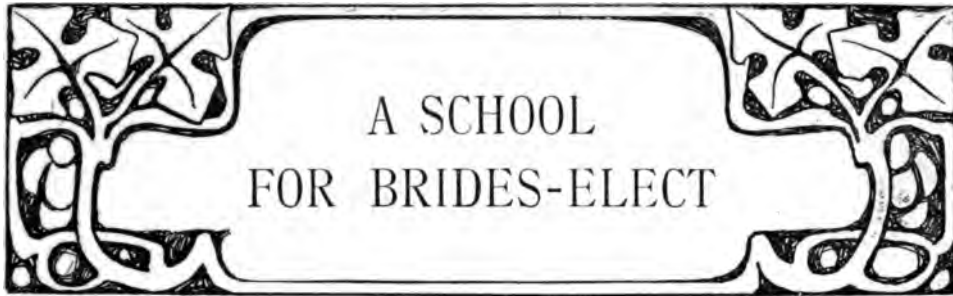
But she wrenched herself from his grasp, and, running forward amid the roses, called once more, "Stay, Sir, and rest!" The retreating figure did not seem to hear, and presently they were ascending the olive-clad slope. With a little gasp Hilaria slipped over the balcony marble, down upon the young turf, and ran on swiftly in the

wake of that luminous form, vain voices calling behind. On she flew, her white robe ivory amid the dark foliage, and darker tree trunks, as she followed the path they had taken. In a moment she was on the acclivity where the olives ceased, and almost within touch of the Man with the bleeding feet. She was about to speak, when swiftly He turned and looked upon her, His face pale, His form ghost-like against the grey shadow that was Rome.

What the look told her she told no human ear, but so insupportable was its yearning sweetness and regret, so unutterable its majestic sorrow, that she threw up her arms and fell upon her knees ere it faded from her into the primrose and starry silver of the evening sky. Yet as she sank she saw the walls of golden Rome indenting the horizon fade, too, and far away beyond them, towards the Imperial Gardens, on the Vaticanus, a strange globe-like mass rise sublime above the City, and on its apex a glittering thing that was a cross caught the last rays of the lingering day. Then sight and other sense together left her, and she lay fainting in ignorant tears.

Thus, Manlius, who alone had dared to follow, found her, on her side, one lovely arm uplifted as if to shield her eyes from too great brightness, the other pressed against her heaving heart. And thus, too, he saw her some months later, at the foot of the Gemonian Stairs, a witness to her faith in Him who died for men in Galilee.





A SCHOOL FOR BRIDES-ELECT

“**H**OW to make a man happy” is the motto of one of the most remarkable organizations in the United States, a school for brides, established by an American, Miss Edith Hendrickson, of Logan, Pennsylvania, and attended by well-known Philadelphia and Germantown girls, whose chief desire is to keep the lover a lover beyond the honeymoon.

Maids whose wedding days are fixed and young matrons of not more than six months' standing, twenty-three all told, meet every week at Miss Hendrickson's beautiful home, in Logan, Pennsylvania. Here every Tuesday evening and from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Saturdays these serious students of man's happiness come and go, learning how to cook and to serve a full-course dinner, how to brew a favourite punch, and how to turn out successful concoctions from the chafing dish. They realise the soothing influence of a well-cooked, nicely-served meal over the temper of the sterner sex.

They learn to market, to select the choicest cut and not to order a whole lamb for two. They are taught to distinguish ripe fruit from green, fresh vegetables from those of last week's stock. They learn the market prices of meats, vegetables, eggs, and groceries. No extravagant bills to try man's patience and strain his pocketbook in these families.

They learn how to furnish the home, from the ordering of the furniture to the arranging of the rooms. Their instructors, women drawn from the ranks of happy wives, declare that a properly appointed house, with easy chairs in the warmest spots in winter and the coolest in summer, placed where the light falls at the right angle for reading, are essential to man's happiness.

They solve the servant problem in the school for brides, and they do it in a practical manner. When the wedding day is

still three months off at the very least, the girl selects a maid and brings her to the school for a thorough course of training, while the mistress herself, previous to the advent of the maid is taught how to give orders to the cook and other servants, or how to plan each day's work as the case may be. They have learned, through the experience of their instructors, that many marital jars are caused by poorly-trained servants.

Then there is still another thing which these prospective brides learn to do, and that is to make their husband's shirts, not the full-dress cut but the negligee. They learn to make a perfect fit, and they also learn how to select the proper materials. Careful matrons in charge of these classes have learned that four shirts of the best material, home-made, equal in cost one ready-made shirt. This school is not confined to girls who are to become the wives of millionaires.

The school is now being put in readiness for the autumn term, when, after a summer at seaside and mountains with plenty of moonlight, it is expected it will open with crowded classrooms.

Most of the present class of twenty-three will have put their lessons to the test before Miss Hendrickson calls the October session, but a few there are who will not be married until December or early in January of next year; these will form the nucleus of the coming class.

The accompanying photographs were taken at one of the last meetings of the school, and a great many of the dishes which the young ladies concocted were prepared without any assistance whatever. When attempting the bread like mother makes and father eats with such keen relish, however, they appeal to the one experienced member of the school, the head chef, who has graduated from the school



TRAINING A SERVANT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE CLASS

of trials, failures, and final successes, and has at last received a diploma from the husband who brings a friend home to lunch, sure that the meal will be a credit to his household.

Many and laughable—to the outsider; it is serious business to the students—are the mistakes which these "hopefuls" fall into; but where is there a now famous cook who did not, early in her career, sugar the potatoes, salt the strawberries, fail to put in the baking powder which was to make the angel cake "light as feathers" or slip up in some important points?

The girls are supposed to eat at least a portion of what they prepare, and the luncheons which they serve are marvels of cuisine art. The first course may consist of cranberry tarts, then follow "waffles which must be eaten hot" and cannot wait for the soup, which consequently comes third instead of first. Lucky, indeed, are the maidens if some successful cook turns out an eatable batch of bread to counteract the effect of so much sweet. Cake is sandwiched between all sorts of dishes and oc-

asionally the entire repast is topped off by a cup of tea or coffee, for the cooks learn to brew as well as to bake, grill, fry, etc.

The initiation of a new member to this interesting school is an amusing ceremony. Her first guilty look when she enters the class-room never fails to raise a laugh. "Sh—it isn't out, yet," she generally warns, when the girls crowd round her with questions and an active interest in the third finger of her left hand, whereon usually sparkles a solitaire. It is a rule that no member must be coaxed to reveal the name of the man for whose sake she has joined the school, but there are always a stir and some lively guessing when a new member appears.

The newcomer must promise to learn "his" favourite dishes and to work at them right diligently until she has each perfected. Occasionally the girls have an open night, and then the big brothers, "cousins," fathers, and friends are invited to pass judgment upon the dishes set forth.

So far, it would seem that these young housekeepers and prospective home-makers

spend all their time catering to the appetite. Not so. Classes are formed in sewing, house-furnishing and room-arranging, and entertaining.

In the sewing class the young ladies cut, baste, sew, and turn out practical masculine attire, such as the shirts already mentioned.

Each young lady must, before she can receive her diploma and degree of M. H., "Model Helpmate," be capable of making at least two kinds of shirts, negligee, and "boiled." Some very ambitious spirits even attempt the full dress.

Just what becomes of the shirts of all sizes and cuts is a mystery; certain it is that very few of them are met on the street. Not that the work isn't all it should be, but the young seamstresses are so vague as to sizes that there are, doubtless, many misfits. From the fine work the girls go to the more homely occupation of darning and patching, sewing on buttons, and attending to repairs in general. Lucky indeed is the bachelor who counts a friend or two at this school—he finds very few reasons why he should turn Benedict, surely not to keep

his socks nicely mended and loose buttons in place.

The room-arranging and decorating classes are most interesting. Here, the individuality of the members is revealed to a pronounced degree. The practical girl, the one whose motto is "a place for everything and everything in its place," sweeps out all unnecessary "jimmicks" when it comes to her turn to arrange a room, and the chairs are most apt to be placed in methodical rows. The pillows are not "heaped" up, but put carefully just so, upon divans or lounges. Each drapery must hang in prim folds. Very neat and trim the room appears when Milady Method has completed her task of arranging.

Each girl acts as critic, and the house-keeper of the evening carefully notes all suggestions and acts upon those she thinks best. The following class night Milady Luxury has her turn. Chaos reigns for a few moments while she whisks the chairs from their trim places against the wall, drags out tables, plants, etc., shakes



THE BRIDES-ELECT LEARNING TO MAKE THEIR PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND'S SHIRTS

draperies, thumps pillow and hustles things around in general.

A touch here, a pull there, and presto! as though by magic the orderly room where method reigned supreme is turned into a bower of comfort and ease. These are the two extremes, and it is the instructor's purpose to unite the two and evolve a house-

which the instructor looks over at the close of the lesson and suggests where economy could have been practised.

The lessons on house furnishing are done on paper. The girls are given a certain amount of money on a slip of paper with which to furnish a home, and are then provided with price lists from the various fur-



A TYPICAL TRIO OF PROSPECTIVE BRIDES

keeper who will not sacrifice artistic arrangement for neatness, or vice versa, but combine the two.

Some there are who do not understand the art of blending colour. To these the evenings devoted to the study of decorations are most helpful. Each girl buys all her own draperies as well as her cooking materials; that is, the price of each article is marked on the furnishings of the classes, and in using the same she runs up a bill

nishing stores. Carefully each article is selected and the cost marked down until one room is entirely furnished, and so the lesson proceeds until the entire house is furnished.

When the course in cooking, dressmaking, and house furnishing is completed and the servant is trained, there come instructions in the art of being a successful hostess to husband and to a large gathering.



LEARNING THE ART OF MARKETING TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

All this takes time, and as long engagements are not encouraged in this school for brides, the engaged girls are urged to join as soon as the important question has been settled.

Each class is opened with a talk by Miss Hendrickson, the girls making comprehensive notes the while. Early in the session they started their notebooks with fourteen headings, and each heading is filled out and elaborated during the term.

The course of talks is as follows:—

RULES ON HOW TO MAKE A MAN HAPPY.

1. Feed him substantially.
2. Keep the home bright and comfortable.
3. Practise repose.
4. Train your servants well.

5. Be always ready for the unexpected friend.

6. Spend money prudently.

7. Be cheerful.

8. Be interested in his business and in his pleasure.

9. Keep little household worries to yourself.

10. Be as careful in your attire and as anxious to please as before marriage.

11. Encourage your husband to spend at least one night a week at the club or elsewhere with the boys.

12. Encourage him to bring his friends home, and have at least one "man's room" where he can entertain them with perfect freedom.

13. Divide your time between baby and husband.

14. Take pains to be an entertaining, cheerful, interested companion.

CHARIOTS OF FIRE

By L. M. COOKE

IT was the usual low log-cabin with a chimney in one corner of the roof, and a frame-window so small at the side that when light was wanted in any abundance in the interior of the dwelling it was generally encouraged to come in by the door, which, like all easy going appliances in the negro quarters, was quite capable of performing several functions at once with equal ease and adaptability. In front lay a small sun-baked yard, arid and hot—the family forcing-pit of so many little dusky babies that not a growth other than human had ever found room to thrive upon it.

Inside the warm shadows sat Aunt Dinah, a stout comely figure in a tight waist, and a bright-checked headkerchief. The bright colour was in direct opposition to her face, which wore the rare melancholy of a dark skin, as she tended her old husband 'Lijah, as he lay fast fading into the universal Darkness upon his bed in the corner. He was a little frail old negro, who had never been of much account even in his own coloured world, except as an attendant on his buxom wife, and yardful of children, with whom he had regularly taken punishment and reward, praise or blame, just as Dinah had chosen to administer it without respect of persons. His hair was nearly white, but 'Lijah could not have told you his age, even approximately. It was one of the many things he had long "disremembered." In the old, old patriarchal days of the Colony, when the age of your negro, the age of your horse, were equally part of the assets of the estate, it might have been recorded for him; but in these days of emancipation a negro is expected to keep his own score on this and many other points which he would

much rather someone else remembered for him. 'Lijah's memory had long ceased to be equal to any arithmetical burdens, and he even "disremembered" how many children he had, so that Dinah, with Froebel instincts, had tied ten coloured strips of rag at intervals along the foot-rail of the low bed to remind him of his fast-waning parentage. There were other issues in the way of grandchildren, but Dinah did not tax the poor brain beyond the immediate family circle. "He sho gwine fergit them uns long 'go," she said helplessly. Her memory was good enough for both sides of the family, and that is saying a good deal—considering the family; and 'Lijah's lapse of memory is not to be wondered at, since "race suicide" is no part of the negro economy, and the addition and multiplication tables but a hardly acquired part of their education. Now the unknown span of 'Lijah's happy days, part idleness and part work, and all content, were nearly run, and his head lay back forlornly on the pillow, with a piteous look of a coloured face when illness or disease overtakes it, making strange hues in the dusky skin, and strange lines and furrows in the erstwhile cheerful, pleasant cheeks.

Dinah sat limply by his side, letting her overstrained emotions run out in a rhythmic rocking of her whole body. She was the darkest negress on the estate, but her ambition rose above her colour. She had been an "indoor negro," and had lived much up at "the House," in her younger days. "Old Miss" and "young Miss" had been dazzling blondes—"nachsul angels," Dinah called them; and Dinah, in her secret heart, had worshipped that fair whiteness and purity of tone with a pas-

sionate devotion and a wistful pang of personal longing. When "young Missy" went visiting round on the other plantations, Dinah would demand upon her return a full and minute description of all "the 'spectable cullud folk" that were employed on those estates, and after family details had been thoroughly gone into Dinah would pause, and singling out one or other of these "cullud folk" by name, as a test case, would look straight at her young mistress with a challenge in her eye, and ask:—

"Be she lighter-cullud dan yo' old Dinah, honey?" And "Missy," in her rocking-chair out on the wide Virginia verandah, knowing from long experience the answer expected of her, would say with a show of great conviction:—

"No! No! Dinah, she couldn't hold a candle to you—she was as dark as night!"

Thereupon Dinah, with a sudden accession of cheerfulness, would bridle up and say:—

"Yo's so be-flattering, Missy!" and the gratified smile on her sable countenance helped those rival shades to become darker, and prevented "Missy" from ever meeting a lighter coloured darky than Dinah in all her travels.

Dinah appraised her race by a shade-card of her own; and the uninitiated would be surprised at the many gradations that card held:—Black, heavy-black, light-black, moderate-black, yaller, light-yaller, middlin'-yaller, pale, light, cindery; no ordinary eye could follow the multiplicity of shades that Dinah's sensitive eye detected, tone within tone, upon a coloured face. No painter had so many "values" upon his palette as Dinah had; and she did not spare any of her race the full and humbling knowledge of their colour-status.

"I doan say yo' isn't a good worker, Lucindy, but yo's dark 'nuff ter turn dey clean clo'es black wid lookin' at dem," she would say to her adjutant in the laundry, shining from every pore of her own ebony skin. And Lucindy, a laughing shadow of dark humanity, would say:—

"Sho' den, yo' be light-cullud 'nuff ter turn dey clo'es back agin outen soap." For the whole population had been trained to consider Dinah a light-coloured negress. If you swear often enough that black is white and white black, you will end by getting

someone to believe you, and Dinah, as a free human agent, had arbitrarily decided that her complexion should be considered "light"; and the plantation knew well that it would be little worth any negro's while to dispute the point.

All through her married life she had carried the colour question with her. Whenever a child had been coming to her, she had prayed the same fervent prayer, with the same fervent intensity—

"Oh! Lawd, I gwine acks yo' ter make it der lightest cullud darky yo' eber made dis side ob Creation. I doan acks yo' ter make it white like de white folk's chilluns', 'case I doan want ter tax yo' powers, ner raise der envy ob de oder cabins; an' I not gwin ter pick an' choose, 'case yo' sho' know best fer de cullud folk an' de white folk; but stritch a pint fo' Dinah. Lawd, an' make it yaller-complected. Usen yo' lightest brush, and doan be too parseverin' wid dat ugly dark colour." But the Creator of little darky babies did "parsever," without altering His methods by one shade, and such a denial of her hopes would have disheartened any one but Dinah. Each little piccaninny came into the world darker and glossier than the one before it, and with none of the desired "lightness" except in the eyeballs and nails. Yet over and over again Dinah expected a miracle to be worked in her favour, and old Aunt Moriah, who came in at such times, would shake her head and say: "Sho, honey, yo' gotten der fever an' yo' light in yo' head, talkin' dat-a-way. White ain't no suitable cullur fer niggers, and 'Lijah dar doan hab no use for sech po' trash," and she would make a certain sure charm to dispel such unwholesome fancies, and tie it round her patient's dusky neck.

In spite of his weakly body and shambling gait, Dinah had chosen 'Lijah for her husband, as being the lightest-coloured of all her admirers, and now, as she sat by his bedside, the colour-question was still uppermost in her mind. She had just told him that he would soon be a nigger no longer:—" 'case der gwine be no colour up in Heben, 'Lijah; and yo' gwine be as white as yo' haar all ober up dar." But 'Lijah had evinced a terrible lack of enthusiasm,—his tired brain fought shy of these new heavenly innovations. The familiar was what he craved—Dinah's

dark face bending over him, and Dinah's dark hands to comfort him; and he had asked with sudden alarm, "How yo' gwine know yo' ole man den, Dinah?" And Dinah had wept at the question with all the *abandon* of her dramatic southern nature, vividly picturing herself embracing a whitened, shining 'Lijah, transformed at last into the secret ideal of her imagination. She did not press him to share her rapture. It would come soon enough—"case it am de gospel trufe," she said to herself, and the certainty gave her patience. Just now her mind had settled down to review the intermediate stages that must intervene before that great consummation should be reached. An idea had been gaining ground in her mind for days. It had been hatching in the slow, tedious processes of disease, and now full-fledged she had given it out to the reluctant 'Lijah. "I not gwine to bury yo' like dem low-down, no'-count niggers; I gwine to get you a white monymment, same as de white folks hab, an' eberyt'ink proper." And 'Lijah had been as conservatively uneasy at this prospect as at the other, and had feebly disclaimed all wish for so unusual a distinction. His thoughts had carried him up to the little coloured burying-ground on the hill, where he would lie, perhaps, with old Mammy at his elbow and Black Pompey at his feet, and the dark earth over him; and he blinked and shuffled as though the very thought of the staring whiteness above him was too much for his tired old eyes.

But the idea, once started, grew in Dinah's breast. It assuaged her grief in a wonderful way; and as it increased on her side with voluble strides, so it increased in visible terrors to the old man. "I doan want no white monymment, Dinah," he pleaded piteously; "A 'spectable nigger doan hab no use for sech white trash a-top o' him." Dinah was not to be turned from her purpose by such poor scruples. Her pride grew. She spoke of it to the other cabins and calculated how much of her savings it would require. It blinded her to 'Lijah's critical state, and she moved about his sick-room quite cheerfully. "Yo' gwine ter hab de best white monymment I can gib yo," she said soothingly, "an' I gwine ter 'spar no 'spence. I 'low it gwine to be jest as c'rect as de white folks hab; an' dis bery

day I gwine down der ribber ter Caleb to acks 'bounten de stone."

After his wife had set off on her anticipatory errand, 'Lijah lay and shivered helplessly. Cold sweats broke out upon him at the thought of it; but he had never disputed his wife's authority: he had obeyed her all his life, "same as de chil-luns." Despair seized upon him, as he saw himself in the negroes' burial-lot, among familiar companions, but singled out from them all by that awful white burden. A terrifying thought took possession of his scared senses. "When dey Angels come fo' de darkies on de 'Rection Mornin' dey neber gwine look fer no nigger under dat dar white stone, 'case dey neber gwine 'spicion ole 'Lijah's a-lying down dar"; and he saw himself still sleeping the sleep of Death, his rest unbroken, while all the rest of the plantation rose gloriously into the free air with harps, and crowns, and wings, himself left out, the Heaven of his homely imagination complete without him; and no one to say: "Wah am ole 'Lijah?" then. The dying man worked himself up into a frenzy of despair, as he saw the white irapediment barring him from the skies. The hunted feeling of a sick animal came over him—the longing to steal away and die alone and in secret, where no one might find him and subject him to the stigma of "the white monymment." The sands of life were nearly run, but Time stood still for 'Lijah's last action. His pulse rose higher and higher, and delirium ran in his veins as the old negro, with a supreme effort, staggered to his feet in his long, trailing bed-clothes, and with momentary strength fled out of the little cabin that had sheltered him all his life. On, on he flew, pursued by a vision of that white horror, stumbling and swaying across the valley, and along the little pathway up into the concealment of the woods, until the sudden flame flickered out, and he faltered and fell with one last gasp, face forward, his good dark cheek at rest for ever upon the good dark earth.

The sunset was on 'Lijah's side, without so much as a shred of white anywhere to hurt the feelings of any coloured child, as it flamed and burned and glowed in a triumph of colour. It turned the quiet woods into a *chapelle ardente*, and lighted up the level reaches of the long river wind-

ing under the low Virginian hills, where the rainbow hung like spun glass, and the thunder played with the forked lightning in the quick changes of the passionate southern weather. Colour everywhere, above and below, in bars of amber and orange and rose; and in such a chariot of fire was 'Lijah's spirit freed.

Consternation and dismay reigned in the Quarter when 'Lijah's absence was discovered, and Dinah, fresh from her transactions with Caleb, came home to the empty cabin to find those transactions rendered null and void by the total absence of a living or a dead 'Lijah. With a sudden reversal of all her hopes, she saw 'Lijah fallen into the river, and no grave or funeral or "white monymint" possible, and herself in the unprecedented and awful position of a widow mourning, with no grave to mourn over.

Search-parties were quickly formed, and the whole plantation ranged far and wide all night to find the wanderer. They found him at last in a sweet wild nook of Nature, where no axe had been laid to the root of any tree, and they bore him with troubled dark faces back to his own cabin, where even Dinah forgot for a moment the pomp and ceremony of Death to take back to her arms the little old man's lifeless body—the shrivelled brown husk of what had once been lover, husband, and life-long companion.

But with the restoration of 'Lijah's body came the restoration of Dinah's hopes. The aspirations that had been so nearly cheated of their fulfilment came back with renewed force; and the awed plantation saw for the first time in coloured history a white stone set upon a negro's grave. It created a wide stir in uneasy dusky circles, and 'Lijah came into a sympathetic prominence which had never been his in his life-time.

So little does the child of Afric trace a logical sequence in the events of his daily life that Dinah had never connected 'Lijah's flight with her own openly expressed purpose of "the white monymint." She had put it all down to "de fever," an all-sufficient explanation that amply covers the vagaries of the sick in the negro mind; and, therefore, the subsequent behaviour of 'Lijah under "the white monymint," and the trouble that arose therefrom, was inexplicable to her, and quite unforeseen.

Needless to say, the whole Quarter was on 'Lijah's side, partly from superstition and partly as a protest against Dinah's overweening pride. When she went "visitin' de daid," she openly disdained other humble resting-places, and plainly treated the whole burial-plot as a mere background and set-off to her own gleaming "white monymint."

In her "first mo'nin'" no one ventured to say anything to the widow, but when the period of "second mo'nin'" had begun, coloured etiquette could stand the strain no longer, and stray remarks came quickly round to Dinah's ears. Her boast that she had "gotten 'Lijah a grave same's de white folk hab," that had passed up till now with no other comment but the dismal rolling of black eyes and heads, now met with more outspoken dissent, and 'Lijah himself might have been speaking through the mouth of his dusky compatriots, so naively did they sum up his own feelings on the subject.

"Sho den, dat gwine be no comfort, ner sot'sfaction ter 'Lijah," they said to the oft-repeated boast, "'case dey in'sperienced Angels doan gwine ter be up ter yo' tricks, Dinah. When dey comes fer ter clar out de graves at de Judgment Day, dey gwine take dat white monymint fer jest a play-ornament dat doan mean nothin' 'tall. Dey gwine argy dat dar's no sorter pusson berried dar whateber, 'case no white pusson's gwine git berried in our cimitry, an' no 'spectable coloured folks gwine ter git berried under a white monymint; an' dey'll leave out po' ole 'Lijah, an' he'll git no 'Rection 'tall."

Then Dinah, forgetting her "mo'nin'," would break out: "Does yo' blasphemigous niggers tink de Lawd gwine ter 'low my 'Lijah ter stay in his grave when all yo' wuthless black niggers is a-risin' in de air? De Lawd hab de longest mem'ry dat was eber made, an' He doan gwine dis'remember my 'Lijah jest for a pack o' no-counts like yo'. De Lawd seed me a-putting dat monymint top ob 'Lijah, an' does yo' tink he gwine ter ferget what's jest under his nose? Seems ter me, yo' takes de Lawd fer a po' no-count pusson same's yo'-uns, an' yo' gwine larn yo' mistake bimeby."

Then came sinister rumours that 'Lijah "walked." No dark head would be seen near the burying-ground after dark; and

uneasy black eyes and heads rolled at the mention of it.

"He doan git no rest," they told Dinah, "what wid de weight, an' de whiteness, an' de peculiarness—a free nigger like 'Lijah ain't 'customed ter be kep' down by a stone; it sho' hurts his feelin's."

Dinah looked out across the tobacco-fields, and wished 'Lijah would have a more "resignated" mind. She resorted to all the palliatives she knew of for an unquiet spirit; and the convenient white arms of the monumental cross became the ready repository of a miscellaneous collection of charms and symbols, all calculated to induce mortuary repose. Dinah had been prepared for "de envy ob de oder cabins," but she was chagrined to find how little the distinction of the "white monymment" impressed them.

"Sho, Dinah, dat dar grave doan mo'n none—looks like it am a weddin' grave, not a funeral grave; white baint no colour fer mo'nin'," even the politest women of her circle would say. And, then, the outwardly bold but inwardly harassed widow would turn her steps to the burying-ground, and the arms of the cross would be hung with bits of black rag, and crape, and ribbon, such as Dinah could collect or borrow from former bereavements in the Quarter to lessen the bright, ungrieving aspect of the white emotionless stone. At last, so weakened did Dinah become by the wear and tear of public opinion, that the day came when she was even thankful to find that "the white monymment" cast a black shadow!

At first, when adverse reports of 'Lijah's behaviour reached her, she had been obdurate.

"I 'low yo' kin go on jest as yo' likes, 'Lijah; I doan gwine ter waste all de trouble, an' time, an' money I laid out on yo'; an' yo' gotten ter lie down, an' bear it Christianly. We all dun got our trials ter bear, an' life am a far sight mo' trial-some dan death, any way," she would say, trying to keep up a philosophic composure. It surprised and perplexed her—this passive resistance on the part of the meek, departed 'Lijah, who had never in life opposed her lightest wish, and had always deferred to her single opinion. Now from the safe vantage-ground of another world, where no persuasions, threats, or influence

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"Credible" of 'Lijah.

"Lawd, fix 'Lijah up so as he'll stay quiet, an' walk none. Tell him it's jest bedt for dey ole chilluns, an' he's sho' ter rest," was Dinah's constant cry on behalf of her refractory old husband. But 'Lijah proved more and more "obnoxious," and so many and grievous were the inuendoes that reached his widow, that after awhile it began to prey heavily on Dinah's spirits. She had had him buried "p'op'ly"; the minister of the local "coloured church" had delivered a funeral oration, the longest on record; and the whole plantation had helped at the final ceremony—yet the oppressed 'Lijah could not rest.

Dinah kept up a great appearance of indifference, and treated all remarks with outward disdain, but after flinging scorn and defiance right and left at the Quarter, she would wend her way to the burying-ground, and wrestle secretly with the problem of "the white monymment" on her knees.

"Lawd, Lawd, yo' sho' know dat I doan gwine ter 'rect dis monymment outen pride. Doan believe none ob dem, Lawd. I 'rect it fer my ole man 'Lijah; an' jest as de oder 'Lijah got histed up ter Heben in a chariot ob fire, so I tinks my 'Lijah gwine git to Heben quicker dan oder folks ef I give him a sorter lift-up wid dat dar white monymment. I jest 'lowed it gwine be a short cut fer dis 'Lijah, 'case he wur de slowest nigger yo' eber made, an' he doan have no sorter chance ter git dat long way 'thouten he can git some sech 'vantage ter pull him t'ro' de clouds."

After this, Dinah tried humouring the dead. She sought the corner of an old drawer where her few treasures were stored—such flotsam and jetsam of her long married life as the ravages of time and the borrowing of friends had left to her and produced a piece of her wedding veil and an old bunch of "superficial" orange blossom. These were hung with due ceremony on the already overcrowded tomb, to take off any strangeness there might be, and reconcile 'Lijah to his position. Under such highly-prized decorations 'Lijah might surely rest, and feel at home; but

peace was not to be obtained even at this price, and all appeals to 'Lijah's better feelings were in vain. Groans were heard, and lamentations, such as no emotional dark mind could contemplate with composure; and the rumours of them spread, and disturbed the nightly rest of other plantations. The glory of "the white monymment" began to fade even in Dinah's eyes, since 'Lijah's inexplicable behaviour had made it so harrowing a failure. She almost wished she had buried him in oblivion, in the anonymous rest of the other graves.

"He neber had no sorter pride," was all Dinah could say in extenuation of his wilful rejection of the unique distinction she had obtained for him at the cost of all her savings. Yet in the night-watches she would cheerfully have given double this sum, if she had possessed it, to get "'Lijah's sperrit laid";—for 'Lijah haunted her. She could not look out into the yard without seeing a retrospective line of little dark heads along the fence like a row of blackbirds, and 'Lijah among them, the lightest-hearted of the lot; or venture under the maple that spread its thick-fingered leaves over the roof, without seeing 'Lijah soothing an ailing child or devising some new scheme of enjoyment for a healthy one in its shade. When she woke in the night, it was again to see 'Lijah pacing the floor with a teething child in trouble on his shoulder. After setting an example of connubial felicity to the Quarter for forty years, it was hard upon Dinah that she should be "harnted" like the most careless and faithless of wives, and Dinah felt the disgrace. It was not as tho' she had taken her "mo'nin'" lightly, like Keziah, who had not so much as tacked a black bow on her frock when Sambo died, whereas Dinah had cast everything into the dye-pot without reserve; nor as tho' she had been faithless to his memory, like Cassandry, who, "smiling at grief," had taken another husband in the incredibly short space of two months; tho' Dinah herself had had more than one "legible" offer already, on the strength of her cooking. 'Lijah had had the best of treatment in his grave, and Dinah's decorous behaviour had been a model to the slacker widows of the community. Yet, what comfort was there in the knowledge

of her own immaculate widowhood, if 'Lijah ignored his post-mortuary blessings, and haunted her just as if she had been one of those low-class failures she so despised in the matrimonial market? Dinah's groans became quite as awe-inspiring as 'Lijah's subterranean grief; and never had a couple, over the chasm of the grave, so accordantly mingled their tears before.

It was when the old disused wooden cradle in the corner started mysteriously rocking of its own accord, impelled as she well knew by the invisible black foot of the best father on the estate in his time, that Dinah finally gave way. Her susceptible nature could stand the strain of these mute appeals no longer, and in tears and pain her idol was relinquished.

When Dinah accepted the inevitable, so hard a task for all poor mortals of whatever colour, she accepted it in no half-hearted fashion. With the easy re-adjustment and lavish acceptance of her quick-moving race, she flung all her ardour into the task of renunciation, wreathing it round with flowers of eloquence, and picturesque flights of self-condemnation.

"It am my 'settin' sin," she promptly acknowledged; "an' de Debil come temptin' po' Dinah wid his ole paint-box, an' sorter disinfected me, 'case white am sech a lubly colour. He doan tempt old Dinah wid his common yallors an' reds, but he knowed dat de white gwine fetch d's chile quick sho'."

And then since action runs hard on resolution, in simple minds, the repentant Dinah took steps to pacify 'Lijah that very day.

The sunset glowed and burned and flamed in a triumph of colour, just as it had done on the night that 'Lijah had fled into the woods, without so much as a shred of white anywhere to remind Dinah of her besetting sin, when she started forth out of her lot, with a little swing-pot in one hand and a large white-washing brush in the other. If you look in the pot, you will see, however, that it contains no whitewash, but what Dinah in unregenerate days would certainly have called "De Debil's own colour." She threaded her way ponderously down by the corn-brakes, where the field-hands were at work, and crossing the creek by the bridge, climbed slowly up the other side to the "coloured" burying-ground.

The white cross shone like a beacon from afar, but Dinah saw it through renunciatory tears.

"I's come, 'Lijah," she said, "I's come."

Then she settled herself down to work. The brush twirled round in the soft black mixture, and then, first one shining arm of the Cross, and then the other underwent a gloomy transformation. Dinah worked her way right down to the base, with soft passage to and fro of the pliant brush, until the "monymment" matched her own sable cheeks. No one could say the grave did not "mo'n prop'ly" now. In its present profundity of gloom it seemed to mourn for the whole burial-yard collectively; as if every tear, and sigh, and heart-ache that had even been felt there had concentrated itself, and found outward expressions in its depth of unimpeachable blackness. It aspired with dusky grief, striking a new chord of harmony and peace in this little God's Acre of the coloured race, which

even Dinah in the throes of renunciation could not but feel.

"Black folks hab got ter stay black, an' white folks hab got ter stay white, and only de Lawd can change dem, I reckon," was the biological law that Dinah's dark mind had finally grasped.

She finished her task, heated and breathless, but beaming with content.

"Now, yo' kin jest gwi ter rest, 'Lijah, honey, till de 'Rection Day; an' den in de twinklin' ob an eye, dat black paint gwine ter come off dat dar cross, an' off ob yo' an' me. I gwine ter wait der Lawd's own time an' I gwine be in no rush 'tall 'bout it."

After the conversion of "the white monymment" into a black one, a second service was held, and a second oration was delivered by way of formal recantation. Then the plantation went back to its ordinary routine, and Nature, justified of her coloured children, was at peace.

LOVE AND SORROW

By J. DRINKWATER

GUARDING the gates of birth,
Silent two forms stand alone,
One of the breath of earth,

And one of the great unknown;
As deep the world is awed
To the new-born soul they move,
One of Sorrow the lord,
And one the lady of Love.

Moving with silent tread,
Each a humming bowl doth hold,
One that is wrought of lead,
And one that is beaten gold;
The leaden bowl is filled
With tears from all ancient strife,
From love's gold bowl is spilled
The crystal water of life.

Man sees them not, nor dreams
Of their gifts of life and death,
When first the earth-light beams,
And he feels the earth-wind's breath;
A fairy voice he hears,
And a spirit charm he feels—
Till knowledge, born of years,
The lord of Sorrow reveals.

And pre-ordained by fate
Each man drains the leaden bowl,
And learns of grief and hate,
Of sin and travail of soul;
Weeping and bitter woe,
Deep-drawn from the under world,
Envy, of peace the foe,
From the topmost heaven hurled.

And none can soothe the pain,
Or the hell-wrought suffering calm,
Or bring sweet bliss again.
Save Love with her healing balm;
Patient she waits till man
Shall feel her presence blest.
Waits a year or a span,
Till he seeks her bosom's rest.



FIG. 1. SILVER GILT RELIQUARY.

PUBLIC museums and private collections are filled with treasures of Spanish art, and yet on almost every day, in recent years, has a new marvel been unearthed from its hiding place in some once famous cathedral or convent.

But this is now a thing of the past, and the millionaire-collector, the curio hunter and the connoisseur must seek happier hunting fields; for an edict has lately gone forth from the government of King Alfonso XIII. forbidding the further sale of these relics of Spain's glorious past.

Comparatively little is left to her, but to those who know the history of her downfall it is a wonder that so much has escaped the sacrilegious vandalism of the invader and the indifference or, perhaps, the impecuniosity of her sons.

Señor Juan F. Riaño in his history of Spanish Art tells us that when the foreign invaders plundered the Escorial, they broke open the jewelled caskets of rock crystal and gold and silver and, throwing the relics they contained into baskets which they gave back to the monks, they gathered up the precious

By ETHEL BEAUGEARD

Illustrated from the Collection of the Spanish Art Gallery, Conduit Street, London

stones and other jewels and filled ten carts with them. And this is but a single instance. Some idea of the fabulous wealth of Spain, of the treasures of Art in her churches and cathedrals in the days of her grandeur, can be gathered by a glance at the early books of travel. We learn from one traveller of the XVIth century that the gigantic carved sideboards of the noblemen and their banqueting tables groaned under the weight of massive gold and silver plate. If this could be said of the laity, we can imagine what the treasures of the church must have been in a country where rich and poor, monarch and subject, artist and artizan gave of their best to God.

The cathedral of Toledo was among the most richly endowed, and another traveller visiting Spain about this time writes of it: "The cathedral is rich in treasures and full of numberless ecclesiastical ornaments and other objects left to the church by different Kings and archbishops. There is much cloth of gold and many pearls and precious stones, and among other things monstrances and tabernacles to hold the body of Christ, entirely of gold and



FIG. 2. SILVER-GILT MONSTRANCE SET WITH JEWELS.

silver, with jewels on every side, said to be worth 30,000 ducats."

Not less rich were the cathedrals of Santiago, of Oviedo, of León and Seville, and the church of Granada which is full of the sumptuous gifts of Ferdinand and Isabella. This reign, indeed, saw the birth of the Art of Spain which reached its apogee in the days of Charles V. and continued to flourish under his son Philip II., in spite, or perhaps because, of Torquemada and his "Auto-da-fés," for in all Christendom

then, and in Spain more particularly, Art and Religion were one.

The conquest of Granada was the paving stone, as it were, for as Sir William Stirling Maxwell tells us "it was not until that chivalrous host had sung its solemn 'Te Deum'—till the "Grand Cardinal arrayed in vestments embroidered by the fair and pious hands of the Queen, had said the first Mass within the mosque of the Alhambra that Spain enjoyed the peace necessary for the growth of Art." And speaking of Isabella, he continues: "She built and endowed churches, and worked chasubles and dalmatics and processional banners for the clergy." Of these chasubles and dalmatics with their wealth of gold and silver, and jewels, and fairy-like embroidery I shall speak later on, for the chisel of the goldsmith must take precedence over the needle and the loom.

And who were these master goldsmiths, whose skill and cunning in their art we so admire? Very little, indeed, is known of them. A few great names have come down to us, such as Juan d'Arphe, a native of Germany, who settled in León early in the XVth century, and founded a family of celebrated goldsmiths there. The name of Fra Juan de Segovie, a Jeronymite monk, was also famous in the XVth century for his exquisitely delicate work. But very few of their productions remain, for the good people of the middle ages, unlike ourselves, had not the *culte du passé*, and unblushingly melted down the most precious handiwork to have it remoulded in the latest mode of the moment. However, one of the masterpieces of Arphe's has defied the "whips and scorns of time." It is a Gothic custodia, with an inner shrine of pure gold. "The whole," Sir William Stirling Maxwell writes, "is a dazzling maze of fretwork and pinnacles, flying buttresses, pierced parapets, and en-

riched niches, amongst which are distributed two hundred and sixty exquisite statuettes."

Of the illustrations reproduced here, Figure 2 is a photograph of a monstrance or custodia found in an old monastery in Spain. These monstrances may be said to represent the art of two centuries. The word custodia may signify in Spanish either a tabernacle or a monstrance, which latter is sometimes called a viril, to distinguish it from the custodia proper.

Fig. 2 dates from the XVIth century, and is of most elaborate and intricate workmanship, the delicate carving and endless variety of design forming the setting for a multitude of precious stones, of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, garnets and topazes.

The monstrance or custodia in which the consecrated host is exposed has always been made of the richest materials and executed by the ablest and most skilful artists from the earliest days of the Christian church, when it usually took the form of a dove, on whose breast the host was exposed. These dove-shaped monstrances may still be seen, either in the Cluny Museum in Paris, or the Museum of Amiens.

The early Christians had mastered the art of symbolism in their liturgical ornaments and vestments. This is very apparent in the form of their reliquaries which were not unfrequently fashioned in the shape of the relic they contained. The head of St. Candide in the church of St. Maurice d'Azaune is contained in a reliquary in the form of a bust of this saint. The same church possesses an arm of St. Bernard in a casket, in the form of an arm raised in benediction. A bone of the foot of St. Alard was placed in a reliquary shaped like a foot, which may be seen at the Cluny



FIG. 3. GOTHIC SILVER CENSER.

Museum. The number of relics once to be found in the Escorial, and other churches and monasteries in Spain, is almost inconceivable, and as each was duly enshrined in a priceless casket, it follows that the goldsmiths of Spain were not long idle. Precious relics were brought to Philip II. from every quarter of the globe to tax the skill and ingenuity of the artists in devising a fitting resting place for them.

Among the most remarkable of these treasures were the tower of gold and jasper containing a muscle of St. Lawrence, and the small statue of St.

Michael, entirely of diamonds, in the Cathedral of Valencia. The most common form for these reliquaries was a little silver gilt shrine, a perfect miniature of the Gothic architecture of the period.

Fig. 1 of the present collection is a

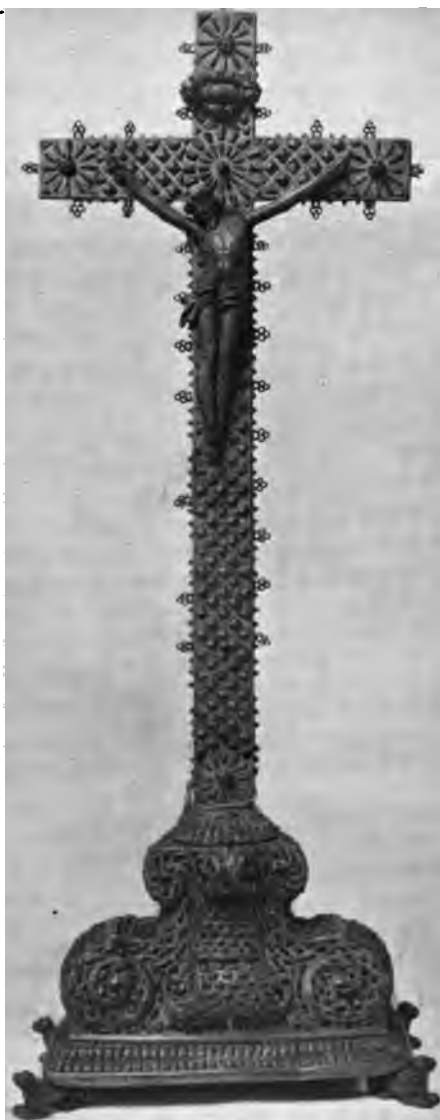


FIG. 4. BRASS CRUCIFIX OF THE XVIIITH CENTURY.

silver gilt reliquary that might be called an offshoot of this style, composed as it is of tiers of Gothic spires and arches.

The silver censer, however (Fig. 3), is more like a miniature church in its perfect imitation of the great stone piles of spires, ogivales, and gargoyles of the Middle Ages.

The cathedral of Seville possesses a unique censer in gold, interesting from the fact that, according to tradition, it was made, together with a gold cross belonging to the Cathedral, from a nugget of gold presented by Christopher Columbus on his return from the New World.

An early form of ciborium or *coupon*, as it is called in Spain (another form of custodia in the shape of a covered chalice) can be seen among the treasures of the collection at the Spanish Art Gallery, in London, belonging to a whole set of church plate of the XVth century, bearing the arms of the donor, the Duque de Frias.

The British Museum possesses an enamelled ciborium which, though belonging to another style and period, also bears the arms of the House of Frias, and, curiously enough, was once treasured in the same convent in Spain from which came the set above-mentioned.

The two crosses here reproduced must be studied closely for all the delicacy of their tracery and carving to be properly appreciated.

Fig. 4, a brass crucifix of the XVIIth century, owes its beauty principally to the happy effect of the cut nuggets of coral studded over the brass background. The figure of Christ is beautifully carved, and is also of coral.

Fig. 5 is a processional cross in bronze of the XVIth century, ornamented with enamelled plates, and the figure of Christ in silver.

Another processional cross of the

same century, is entirely of silver. The exquisite delicacy and variety of its ornament are quite beyond description. There is a cross in the cathedral of León almost identical in style and form with that in this collection. An authority on the art of the goldsmiths of Spain considers this work as typical of the transition between the Gothic and plateresque style which heralded the dawn of the XVIth century. Our author also tells us that the Spanish goldsmiths, who up to that time had been inspired by the architecture of the period, now, on the contrary, influenced it in their turn, for the style of the Renaissance was called in Spain *plateresco*, from the word *platero*, meaning goldsmith. The transition was gradual, for Arphe, the master goldsmith, records that the Gothic style was not wholly abandoned. Thus the greater part of the works of this epoch partake equally of the two periods, as witness the cross of León and the one in this collection, the base of which is unmistakably Gothic while the upper portion is decidedly Renaissance in character.

We will now leave the goldsmiths, and turn our attention to the looms of Almeria and Andalusia, whence came the rich silk and cloth of gold to make those costly vestments for the church, the magnificence of which was further enhanced by the addition of artistic pictorial embroidery.

There were, of course, in those days professional embroiderers as well as professional weavers; but a very considerable portion of the lovely work we see was done by the nuns and the Spanish ladies who followed the example of their good Queen Isabella, and employed

their abundant leisure in these Penelopean tasks:—

“And ye lovely ladies
 “With your long fingers
 “That ye have silk and sandal
 “To sowe, when tyme is,
 “Chasibles for chapeleyns
 “Chirches to honour.”

Two chasubles are given here as fairly representative specimens of the magnificent vestments in the collection brought together by the well-known expert, Mr. Lionel Harris, of the Spanish Art Gallery.

Fig. 6 is of the rich red velvet for which Andalusia was famous. It be-



FIG. 5. PROCESSIONAL CROSS IN BRONZE, WITH THE FIGURE IN SILVER.

longs to the XVth century. The photograph has not reproduced the peculiar little tufts of gold thread with which it is studded, and which is so characteristic of the velvet of that period.



FIG. 6. XVTH CENTURY EMBROIDERED CHASUBLE IN RED VELVET.

The orphreys of this chasuble are formed of embroidered figures of saints in Gothic niches. The custom of pictorial embroidery dates from the very earliest days of the Christian church, and was not restricted to ecclesiastical ornament. The fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Byzantium wore their

clothes pictured all over with subjects from the New Testament, causing ancient Fathers of the church to severely reprove them for wearing the gospel on their backs instead of in their hearts.

The chasubles of the first priests or Christendom were not the stiff ungainly affairs they became later. They were originally seamless circular pieces of stuff with a hole for the head, and when



FIG. 7. CHASUBLE RICHLY EMBROIDERED IN GOLD.

worn, fell round the wearer in graceful folds. They required considerable manipulation, however, to enable the priest to use his arms, hence their present practical, if not highly artistic, form. Nevertheless, the chasuble has never been cut or seamed, for, according to tradition, "whole and entire must it be



FIG. 8. EMBROIDERED PANEL WITH LIFE-LIKE FIGURES OF ANIMALS.

in every part as the emblem of perfect Faith." The *penula* of the Romans was the first chasuble which, from being worn by the officiating priests in the catacombs, became a liturgical garment. The green chasuble of St. Thomas à Becket in the cathedral of Sens is of the original graceful form.

Fig. 7 is another valuable chasuble of the XVIth century, richly embroidered in gold and bearing the donor's arms.

From the XIIth century, church vestments, and even lay garments, were profusely embroidered with arms and heraldic devices. The Syon Cope in South Kensington Museum is a lovely specimen of heraldic embroidery, not to mention the chasuble in the possession of the church of Biville in France studded with the fleur de lys and the three towered castle of Castile, or that of the Church of Briennon (Yonne) decorated with orphreys of samit powdered with the fleur de lys and emblazoned with the arms of Philippe d'Evreux, King of Navarre.

The arms of England, with those of other noble families, are found even now, we are told, on vestments. The unfortunate Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, was condemned for high treason for no other reason than that a church vestment of white silk embroidered with the arms of England, was found in her wardrobe.

Animals, whether woven or embroidered, are constantly portrayed with life-like accuracy on liturgical vestments or draperies, sometimes used symbolically, at others forming part of the design peculiar to the Oriental looms from which the best stuffs then came. In fact, so famed were these stuffs that the Christian weavers of Syria, and even Sicily and Spain, in order to sell their wares, did not scruple to imitate the Oriental designs, even to the mystic "*homa*," or tree of life, which was never absent from any textile fabrics coming from a Persian loom, and was looked upon by Europeans as the hall-mark of the genuine article.

We have a fine specimen of Sicilian

silk in the chasuble of Saint Rambert-sur-Loire of the XIth century. It is of the old graceful form, and of silk on which gold filigree forms compartments for two doves and two lions rampant, alternately facing each other. The

hall-mark of the Saracenic loom as the "*homa*" did of the Persian. In this collection an exceedingly rare specimen of the XVIth century may be Morisco-Spanish material, as the Saracenic looms of Spain were called. However,



FIG. 9. THREAD-LACE ALB OF GREAT DELICACY AND BEAUTY.

chasuble of St. Sernin of Toulouse belongs to an earlier period, and comes from an Oriental loom. It is of rich samit, on which exquisitely coloured peacocks front each other with the mystic "*homa*" between them.

The eagle, the emblem of royalty in every land, continually figures on Oriental or Christian textiles. The double-headed eagle came to be the

as the double-headed eagle and crown which form the design belong to the Royal arms of Hapsbourg, it is not improbable that this stuff was especially manufactured for Charles V., the more so, that the pomegranates forming part of the design were ever the emblems of royalty, from their crests taking the form of a crown. This stuff is shot, or changeable as they called it in those

days; one side is red, shot with yellow, and the other yellow, shot with red. There are in this collection in London some 170 yards of this rare material which probably once adorned a royal palace.

An interesting specimen of the life-like portrayal of animals with the needle is seen in Fig. 8. It is but one of many panels dating from the XVIIth century, and presents a dazzling floral design of pink, green, and mauve, gracefully twining round cocks, birds, butterflies, pelicans, snakes, and other animals.

Another very rare textile in the Spanish Art Gallery dates from the XVth century. The design is formed of ruby velvet on a gold ground. Though coming from a Spanish Convent, like most of the treasures in the present collection, it may nevertheless be of Florentine origin, for the design formed of flowered artichokes was peculiar to Italy. Andalusia, however, was famous for her velvets, and the Spanish velvets with the design raised pile upon pile were greatly prized. There is an example of velvet similar to this specimen in the South Kensington Museum, and having the same peculiarity of the little loops of gold thread.

Fig. 10 is part of a stole showing the



FIG. 10. PART OF STOLE EMBROIDERED IN GOLD AND COLOURS; XVTH. CENTURY.

figure of a saint embroidered in gold and colours, and dates from the latter part of the XVth century. The stole is a narrow vestment worn round the neck of the officiating priest, and is symbolical of the yoke of Christ. It gene-

rally matches the other vestments of a set, which usually consist of a chasuble, a dalmatic, a cope, altar frontal, and smaller items. We are told that the cathedral of Toledo possesses about forty sets of vestments all exquisitely embroidered. The stole is usually edged with a fringe of gold and precious stones, but a very curious custom in the early church was that of edging both stole and maniple with little bells, presumably to call the attention of the faithful to the solemn moments of the Mass, for, as Pope Gregory writes, "The bell's are the voice of him, who in God's name is both apt to teach and bold to rebuke."

A cope dating from the seventeenth century is another notable treasure in this Gallery. A cope is a very ample and majestic vestment used on solemn occasions. It was originally called *pluviale*, from its having been worn by the priests in the early days of the church as a protection, during processions, from the inclemency of the weather.

No picture could adequately render the grace of its voluminous folds, the bright peculiar green of the rich velvet that three centuries have not tarnished; the dazzling maze of design, or the beautifully-assorted colours of the embroidered flowers, butterflies, and birds, as fresh as if the last stitch had been put but yesterday? It comes upon us as we handle this lovely old-time handiwork, that such efforts and patience could only be the outcome of a very perfect and childlike faith. Every stitch was a labour of love to those cloistered nuns, and the noble dames and maidens in their bowers.

The lace Alb, Fig. 9, with which I shall close this paper, is yet another example of inconceivable patience and skill. It is a heavy white thread lace of

a very intricate and close design in arabesque. Its great value arises principally from the unusual width of the flounce, which is unique of its kind. An Alb answering to this description once belonged to the treasury of the cathedral of Grenada, and was stated by Mrs. Palliser, the great authority on lace, to have been the gift of Ferdinand and Isabella. But unfortunately it was proved by Señor Juan F. Riaño to be of a later date.

Mrs. Palliser tells us that Cardinal Newman informed her that he had officiated in this alb which was valued at 10,000 crowns. Whether the alb reproduced here is the identical one under discussion or not, it certainly came from Spain, and Señor Riaño's opinion on the lace alb of Granada will not seem amiss here. "Notwithstanding" he writes "the opinion of so competent an authority as Mrs. Palliser, I doubt the statement, finding no proof to support it, that thread lace of very fine or artistic kind was ever made in Spain. The lace alb which is mentioned to prove this as existing at Granada, and said to be a gift of Ferdinand and Isabella, is, in reality, Flemish lace of the XVIIth century. The chasuble and other splendid ecclesiastical vestments embroidered on crimson velvet were certainly the gifts of these monarchs, and if Cardinal Newman officiated in these vestments, it is probable he may have made a mistake, and not separated the alb from the chasuble, which may indeed be worth 10,000 crowns."

Should the alb reproduced here be the much-discussed alb of Granada, it would have, apart from its exquisite work and rare value, an added interest, and become somewhat of a relic to Roman Catholics in England from its association with their great and beloved Cardinal,

SIMPLY DONE
A TALE OF A BREACH OF PROMISE
By A. WALLIE

CAPTAIN Simon Simple was the kind of man who never quarrelled with anyone—not even with his wife.

“Look you here, lass,” he would say to that lady when she seemed disposed to raise the temperature in the matrimonial thermometer. “Loo’k you here —if it’s pleasin’ to you to rag me a bit, then rag away and welcome. I’m real glad to have you to do it, and if it’s a gratification like to yourself, then we’re both satisfied in a manner o’ speakin’. So there’s no call for you to hold your tongue on account o’ me.”

He leant back in his chair on one occasion as he gave forth this dictum, and gazed beamingly from over his pipe at his helpmeet. Usually she would kiss him on his big good-natured face, and tell herself that all women did not know what she was getting off, but, this time, she did the contrary she drew herself further away from him, and nearer the lamp, where she attempted vainly to thread a needle, so great was her agitation.

“It’s no use you being so easy about it this time, Simon,” she returned, in a voice indicative of tears. “I never liked your bringing the woman to Longport at all, and now you see what’s come of it.”

“It might have been worse,” responded the captain cheerfully. “She might ha’ made trouble ’twixt me and you, my dear, ’stead o’ catchin’ young Tankard.”

“It’s no fault of Mrs. Lois Collins that she hasn’t made trouble between

us,” retorted Mrs. Simple, with vicious emphasis, “and whether you would not have been to blame if there had been trouble I won’t say. I don’t see why you needed to recommend her at all to father as a housekeeper.”

“Well,” Simon answered placably, “seein’ I was taking his housekeeper away from him when I married you, I don’t think I could have done less. Besides she was the widow of a shipmate, left ill enough off through her husband being lost at sea, and, though he wasn’t maybe all he might have been, that’s nothing against her that I knows on.”

“There’s plenty against her now—such flirting and carryings on hasn’t been seen in Longport since it was a harbour. And here now she’s summonsed Peter Tankard for breach of promise, and you won’t lift your hand to help him though he offers you good money to do it, as he can well afford to do. If you’re refusing for the sake of that widow, Simon, I’ll never forgive you—never.”

Mrs. Simple’s handkerchief appeared at this stage, but not even that threat affected Simon’s equanimity.

“There’s no call to turn on the tap over that notion, my lass,” he replied with assurance, “for I wouldn’t swop your little finger nail for a score o’ Mrs. Collinses complete, and rigged out to the nines. Besides what the young man proposes ain’t no earthly manner o’ use at all to him.”

“He wants you to give him a passage away from all the bother of the trial, and says he’ll give you one hun-

dred good solid sovereigns to do it," explained the lady, who always had an eye to the main chance.

"Just so—and if he didn't show up, what would happen but that the jury would say he'd nothing to say for himself, and make the damages accordin'. It won't do, Madge, my honey; folk as dig pits, as Scriptur' says, doesn't need to howl out when they tumbles into them, and I'll take no man's money for giving him a lift out when I can't do it."

The captain's arguments were more convincing than his metaphors, and his wife, for tactical reasons, deemed it wise to fall back on a fresh position.

"Well, well," she said, "have your own way, and don't blame me; but I told Mr. Tankard you were to be at home to-night, and he said he'd look in to see you. That's him now I reckon," she added, as a knock sounded at the hall door.

Mrs. Simple—she had been Miss Ribbles, daughter of the chandler, before her marriage—indulged in the luxury of a maid-of-all-work, who presently ushered in—not the expected visitor—but Mrs. Lois Collins. She was a brisk young woman of indubitably good looks, and with nothing of the widow about her attire, unless an almost infinitesimal fragment of crape showing in her somewhat rakish bonnet was indicative of the final fading of her grief. Her black eyes flashed defiantly as she greeted Mrs. Simple.

"I wanted just a word alone on business with the captain," she explained suavely, "and as I heard the *Carey* had come in last tide, I thought I'd catch him here."

"Catch is just the proper word," began the other lady, preparing for bittle—but her husband interrupted hostilities.

"I'm sure Madge don't mind my givin' you just ten minutes," he said

placably, addressing the newcomer, but with a significant lowering of one eyelid towards his wife, and Mrs. Simple—who knew she would hear all after if she went, and nothing if she stayed—disappeared, with head in air, saying she'd see after supper meantime.

"Captain Simple," the visitor began appealingly, as soon as the door had closed, "I want you to help me."

"I'd be proud to do that," he responded promptly.

"I want you," she went on, "to give evidence for me in my case against Mr. Tankard—you know how ill he has treated me?"

"I'd as soon not," objected Simon, his face falling for the first time, at the prospect of an outpouring of the lady's woes. "You see, there's always two sides to a question, in a manner o' speakin', and I'm no lawyer. They're paid high for listening to them," he added, with seeming inconsequence.

"So you would be," returned Mrs. Collins quickly, "if you gave evidence. Mr. Buddle, the lawyer—you know he is fighting the case for me—said I might tell you that he'd pay thirty pounds if you'd agree to appear and say what you know of the loss of my late dear husband."

She raised a black-edged scrap of cambric to her eyes, and Simon watched her meditatively.

"Seems a heap o' dollars for very little," he commented, "and I know no more nor you do—maybe."

"But you're a sailor, and could testify how his ship was missing. Then, of course, the fee would have to cover your expenses and the cost of putting another master in the *Carey* whilst you were attending the court."

Simple digested this, his eyes twinkling as he kept them fixed on the face of his companion.

"What's Buddle to get out of this?"

he asked abruptly, and the widow blushed furiously at the question.

"Why," she stammered, taken aback by it, "you're an old friend, and won't turn it over; but, the truth is, that—well—that Mr. Buddle would like me to become Mrs. Buddle, when this case is over."

The captain laughed until the tears ran down his face.

"Trust them lawyers for gettin' value," he exclaimed, through his guffaws. "The likes o' me is as innocent as any babby aside them, but I'm death on pleasin' folk, when I can, so I'll come to the trial. When is it?"

"The seventh of next month, in London," answered the visitor, delighted at her success, "That is just ten days from now."

"Then I'll see Mr. Buddle afore I sail," remarked Simon promptly, "and get the money, or writin' for it, in case o' accidents. But you're a deep 'un," he broke out again admiringly; "To think the way you're working—"

Mrs. Simple's entrance interrupted the conclusion of the sentence, and the widow, accepting her return as an indication that she should terminate her call, took her leave shortly afterwards. She had not long gone when there was another knock at the door, and Mr. Peter Tankard was announced. He was a very young man, tall and well knit, but with a vacant look in his face, which provided a hint as to how he had come to yield to the fascinations of Mrs. Lois. As the son of a wealthy manufacturer of the neighbourhood, lately deceased, he would have been a remarkably good match for the old ship-chandler's housekeeper, and he was evidently in deadly fear of the ordeal of the coming trial.

"I think you might let me go away with you," he urged Captain Simple, after he had duly saluted the sailor and

his spouse. "I'll stow myself away, and nobody need be the wiser, and I'll make it well worth your while to keep me out of the road until this beastly business is over?"

Simple shook his head, reiterating the arguments he had used to his wife, to which the young man gave a gloomy assent.

"It's all perfectly true," he agreed, "though I can't say I'm not disappointed, for I came to you knowing you to be a good-natured man, and thinking you would help me. But I've been an ass, and I suppose I must face the music as my lawyer tells me is best, as well as yourself. He told me too, by the way," the speaker went on desperately, "to ask you if you would mind giving evidence as to what you knew of Lois—of Mrs. Collins, I mean."

Again the captain made a sign in the negative; his face maintaining its customary cheerfulness as he did so.

"I'm main sorry," he returned, "to refuse anybody anything, but I've just promised the lady that I'll be there to say a word for her—of course she pays my expenses," he added, "and that's something to count on."

"I'll give you fifty pounds to come on my side," returned Tankard, catching at his meaning, and with a happy disregard of the law of evidence.

"No," announced Simple, "my word's passed, in a manner o' speakin', and I wouldn't go for to disappoint the poor widow woman."

Tankard commenced a comment uncomplimentary to the lady, but the other stopped him.

"T'aint never no good slanging nobody," he said. "What I'd do in your shoes," he suggested suavely, "would be to offer a reward like—same as if 'twas murder or fire raisin'—to the man that got you out of the mess."

Mrs. Simple raised her hand expositively.

"Simon!" she exclaimed, "however can you be so coldblooded to say such a—"

"That's all right," the visitor interrupted, with more acumen than he usually exhibited. "I think your husband's idea a capital one, and will give five hundred pounds to any person who will rid me of the affair before I make a fool of myself in the witness box."

"That's the business way to put it," commented Simple as beamingly as usual. "Now I'm goin' to sea wi' the mornin' tide, bound for Aberdeen, and I'll be aboard the *Carey* till the trial comes on. So I'm not to be in the way o' doin' much, and you needn't count on it, but what I can do I will."

Tankard failed to appreciate the other's cheerfulness over this doubtful offer of assistance, but Simon would not say more, and the harassed visitor took his departure in very bad spirits indeed. Then the captain turned to his helpmeet.

"It's a pity folks worries themselves, Madge, lass," he remarked, yawning sleepily. "I never does, and yet things works out right mostly wi' me—the world's no ways more cantankerous nor people makes it."

These philosophical views of the master and owner of the little steamer *Carey* did not prevent that vessel from leaving Longport at the time appointed the following morning, or from duly making its passage to the northern port Simon had named to Tankard. Having discharged there it cleared out light for the south again, but, near the Bell Rock, Captain Simple decided upon a change of course.

"Keep her in for the Firth," he said suddenly to his mate. "I've a notion to see whether there's a cargo to be picked up about Pitmouth."

So the *Carey's* anchor went down

into the mud that decorates the approach to that coal-begrimed creek, and the *Carey's* skipper betook himself ashore, just as the coal trimmers were knocking off work for their midday meal. From a doorway Simon watched them file past him, then his eyes brightened, and he moved out from his shelter.

"What cheer, Tommy!" he called, bringing his hand down on the back of a man who had just gone by, in such boisterous fashion as to rouse a thick cloud of black dust from his jacket. "What cheer?" he reiterated heartily. "Ain't you got no eyes, Thomas, for an old chum?"

The worker thus rudely accosted, turned, a startled look on his ebonised face.

"So you've hit on me again," he said, holding out his hand. "I'd as soon you 'adn't—I'm lying low."

"You're lying dirty," Simple grinned back, "but come aboard and I'll give you soap, and a bite o' dinner, wi' a drop to wash your throat. Come on—I'm in the roads, and the boat's at the stairs."

The man demurred, but the sailor good-humouredly put his objections aside, and they were soon together on the *Carey's* deck, where Simple whispered some directions to his mate before accompanying his visitor below.

Down there neither the promised wash nor the meal seemed to brighten the newcomer, who responded to all his friend's remarks in monosyllables, until the latter produced a bottle of whiskey. Then his tongue was loosed a little.

"She treated me real bad," he said suddenly, after a big pull at a strongly mixed glass, "and I'm not saying I was not glad to have the chance of being shot of her, cheap. But a man gets lonely, and coal trimming is poor work for me that has a mate's ticket, and might get a skipper's."

"'Tis so," agreed the other sympathetically. "The best way's to take it easy as it comes—that's my motto. Besides, she don't know where you are, and, I s'pose, wouldn't have you if she did?"

He refilled his companion's glass as he spoke, and the man took a swig at the solid spirit ere answering.

"Wouldn't she?" he returned, his voice thickening; "that's just where you're wrong, Captain—Shimple Simon."

He collapsed into a huddled heap upon the settee, and Simon, after adjusting his head comfortably upon the table before him, adjourned to the *Carey's* bridge.

"We'll go ahead," he said there to his mate, "for London. I'm bound to be there anyway to give evidence, and I reckon I've heard all I want about cargo here."

The arrival of the little vessel in the Thames coincided with the opening, at the Law Courts, of the breach of promise case of *Collins v. Tankard*. The defendant was present in an almost pitiable condition of nervousness, for he had not heard a word from Captain Simple, on whose help he had depended as a drowning man upon a straw. The plaintiff was there also, and the case was opened with her evidence, which she gave with admirable composure, recounting her wrongs and their cost, and dwelling upon her late dear departed husband with a judicious, yet pathetic, reticence, not without its effect upon the jury. Then, when she had stepped down, Simon Simple was called, and—to the horror of Tankard—the captain stepped smilingly into the witness box.

"Yes," he said, in reply to counsel for the plaintiff, "he knowed the lady's husband, havin' been shipmates wi' him severial times and 'customed, in a manner o' speakin', to shove him into

his bunk o' nights when he had maybe had a drop too—"

"Never mind that," the barrister interrupted impatiently. "Do you know his ship went amissing?"

"Cert'nly," responded the captain, "she went out, and never comed in again."

"Then you can testify that Mrs. Collins' husband is dead; the defendant alleges he may not be?"

"I didn't see him die," returned the witness.

"Of course not, but you've never seen him since. You couldn't produce him now, could you?"

The lawyer was a junior, youthful, and therefore disposed to be over confident. But he got a lesson.

"Bless you, yes, sir," the witness answered, with his most childlike expression. "I've got 'im in a cab outside. Just you send a policeman for him."

There was what the newspapers call "sensation in court," mingled with laughter. But defendant's counsel insisted that Simple's suggestion should be given effect to, and Thomas Collins, somewhat against his will, was brought in and sworn.

"He had married Lois Collins," he admitted, reluctantly, "but had not lived happily with her. Had gone to sea in a tramp steamer bound on a Baltic voyage, and his vessel had foundered. He had been picked up by a Russian schooner, and had found his way back to Pitmouth, where Captain Simon had seen him some months before. Gettin' tired of being alone, had communicated with his wife, who had sent him word"—this part of the story had to be dragged out of him—"that some lawyer called Buddle was expecting to get money out of a rich young fool for breach of promise, hoping to marry her after, but when she had the

money, she'd tell the lawyer he (her husband) was alive, and return to him with it."

"I should like to ask Captain Simple one question," said the Judge, when this tale had been unfolded, "before directing the jury that they must find a verdict for the defendant."

"Did you know," he inquired, when Simon once more beamed from the box, "that Mrs. Collins was aware of her husband's being alive?"

"I knowed nothin', my lord," answered the captain, in his infantile fashion,

"bein', in a manner o' speakin', a simple-minded man. But, when I heard tell as Mr. Tankard would give five hundred pounds not to stand where I be now, Madge—that's Mrs. Simple—and me did a heap o' thinkin', and—"

"That will do," interrupted the judge, shrewdly. "Do you expect to get the money?"

Captain Simon Simple smiled his broadest.

"Me and Madge'll see to that, your lordship," he responded, promptly.

And they did.

AN OLD WOMAN'S YARN

By P. W. ROOSE

SYNE Tam could toddle down to the beach
His heart was set on the sea;
He'd list the waves and the sea-gulls' screech,
An' he wadna let me be.

Ye ken my Tam what a way he had,
Wi' his face sae blythe an' clear,
An' a luik in his een wad mak ye glad—
Juist like wee Wullie here!

"Mither, hae ye a penny to spare?"
He says to me one day:
I gied him thrippence—I had nae mair—
But I couldna say him nay.

Then oot he went i' the murky nicht,
But he luikit back in doot:
'Twas a' within sae warm and bricht,
'Twas a' sae bleak wi'out.

The 'taties were boilin' in the pot—
An' Tam, he seemed like to cry;
Says he, "And ye'll keep my 'taties hot?"
"An' ye'll min' my change!" says I.

Wad ye believe it? twal months went past
Till I saw his face once more:
'Twas Christmas Eve, an' there blew a blast
An' Tam comes in at the door!

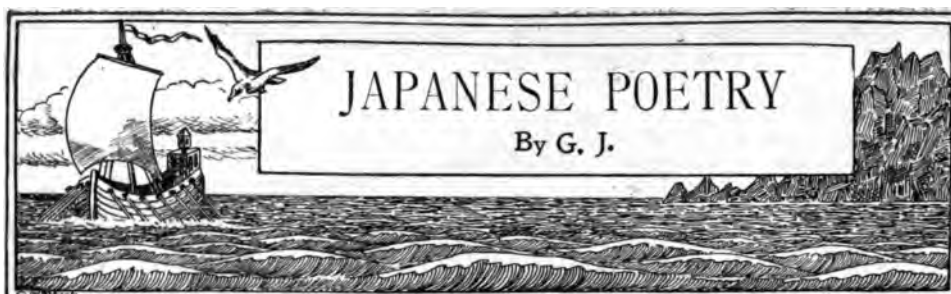
My Tam, wi' a smile in his saft blue e'e,
An' oh! ye'd hae thocht it strange.
For "Whaur's my 'taties, mither?" says he:
Says I, "An' whaur's my change?"



OUT WITH HER-
OUT WITH HER
OUT WITH HER BOYS.
FAR ON THE DEEP
THROUGH THE FOAM AND THE SPRAY-
FOR THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE
AND FISHES ARE PLenty
OUT WITH HER BOYS
TILL THE BREAK OF DAY.

OUT WITH HER BOYS
IN THE DARKNESS AND Gloom.
TOILING THROUGH WAVES
THAT OVER US SWEEP-
OUT ONCE AGAIN
IN SUNSHINE OR SHADOW
CASTING OUR NETS
FOR THE SPOILS OF THE DEEP.

Drawn by A. H. Collins.



JAPAN is the land of Poetry. It is read by everyone, composed by almost everyone, felt by everyone; it is as universal as the birds and the flowers. Everywhere it is heard by the ear and seen by the eye. It is heard in the fields where the labourers chant at their work continually, it is heard in the streets where the various sellers of flowers and fruit and pipes and toys and sweetstuffs sing their wares, where the children sing their games, where the mendicant friars sing their appeal for alms, and where, after dark, even the blind masseuses sing to advertise their calling.

There is singing on the calm lake where the boatman is rowing, and in the temple courts where folks are at their prayers. Wandering minstrels go from house to house, singing long poetic tales and histories, accompanying their voices with the *samisen*, whilst all the members of the household, from the master to the kitchen maid, are congregated to listen. I remember assisting at a like *séance*, which lasted literally for hours, the audience being engrossed all the time and weeping unanimously at the affecting parts. As for me, the music was oriental, and the story was not translated for me till afterwards. It was a pathetic enough lament of blind lovers, who sought each other, many years, all over the countryside.

As for visible poetry, it is to be seen at certain social gatherings, where it is written by the guests upon gilded paper, in the beautiful character of the Far East, and hung upon the branches of flowering trees, there to flutter in the wind. It is seen at religious ceremonies, where poems are attached to bamboo rods, and set all along the roadside. It contributes, in a great measure, to the interior decoration of houses where poetic texts are hung upon the walls, or carved upon the woodwork, or painted upon the doors. It is found upon fans and drinking cups, pipes and

swords, upon all manner of household utensils. It ornaments shop signs and advertisements, and the blue towel which the coolie winds about his head.

From the eighth century downwards poetical expression has been popular, nay, something like universal in Japan. Hitomaro and Akahito are the two most celebrated names in the history of early Japanese song; their works with those of other poets are preserved in an anthology called "The Collection of the Myriad Leaves," first compiled in the eighth century. Other collections are "Songs Ancient and Modern," and "The Anthology of the One-and-twenty Reigns." Until the revolution of 1868 the ability to write polished verse was one of the almost necessary accomplishments of a Japanese gentleman, and to the present day there exist many professional teachers of the art. Here is a programme of themes for poetical treatment made out by a lady instructor who has a large circle of pupils.

December, January, July, and August are vacation months. The themes set for the other months, and sent round to the would-be poets, printed on slips of paper, are as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| <i>February.</i> | The willow tree in early spring. The cock at dawn. |
| <i>March.</i> | A walk in spring. Mutual love. |
| <i>April.</i> | Blossoms fallen into a pond. |
| <i>May.</i> | At anchor on a summer voyage. A comparison of love to water. |
| <i>June.</i> | Cormorant fishing at eve. Clouds on the distant hills. |
| <i>September.</i> | Insects by moonlight. |
| <i>October.</i> | Birds in the late autumn.
Love in the Rain. |

November. Praise of the last Chrysanthemum. Wishing a friend the thousand years life of the Pine tree.

The themes are in most cases appropriate, even to Western minds, to the seasons for which they are chosen, but to those who are acquainted with Japanese literary conventionalities they are more appropriate still, for, according to these laws, the moon belongs to Autumn more than to any other season, and to September more than to any other month.

Year by year, there is held in Japan a great poetic competition or tournament. The Mikado and his Empress, together with many ladies and nobles of the Court, compose odes upon a given theme. Also all the nation is invited to write poems, and often many thousand efforts are sent in to be judged upon such subjects as, for instance, "Praying for the Dynasty at a Shinto Temple," "The Longevity of the Green Bamboo," "Pine Trees buried in the Snow," etc., etc., the aim of the competitors being, in general, skilfully to introduce amongst their poetic images some patriotic sentiment, or graceful compliment to the reigning house.

There is a very curious aspect of Japanese poetry, an aspect which, as far as I know, belongs to the Japanese alone amongst the poetries of Nations. This may be called its moral aspect. From very ancient times it has been the custom in Japan to compose poems as a moral duty as well as an art. The old teaching contended that it was better to soothe the feelings by writing a poem than to proceed to rash revenge or unpremeditated violence. In times of sorrow or bereavement forbear to wear out mind and body in useless plaints. Rather occupy the emotions and stimulate the imagination by writing a poem on grief, or pain, or death, or immortality. Or, if you can turn aside from your personal sorrow to contemplate the joyousness, the invariable beauty of Nature, so much the better; be comforted thereby, and dedicate a poem.

The *samurai* of ancient times before committing *hara-kiri* indited a farewell ode. The lady who preferred death to dishonour wrote her last verse with the in-

trepid hand that was soon to twist her scarlet undergirdle about her neck—and at the present day many poems are written in difficulty and in danger—on sick beds and death beds. And young unhappy lovers about to leave this world together cast their last thoughts into poetic form for the delectation of their survivors.

But what, it will be enquired, is the form of this most popular poetry? What rules of prosody are favoured by Japanese poets? Do their methods in any way resemble our own? There is only one form of Japanese poetical expression, and there has been only one from the beginning of its history down to the present time. A Japanese verse consists of four alternate lines of five and seven syllables, with sometimes an additional line of seven syllables at the end. A Japanese poem may be as long as a page or a page and a half, but the great majority are little odes of thirty-one syllables, the lines being arranged thus:—5, 7, 5, 7, 7. For example:—

5. Hototogisu
7. Nakitsuru kato wo
5. Nagamureba
7. Tada ari-ake wo
7. Tsaki zo nokoreru

That is literally:—

"When I look towards the place where the cuckoo has been singing, nought remains but the moon in the early dawn."

Now, it must be said at the outset that the foreigner and the alien and one not acquainted with the language who tries to understand and appreciate the beauties of Japanese poetry is beset by difficulties on every side.

First, there is the translation and all that any poem must inevitably lose thereby. Gone at a single stroke are all delicate shades of meaning and expression; all the original sound of the words (which counts for so much in poetry) and that indefinable quality which might almost be called the colour of the poet's thought. Then it is well nigh impossible for our Western minds to feel the atmosphere of these poems or to be in sympathy with their ideals. What is musical to the Japanese is not musical to us; what is pathetic to them is not pathetic to us; what is humorous to them is not humorous

to us. And for this there are two reasons—the fundamental and tremendous difference that exists between the mind or soul of the Western and that of the Far Eastern; for between West and East there is a great gulf fixed, which may never be bridged over—not by wars or ships or progress or civilisation. And, secondly, there are still few foreigners whose knowledge is not at the best superficial of Japanese ways of life, of Japanese customs, history, religions, superstitions, traditions, morals, and character; for the Japanese are a reserved people, intelligently taking in all the world's information, but giving out very little. Through ignorance, therefore, or through prejudice, much of their poetry is to us incomprehensible, ridiculous, or commonplace. Take, for instance, an ode written by the Empress of Japan to an English lady who was about to leave that country for her home—

“Why does the long-necked goose return to her native land?” This ode is really good Japanese poetry, and has been praised by competent judges; but the unfortunate word *goose* spoils it utterly for our ears; in fact, merely on account of a Western association, renders it irredeemably ridiculous. But looked at without prejudice, there is nothing wrong with the ode. Wild geese, at any rate, such as the poet speaks of, are picturesque and beautiful birds, and the image of such a bird flying with out-stretched wings, and long graceful neck, towards home, is truly poetic. Wild geese, by the way, would seem a favourite subject with the Japanese poet, for another ode is, being translated—

“The moon on an autumn night making visible the very number of the wild geese that fly past with wings intercrossed in the white clouds.”

A young Japanese student was once discovered by his English Professor in ecstasies over a poetry book. On the latter inquiring what had so greatly excited his admiration, the youth said that he had read a poem of extraordinary beauty, but that he found it difficult to give an adequate English rendering. After much cogitation, he produced the following as the translation of his soul-inspiring ode:—“I sat on a mat and looked at Fugi

Yania.” It certainly has the merit of simplicity, but one is irresistibly reminded of “Reading without Tears,” the “harmless necessary cat” *alone* is absent.

It will be realised, then, that Japanese poetry, to be at all appreciated, must be approached in no light or careless spirit, but with patient sympathy, and a sincere desire to understand.

Perhaps it may be asked: “But is there, after all, any real poetry, divine spark, ideal—call it what you will—in this odd elliptical stuff, this often seeming aimless stringing together of words? And even if there does exist such soul or ideal, can it ever appeal to other than Far Eastern born or student enthusiast?”

It is certain that there is something in Japanese poetry, and certain, also, that its essential aims and ideas are quite opposed to those of English poetry. The English poet, as well as the English artist, presents his ideas, his inspirations, his conception. He gives it in its entirety, and the plainer, clearer, more perfectly constructed, and highly-finished it is, the better. A good solid foundation of thought, or fact—or it may be romance—is considered necessary. A poem must be beautiful; it also must be interesting. There must be something to take hold of, some sense in it. The avowed aim of the Japanese artist, poet, and painter alike, is *not* to give a finished picture. His art is to suggest, and to suggest only; he would awake an idea in the mind, he would just sound a note in the soul, to go on echoing alone. He would drop a stone into the waters of the imagination, he would make poets of us all. Of a perfectly finished and limited composition the Japanese critic says *ittakiri*, meaning, all told, such a work is considered inartistic.

The spirit of Japanese poetry and that of Japanese painting are one and the same. It is only of late years that many in this country have appreciated the latter, and the appreciation of the former, attended as it is by obvious difficulties, is as yet a thing of the future. Japanese art may be difficult to understand in the first place, but it grows upon one more and more; its restraint is so admirable that other art is in danger of appearing almost vulgarly exuberant by its side.

There are still English people who vote the most exquisite things Japanese—very odd, grotesque, or, at the most, quaint and queer. I am aware that many will at first think this poetry queer—or sometimes even less than commonplace. I freely confess that I did so at first myself; and I may add that I possess but a very superficial knowledge of the Japanese language, that I have read no Japanese poetry in the original, my experience being from impromptu translations by Japanese friends and from the few English verses that now exist. Here are some scraps of poetic expression:—

CONSTANT LOVE.

"Not for the little moment
That the harvest lightening plays,
On the standing ears of barley
Can my heart forget thy praise."

WINTER FANCY.

"'Twas a bitter night, the dawn is come
O'er the mountain and through the snow.
My fancy would wander to unknown
climes,
But where is the path to go?"

DELUSION.

"A petal fell from the cherry tree
And then flew back again;
It was a butterfly!"

FOR THE DEAD.

"I whispered a prayer at the grave: a
Butterfly rose and fluttered.
Thy spirit, perhaps, dear friend?"

"This light of the moon that plays on the
water I pour for the dead.
Differs nothing at all from the moonlight
of other years."

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

"Oh, vapoury moon of spring—would that
one plunge into ocean
Could win me renewal of life as a part of
thy light on the waters."

HAPPY POVERTY.

"Wafted in to my room, the scent of the
flowers of the plum tree
Changes my broken window into a source
of delight."

FAREWELL SONG.

"My dear younger sister, Thine Augustness? Though thou say that thou wilt not weep—if, like the flocking birds, I flock and depart—if, like the led birds, I am led away and depart—thou wilt hang down thy head like a single eulalia upon the mountain, and thy weeping shall indeed rise as the mist of the morning shower. Thine Augustness that art like the young herbs." This is from the *Ko-ji-ki*, or "Record of Ancient Matters," which contains the mythology of Japan, and was completed in A.D. 712. It is to be found in the section called "The Wooing of the Deity of Eight Thousand Spears."

The following, also from the *Ko-ji-ki*, is sung by the Emperor Jim-mu when about to smite the Prince of Tomi:—

"The children of the augustly powerful army will smite and finish the one stem of wild chive in the millet field—the stem of its root, both its root and shoots."

The wild chive among the millet is, of course, the enemy—the Prince of Tomi and his army.

These poems have all of them some thought; some germ of feeling, however faint, is absolutely expressed. But there are many poems that are not more than word pictures. These are particularly difficult for a stranger to grasp. For instance, there does not seem to be much in the following:—

"Old Temple—bell voiceless—cherry flowers fall."

This atom is entitled "Loneliness," and to the initiated certainly conveys the pathos of the wanderer, pausing to rest at some deserted shrine.

Here is another:—

"In the mountain temple the mosquito curtain is lighted by the dawn: sound of waterfall."

And, lastly, a subtle description of gallant, careless poverty—where humour and pathos are marvellously balanced.

"Heavily pours the rain on the cloak that I stole from the scarecrow."



THE HAUNTED BED

When the powers of dark are banded
Formless, dreadful, undefined;
And when silence heavy-handed
Grips your shoulders from behind—
In the room with close shut blind,
Candle-lighted, goblin-haunted—
Ebbs the courage proudly vaunted
Out 'midst summer sun and wind

Tall your shadow grows beside you
Straggling up the curtain fold;
Blinking eyes with scorn deride you
From the patterned chintz so old
Chintz that crackles 'neath your hold
With an odd uncanny rattle,
As of fairy tribes in battle
Led by elfin warriors bold.

Yet be sure that while you're sleeping
Angels four shall guard your bed,
Opened-eyed their vigil keeping
Till night's shadows all are fled.
At the foot and at the head,
Kindly angels stand and screen you,
Spreading golden wings between you
And the powers of darkness dread.



There are three subjects which have lately been discussed
REVERSING *ad nauseam* in the
THE ENGINE. Press, in clubs, and at
the dinner-table. They
are the character of Hamlet, Mr. Balfour's
political convictions, and the simple life.
In many quarters these have given place
to the Higher Criticism and the revival of
the crinoline, and it is not yet clear what is
to be the chosen subject for the silly sea-
son. That will probably be decided later
in the cabinet councils of Messrs. Harms-
worth and Pearson, who now largely
direct or, rather, voice the opinions of the
man in the street. The late discussions
have only been in the nature of prelimi-
nary canters. I do not propose to add
anything to the prevailing uncertainty that
exists regarding all the problems I have
named. In July I am all for the quiet
life, and, as the thermometer rises, I feel
more than I think. I want to go slow,
to be left alone, to deal with problems that
concern myself. A summer holiday should
not only be regarded as an annual stock-
taking of soul and body, but it should be
the means of enabling us to enjoy our own
society. All the year round we are mak-
ing the acquaintance of other people, and
endeavouring to fit our actions to coincide
with other people's opinions and suscepti-
bilities. But once a year most of us have
an opportunity for real freedom of thought
and action. We are at liberty positively
to luxuriate in our own prejudices and pre-
ferences, and to drop the garment of con-
ventionality which life in the world com-

pel: us to wear. Very few people really
avail themselves of their temporary liberty
and they spend their holiday as well as
their working year in a prison house.
Moreover, most of us are quite in the dark,
so little have we thought about the matter,
as to what are really our own resources for
pleasure and amusement. We adopt
readily the amusements of other people as
the easiest solution of the difficulty. Some
people find their highest delight in merely
reversing the engine. Three principles
control my working life, viz., regularity,
method, and discipline. When I am free
I am somewhat indifferent on the subject
of locality: my holiday quarters may be
Switzerland, Paris, or Southend-on-Sea,
but a *sine qua non* with me is the complete
abandonment of the three controlling prin-
ciples. I like, for instance, a late break-
fast, merely because I am accustomed to an
early one. Breakfast is the one meal in
the day that I enjoy most when I am on
a holiday, for it is then that I feel the
freest from my chains. I have no train
to catch; I have nothing to begin after
breakfast; there is no time-limit to the
meal, which should linger on indefinitely,
going out, as it were, to meet lunch, with
perhaps a pipe and a newspaper in
between. I do nothing with the more ex-
quisite relish, because I feel that I can do
anything. A real holiday is a change of
direction in the mind; it has little to do
with time or space. I have no programme
for the day; I am tired of working things
on schedules; I want to forget the word
duty, and to follow inclination. I want

to gallop in a field without my harness. Who said golf or tennis? They are the shades of the prison house. I will lie on my back, and do nothing—absolutely nothing, glorious, beautiful nothing. The ideal life is not the simple one; it is to be able to enjoy being idle, and there are few harder tasks for the sons of men. The so-called idle classes are generally doing something: if they remained idle nobody could blame them; their inability to enjoy freedom drives them into mischievous actions. Men often take to work from no higher motive than that which drives them to alcohol; both the one and the other are anodynes. When one becomes a slave to either, total abstinence is the only remedy. At any rate, for one short month I will take the pledge as regards work. I will sit and watch other people do things, till I regain my self-control. I will think out my own relations to the universe and quiet days shall bring the philosophic mind. I will smoke pounds of tobacco, and I will read large reposeful books which have no disturbing element of plot or argument about them, but which soothe and mildly stimulate the imagination. "I love those large still books," said Tennyson once, in speaking of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and we understand exactly what he meant. *Carlyle*, *Meredith*, and *Browning* are not holiday authors; they presuppose effort; they require the atmosphere of the library and the midnight oil. I could not read them in the open air. We want in such circumstances the cadences of a prose or of a poetry which is problematic neither in thought nor in style, the sentences of which fall gently on the ear and insinuate their meaning into our minds. I dislike at such times exciting novels and shilling shockers. I cannot abide the funny book which is so sure of a sale on railway bookstalls. My ideal holiday book must have a background of melancholy; it is the soil out of which blossoms the richest humour, and the author must be a temperamental writer. That is to say, I want to feel that he is giving me himself: I am in the mood for intimacies with kindred spirits. What better holiday books are there than *Lamb's* or *Cowper's* letters? *Boswell* is a superb travelling companion. So is *Gray*, and so are *Stevenson* and *Matthew Arnold*. Even the severest Protestant can enjoy the

Apologia and the *Sermons* of *Cardinal Newman* when he is free from the discipline of his little *Bethel*. And the Catholic can furtively read *Renan* with pleasure, and the Puritan will revel in *Thomas à Kempis*. We all want to get into touch, not with the opinions of these writers, but with their personalities. We want to forget for a time all the political and religious controversies of the year 1905, and to know, as far as we can, what men of fine temperament and delicate imagination thought of life in their intimate moods.

I should add that though this has always been my ideal holiday it has never been realised. I usually spend the month in catching and losing trains, and following up traces of lost luggage. I work like a slave at various sports and amusements, and my reading is confined to guide books and railway time-tables. But half the pleasure of a holiday is in dreaming of its possibilities beforehand, and every year I enjoy at least the portion which I live through in dreams.

There has lately been published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and THE UPTON Co. a book entitled "THE LETTERS. Upton Letters," by "T. B.," which fulfils the requirements of a holiday mood such as I have described. The letters were written by a schoolmaster to his friend, who was ordered abroad for his health. The friend died in exile, and the letters are published at his wife's request. The writer is apparently a middle-aged bachelor, but he is probably younger than he seems. He dwells retrospectively on his experiences, and he writes as if all his life were behind him, but that is a habit with most early-middle aged bachelors. Nobody is so old and philosophic as your elderly young man. The charm of the book is that the author strikes just that intimate note which makes the ideal letter. He reveals his temperament almost at once in a few touches of his pen, and he interests us even when we disagree with him entirely. At the back of his mind there is a profound melancholy, but it never masters him. His saddest letters usually end like some of the penitential Psalms in a note of rejoicing. I heard

the other day an excellent definition of a pessimist. He is a man who has the choice of two evils, and he selects both. This can never be said of the writer of "The Upton Letters." He is always endeavouring to keep the optimistic end up. There is little or no humour in the letters, but one is never without the impression that humour is one of the gifts of the writer. With some people humour has no creating power, but it acts as a restraining influence on other gifts: it prevents over-acting and over-writing. It saves a man from making himself ridiculous. I think that perhaps a little occasional playfulness and perhaps a greater variety of mood, would have added to the charm of these letters, but, after all, the spirit of a letter is determined by the writer's knowledge of the recipient's character, and possibly the friend was not a man to be played with. You cannot convey the tone of the voice or the whimsical expression of countenance in a letter, and in consequence it is as dangerous to write a playful note to some people as it is to play a practical joke on them. More especially is this the case with men whose habitual mood is serious. The depression and natural melancholy of some people are saved from becoming chronic by their sense of humour; with other people it is their love of beauty which is the saving power. The latter is the case with "T. B." In one letter he describes with great power how architecture and music together helped him to fight against his gloom, and to turn his groaning into rejoicing. Depression is a sort of luxury with many people in comfortable circumstances, but with "T. B." it is always the vile, the accursed thing, the false note in Nature, though it persists with him. He is always looking for loopholes to escape into daylight. He is talking of the fits of depression we are all liable to "when one lies awake in the morning before the nerves are braced by contact with the wholesome day," or when one has done a tiring piece of work and is alone, and he says that it is then that "the demons lie in wait for one." And he says to his friend, "But you are not inexperienced or weak. You have enough philosophy to wait until the frozen mood thaws, and the old thrill comes back. That is one of the real compensations of middle age. When one is young, one imagines

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that any depression will be continuous, and one sees the dreary, uncomfortable road winding ahead over bare hills until it falls to the dark valley. But later on one can believe that the roadside "dells of rest" are there, even if we cannot see them." I am sure the young suffer more than the middle aged and the old. In youth we think both love and sorrow are eternal or, at least, permanent, that if we lose we can neither love nor laugh again. But we do. Moreover, we lose again, but the difference is that we now suffer with the consciousness that we have been in the darkness before and emerged into daylight. The sentences I have quoted are almost the key to "T. B.'s" temperament. With rare gifts of expression and imagination he interprets to his friend his impressions of life. His thought is not infrequently commonplace, but the style never loses distinction, and he can talk incessantly about himself, and yet leave on our minds no impression of egotism, because his thoughts and difficulties are often those also of his readers. His ego is representative: it stands for all those who are endowed with the meditative or brooding temperament. He is exceedingly sensible on his own subject of education and on the treatment of boys. His literary judgments are full of prejudices, but they are none the worse on that account. I have been particularly interested in the way he constantly recurs to the subject of personal ambition. He is a sensitive spirit, and he misses opportunities and declines appointments because of his hatred of pushfulness. He says pathetically, "I don't see how the sense of other people's envy and disappointment can be altogether substracted from the situation—it certainly is one of the elements which makes success seem desirable to many boys—though a generous nature will not indulge the thought. But I am equally sure that as one grows older one ought to put aside such thoughts altogether—that one ought to trample down ambitious desires and even hopes—that glory, according to the old commonplace, ought to follow, and not to be followed." Such reflections are common to all men of "T. B.'s" temperament. I sometimes think that such men are the salt of the earth. In the long run, of course, it is the pushing men who make things move, who provide the steam

power which enables great causes to be advanced, but the irony of the position is that what they do is done at the expense of their own individuality. For one thing, the ideals by which pushful men live are so painfully obvious; they have no surprises for us; we can almost predicate their action in any given crisis. And though you may respect and even admire these people, it is rare, indeed, to find one of their number who can succeed in charming you. More often they will bore you insufferably. For the character which charms is the one which is full of turns and surprises, of contradictions, of inconsistencies, of curious reasonings, of uncalculating impulses; it is a character which has no stereotyped ambitions at all, but is full of the glory of the present hour, is in love with life itself, and not with its mere goods and chattels. I do not say that the character which charms is necessarily great; indeed, it is frequently not so at all. Let me say at once that the man of action should occupy a higher place in the world's gratitude than the man who merely pleases. But a certain measure of gratitude is due to men who uphold the standard of liberty, by asserting their right to live their life in their own way, even though that way be apparently to their own personal disadvantage. To many people I recognise that the competitive spirit is intellectual food and drink, and these are, of course, the men who stir the world. Others with humbler gifts are content to be allowed as far as they can to soften and humanise the movement created by the pushful ones. In their small way, as was said of Mr. Gladstone in his larger sphere of action, they "keep the soul alive in England." To such a group of men "T. B." belongs, and it does us all good to listen to their point of view, especially at a time when we, who are always working and struggling to make a position for ourselves, have temporarily reversed the engines and are going slow.

There is, however,
 A VAGRANT a lighter mood that
 ENGLISHWOMAN. should accompany us
 on a holiday which
 writers like "T. B." are unable to satisfy.
 And the light mood which yet has a background of melancholy is difficult to find

adequately expressed in modern literature. There is a public which likes serious books, and also a public which demands light literature. The man who can please both publics in the same volume is rare, but when found he is the most enduring of all writers. And a woman writer who can do this is almost a freak of nature. Such a freak, I think, is Miss Catherine I. Dodd, who has just published "A Vagrant Englishwoman." The book is concerned mainly with the Englishwoman's life at a German pension, and she relates her experiences with delightful freshness and humour. Moreover, she contrives to give us fine philosophy as well as material for incessant laughter. I have lately in these columns indulged in some serious and playful reflections on women from a man's point of view. Miss Dodd gives us man from a woman's point of view, and her irony and wit are irresistible.

"Do you think woman can do things as well as men do them?" asked the Frau.

"What things?" demanded the Englishwoman.

"Oh," said the Frau, "the things that matter in the world."

"Washing babies and making poultices matter profoundly," remarked the Englishwoman, "and I have always noticed that women do these things very well."

"You wont be serious," cried the Frau, getting vexed; "I mean things like going to war and making laws."

"I have never yet heard," pronounced the Englishwoman, "of any war or set of laws that satisfied the men who made them; and as far as I can gather, from the men themselves, the world is fearfully mismanaged at the present moment in every department presided over by them."

"Men must talk about something over their beer," observed the Frau.

The Englishwoman represents at her boarding-house the new woman, and she is always coming into conflict with the old ideas which are still strong in Germany. Among the characters which she describes who are staying in the house are the Cynic, the Boy, the Poet, and the silent American. They are all in turn discomfited and disturbed by that most unbecoming of gifts in a man's eyes, feminine irony. She rouses the Cynic to fierce indignations. There are scenes at the dinner-table. The

Cynic even swears, and the Englishwoman calmly explains why he does so. "The reason why men swear so much and women so little is merely one of vocabulary, for the former lack that fluency of speech which Providence has bestowed so liberally upon the latter; and so swearing was invented by men in order that they might not be entirely at a disadvantage in their quarrels with women." This is not exactly a healing criticism, and the boarding-house lady cries because of the brutality of the Cynic's replies to the lady. But the lady continues: "If men would only learn to trust women when they are wordy, and women would learn to distrust men when they are not, the world would be an easier place for both of them."

The Poet is a man full of the sublimest egoism, and he patronisingly tries to educate the Englishwoman. He assumes, as most men do when they are talking with a woman, that she requires guidance. He is startled at hearing her quote Nietzsche. "Ah!" he said, "do you understand him?" "No," she said, with a modesty becoming her sex. Then he offers to read with her and expound him. "No, thank you," responded the Englishwoman quickly. "It will help you to understand," urged the Poet. "Rather be a fool on one's own account than a wise man on other folk's opinions," she quoted, shaking her head. "Nietzsche does not mean that," said the Poet impatiently, with the air of one who had been admitted into the inner recesses of the author's mind.

"'But he says it,' persisted the Englishwoman, with that mild inflexibility which men find so irritating in women."

I think that last touch is delightful. Is there a man among my readers who will not confess to the truthfulness of the description? We account for our irritation by the woman's stupidity; we do not admit for one moment that it is our wounded pride at being silenced by a woman. If the extracts I have given create the impression that the Englishwoman is too smart to be charming, or that she is lacking in feeling and good manners, it is my fault, not hers. She has the warmest of hearts, and she cannot disguise the fact that the boarders all like her, in spite of her talent for epigram. And she draws a most winning picture of

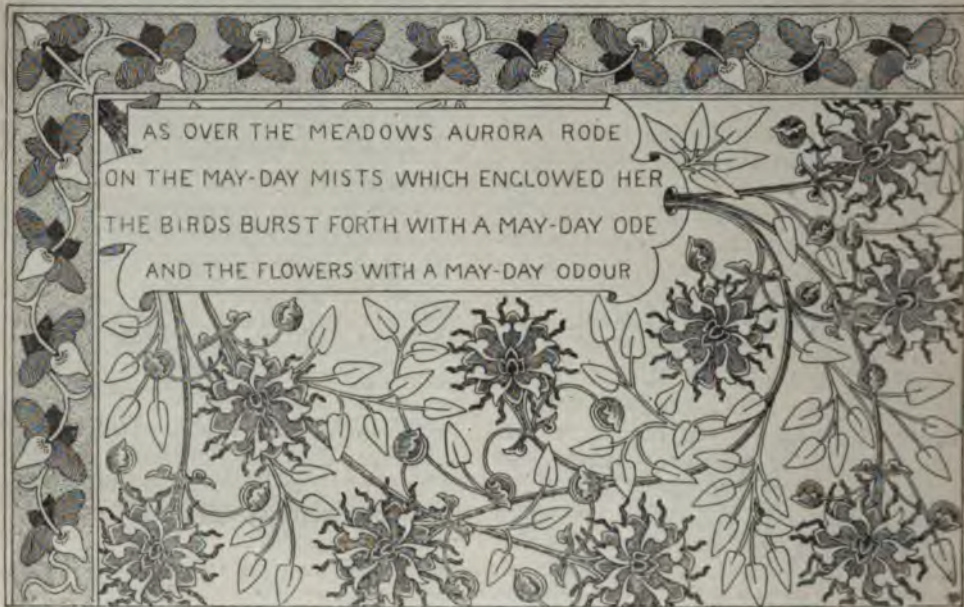
the Frau, who, partly for commercial reasons and partly because she was an old-fashioned woman, believed that men are above criticism, and that women should only stand and wait. "He really wanted to be kind to you," explained the Frau; "you should listen to men and smile at them; but never argue with them. It is better so—you get your own way more quickly. . . . I always found crying the best way to manage a man, or sulking will do if he is not very tenderhearted and you make yourself sufficiently disagreeable."

"Crying is so untidy," objected the Englishwoman. And the last word of the Frau on another occasion when worsted in argument was, "You must take men as the good Lord made them, and the best of them are a heavy cross sometimes." And on another occasion she finished up rather irrelevantly with: "But men may be foolish, but they are not unlovable." Indeed, this was clever of the Frau, because on this point she and the Englishwoman were agreed. The bed rock of their two faiths was the same. The Englishwoman was interested in, and was fond of, all the boarders. They all tell her their love affairs, and she gives them curious and sometimes startling advice. We feel impatient to hear her own story. It is perhaps there, but is only partially revealed on the last page but one. Some years after the incidents in the book happened she revisited the little university town where she had passed so many happy days. She visited the survivors, and "that same evening the Englishwoman stood at the grave of the man with the whimsical eyes. It was a single grave facing the sunset, marked only by a single cross with the initials "J. F. K." She laid a wreath of white lilies and red anemones on the green turf, and wondered if he knew that she was there. She did not weep. Some women restrain the instinct, and self-restraint long practised leaves in time little to restrain." The next day she went on to Vienna.

And then after reading this paragraph we somehow recollect that in the many scenes and dialogues described in the book the man with the whimsical eyes only appears fitfully, and when he speaks there is no answering epigram from the English-

woman. He is allowed the last word. The Englishwoman, we are glad to know, is really, like the rest of her sex, "as the good Lord made them," and it is a pretty touch on the part of the writer of a book which is full of smart sayings and delicious irony to give us a glimpse into her heart. Perhaps we understand her still more in the following extract: "And

Professor Priscilla passed out of her life for ever; and the Englishwoman wondered sadly why the people she liked, and the people who liked her—which was, as she said, the same thing—were always somewhere else, and the people whom she didn't like always lived next door or over the way, and she had to meet them every day of her life."





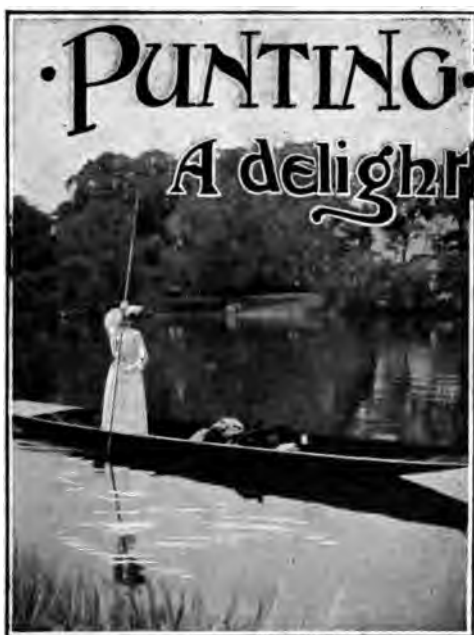
GOLF.

From a water-colour drawing by Hal Hurst.

THE English Illustrated Magazine

AUGUST, 1905

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A delightful Sport for Girls

By

GLADYS BEATTIE CROZIER

*Illustrated from "Kodaks," taken
by the Author*

THE FIRST POSITION: READY TO START.

THERE is no prettier sight on the river than that of a skilful punter handling a well-built punt, whilst, as Mr. W. H. Grenfell, one of the foremost authorities on the art of punting, somewhere remarks, "To the onlooker a lady punter standing erect and propelling her craft with care and dexterity is a more graceful and grateful sight than that of an equally accomplished sister labouring at an oar."

The ever-growing popularity of punting, however, is due, no doubt, as much to its general usefulness and comfort as to any high æsthetic reason, for a punt being practically uncapsizable, it is quite the

ideal craft in which to attend all river-side entertainments, from pic-nics to regattas, while it has the added advantages of being conveniently handled with either a pole or paddle in very little depth of water, and of turning easily in its own length.

Then, again, the punter is enabled to enjoy the scenery through which he or she is passing at leisure, and the passengers can sit at their ease without being forced to constantly shift their position in order to trim the boat, whilst the necessity for troubling one of them to act as "cox" is entirely avoided.

There is plenty of storage room in a punt in which to pack any tea and luncheon baskets, and the inevitable cool straw-packed hamper of "drinks," a length of green tarpaulin being usually folded over them all to make a neat appearance and to prevent any drip of Thames water from the pole penetrating to the delicacies

within. Most punts are also provided nowadays with a safety kettle, in which water can be speedily boiled in the boat, and thus the old-time necessity for landing and making a fire with stray sticks (charming and romantic to the imagination, but too often deplorably prosaic, and fraught with endless minor disasters in fact), is almost a thing of the past. A small folding table is both a usual and a very desirable accessory, for a merry *al fresco* meal may then be partaken of in comfort in the boat moored up under the cool green willows—a great advantage unless one has a special "permit" allowing one to land on private ground, for the public places where one can unpack and spread luncheon undisturbed in a pleasant grassy meadow under the shade of trees at mid-day are becoming few and far between.

The origin of pleasure punting, so far as we know, is of very recent date. Forty or fifty years ago one might have gone the length of the Thames without seeing a single punt in use for other than fishing purposes. These, usually of the broadest and heaviest possible build, might be frequently met with moored in mid-stream, providing a convenient resting-place for two or three stout chairs; for the accommodation of a party of jovial anglers, whilst a wet well was invariably included in the construction of the fishing punt, through which the water flowed constantly to keep the live bait in fresh and lively condition until required; the manner in which the

very ardent sportsman contrived to propel their rude and clumsy craft to and from the chosen fishing ground with the help of a natural pole formed of a small and rather roughly trimmed spruce tree did much credit alike to their energy and muscles.

There can be little doubt, however, as to the antiquity of punting as a means of travel, for it is known that the Saxons employed this type of boat for ferrying purposes, whilst there is a mention in Pliny of a similar flat-bottomed craft being in use amongst the Romans at the beginning of the Christian era.

The choice of a punt is naturally a matter of the first importance, and I may mention at once that any boat bearing metal hinges or bolts is to be avoided; everything should slide into its place: then there will be nothing to get rusted or out of order. The following definition of a punt may prove useful as a preliminary guide to the would-be purchaser:—

"A punt is a flat-bottomed craft,

without stern, keel, or stern post, and the width of each end must be at least half the width at the widest part. The length of a punt is its extreme measurement over all, and its width is its widest part measured inside on the bottom. Subject to compliance with these definitions a punt may be any length or width."

For a pleasure punt any width from 2 ft. 9 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. may be advantageously employed according to the number of sitters it is desired to accommodate,



SECOND POSITION: POLE WELL FORWARD FOR THE HALF STROKE, WITH WHICH THE FIRST STROKE ALWAYS BEGINS.



THIRD POSITION: THE POLE PRESSING CLOSE TO THE PUNTER; HANDS CLOSE TOGETHER.

whilst it is possible to obtain a 2 ft. 3 in. punt to take one sitter, which can be punted with a light pole; for general purposes, however, 3 ft. is a very useful width to decide upon.

Punts are made of mahogany, cedar, or the best pine, which is very light and usually wears well, and which should be protected from the action of the water by a good coat of varnish.

Much care should be expended upon the choice of a punt pole, for upon this much of the future pleasure of the punter depends.

The best poles are undoubtedly what are termed "made poles," and are manufactured from the best white pine and shod with an iron fork, into the socket of which the pole is fitted, whilst the fork grips the bottom of the river.

A good pole is straight and stiff, well-balanced, and free from knots. It is not easily obtainable, and when found should

be most carefully used; 14 feet is a good length for a pole, and one weighing $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. is sufficiently heavy to punt a 2 ft. 9 in. to 3 ft. punt carrying two sitters. The chief dangers of spoiling a good pole are, firstly, using it to punt too heavy a craft; secondly, applying too much force in deep water, when the hands are constantly at the top of the pole; and, lastly, and most important of all, neglecting it when not in use, for a pole should never be supported by its two ends only, but by means of a third trestle also, on which to rest the middle part; or, better still, it should be laid down flat on a dry and level floor, out of the sun.

A new pole is always treated to a coat of varnish to protect the wood, this being subsequently almost all sandpapered off again before use owing to the difficulty of grasping a varnished pole when wet. A good pole should also receive a coat of varnish at the end of each



FOURTH POSITION: THE BODY TURNS ON THE SPINE AS AN AXIS.

season to protect it through the winter.

Always carry a paddle and two poles in every punt, and if the river is known to be in any part of the proposed journey too deep to punt over, two paddles should be carried. Every punt possesses a small locker in the stern of the boat, and this should be supplied with a good-sized sponge with which to bale her out should she chance to spring a slight leak, or for use in the case of an inexperienced punter shipping more water than is desirable with his or her pole, a not altogether unfrequent occurrence.



FIFTH POSITION: THE AFTER-STROKE FINISHES THE PUNTING STROKE.

A punt usually possesses two backs to be fitted into the grooves in its sides, and two long cushions or mattresses are usually provided to fit them and form a seat at the bottom of the boat. Three or four smaller and softer cushions should also be provided, and they should then be all covered either to match, or in two shades of the same colour, the smaller cushions being decorated by a big embroidered monogram, or the initials of their owner.

Red and dark blue, violet and mauve, or a single harmonious shade of green would look delight-



SIXTH POSITION: PICKING UP THE POLE WITH A THROWING MOVEMENT.



SEVENTH POSITION: SWINGING THE POLE AND GETTING FIRST CATCH ON IT READY FOR LEFT HAND.

ful, and linen is the best material to employ, it being particularly desirable to choose both material and colour so that the latter will not run when wet, and thus stain the garments of the occupants, whilst the familiar red plush so beloved of riverside boat-keepers is anathema to the artis-

wet, for this cannot at first be avoided, as the vagaries of the punt in the hands of its new owner will admit of no stray thoughts on such subjects as the care and preservation of the clothes!

For a lady a short linen skirt and cotton blouse of simplest make is the best



THE PUNT IN THE LOCK.

The punter stands and holds the punt in to the side of the lock.

tic eye, though its good wearing properties are beyond all doubt.

The punt once chosen, the weighty matter of deciding how to best learn to manage one's new and treasured possession with the least possible loss of its varnish and one's own dignity and self-possession—to use no stronger term—is a subject for much thought, and the following suggestions may not come amiss:—

First of all, prepare to get extremely

punting kit; that the latter should possess sleeves that will roll up above the elbow is a *sine qua non* for a beginner.

Rubber-soled shoes should be worn to avoid scratching the varnish or damaging the paint of the punt.

If a man's waterproof shooting skirt can be borrowed to wear over the linen skirt it is of invaluable assistance in keeping the punter tolerably dry.

The punt should be denuded of all



TURNING.

To swing the punt, hold the pole at right angles to the punt, the iron end in the water, and the head of the punt will swing towards the pole.

backs, and mattresses, and cushions, and supplied with a couple of paddles and two poles.

Ask a few questions regarding the line to be followed, in order to secure the best punting bottom on the reach in which you propose to practise, for it is often advisable after following one bank for a few hundred yards to cross over to the other side, in order to find shallower water, and gravel instead of mud, and a good punter, when questioned, will usually be found to know the bottom of the river by heart over mile after mile, both up and down stream in the vicinity of his own boat-house.

This point ascertained, wait for a still and windless day—for even an experienced punter finds it well nigh impossible to punt against a stiff breeze—and make a very early start to avoid the possibility of an audience of scoffing spectators.

Go out alone in the punt, and start down stream, standing about in the middle of the vessel, as it is here that she will probably

be found to balance best, and to answer most easily to the slightest touch of the pole.

Get a good-natured friend to walk along the bank and meet the punt a mile or two down in order to get in to help to paddle her up stream home again, and this performed whilst sitting side by side upon the locker, will be found a comparatively easy task.

The acquiring of a good and correct style of punting from the very beginning is of paramount importance, for upon it the future successful career of the punter entirely depends; the strictest rules govern the art of punting, and bad habits once formed are extremely hard to overcome.

For this reason, the value of one or two preliminary lessons from a really first-class punter, either professional or amateur, is hardly to be over-estimated.

When these are unattainable, however, the beginner will do well to keep the following facts in mind. It will be observed that I have to some extent quoted from Mr. P. W. Squires' invaluable contribution on



TURNING.

Then clinch the stern directly she is almost straight to prevent her from swinging round a second time.

"Punting" in the "Badminton Library," written but a few years ago, and already regarded as a classic.

As regards a lady punter, speed is of no importance in comparison with the possession of a good style, whilst even in the ladies' punting competitions held at Bourne End during the season, where each lady punter goes over the course alone, the marks are awarded by the judges as much for style as for speed, the maker of the record time by no means invariably winning the prize!

The tyro on entering the punt will discover in the first few minutes that no one stroke constantly repeated will serve to take the punt a hundred yards down the river, but that a constant and judicious variation of that stroke is what is obviously required.

This is, of course, the great and abiding charm of punting, and that which enables it to continue to thoroughly engross the mind, for since no two successive strokes are exactly alike, each one needing the most delicate and careful judgment in its application, any possibility of mental weariness and monotony is avoided by even the most proficient punter.



WRONG METHOD OF TURNING.

The pole is raised preparatory to steering with it.

It has been necessary to make a few verbal alterations in Mr. Squires' text owing to the fact, that his instructions, being primarily intended for the use of men, refer to a punter punting on the left-hand side of the punt. A proficient punter should, of course, be capable of punting on either side, but for a lady, where lack of muscular strength will probably be the chief difficulty she has to contend with, it is often found an advantage to punt on the right-hand side, so that the right arm, which is usually considerably the stronger, gets the first pull on the pole instead of the left.

It will be seen that the first seven illustrations were all taken of a girl punting on the right-hand side of the punt.

And now to start the punt. Stand on the right-hand side of the punt in the middle close to the edge—in order that the weight may make a slight heel—with the left leg forward, the left foot being placed in position where it is not likely to slip, and the other foot about 12 or 15 inches behind it on the same side. (Fig. 1). "For starting the punt," says Mr. Squire, "the iron end of the pole is dropped in the water just behind the right foot, while the hands should grasp the pole rather higher up than the level of the punter's head, the arms being extended well forwards towards the head of the punt (Fig. 2). In this position the pole will be much



WRONG METHOD OF TURNING.

A punt should not be steered by drawing the pole through as if it were a paddle.

slanted, and the punt should start as soon as the pull of the stroke begins. The reach of the right arm is much increased by bringing the right shoulder right round and raising the right heel. Most of the weight of the body should be supported on the front or left leg, the balance of the body, being assisted by the right leg, resting on the toes of the right foot."

When once the boat is started, it is very necessary not to miss getting the catch at the beginning of each stroke, a most important matter, as the punt will otherwise have practically passed the punter before she has got her weight on to the pole, when half the power of the stroke is lost. The first pull on the pole having been given with the right hand, the left catches on about six inches above the right one as soon as it can reach, the work from that time being divided equally between them (Fig. 3), whilst the position of the two hands should not alter throughout the stroke, for to keep



AFTER TURNING.

The punt is being brought straight down stream again.



TO STOP THE PUNT SUDDENLY, REVERSE THE POLE.

the hands close together on the pole is one of the first signs of an expert punter.

Mr. Squire goes on to say, "When the pull has brought the hands to the body, the latter turns on the spine as an axis (Fig. 4), and in the turn the stroke is completed by the swing of the body on to the right leg, and by pushing the hands away towards the stern of the punt (Fig. 5). The right arm should finish about straight. The hands should pass with an even uninterrupted motion from the beginning of the stroke to the end, and the pressure on the pole should be continuous throughout."

The position of the feet during the stroke is an important matter. "During the pull of the stroke," says Mr. Squire, "the back foot travels over the floor of the punt, and comes to rest on it as the hands reach the body; the latter then turns, and when completing the stroke by pushing the arms out to their full extent the right knee bends so as to allow the whole force to continue to the end."

When stepping back, the foot should pass just a couple of inches above the floor of the punt, the punter coming off the back foot on to the front one with the ease and complete absence of jerk which is another special mark of the expert.

Picking up the pole correctly needs con-

a vertical position, the right taking hold of it in its passage and helping to support it until returned to the water." The pole should be sent down sharply to avoid delay, and when the punt is travelling at a certain rate down stream it should be shot rather further forward in order not to miss



"AN EASY" WHILST WAITING FOR A PASSENGER.

siderable practice. To quote the same authority: "Immediately after the stroke is finished the left hand should draw the pole through the right to a certain distance which will in each case depend upon the depth of water and consequent length of the pole which has been used. The right hand will then throw the pole over the left (Fig. 6), which in turn will catch it, and the action will be completed by the left hand lifting the pole clear of the water in

the important catch, before referred to, at the beginning of the stroke.

The stroke and the recovery of the pole once mastered, the steering of the punt remains to be considered.

The punt is usually steered either by drawing the stern over towards the pole—this being effected by means of letting the hands describe a slight semi-circle *outside* the punt just as they pass the body—or, on the other hand, by pressing it away, in the

latter case the passage of the hands just *inside* the punt whilst passing the body being the correct means to employ, whilst a delicate feeling of the side of the punt during the latter part of each stroke serves to counteract the fact that, owing to all the force being necessarily employed on the one side in single punting, the boat naturally tends to deviate slightly from the true course with each fresh "shove" of the pole.

The punt pole should always be kept as close as possible to the side of the punt when steering, and *all steering must be done by means of the pole on the bottom of the river*, never by allowing the pole to trail in the water, to act as a sort of rudder at the finish of each stroke.

The good punter keeps his or her eyes on the head of the punt all the time, in order to steer a true course, never allowing them to come round with the pole, for in that case the direction would at once be lost, and a slovenly, zig-zag track be the result.

When punting, remember the rule of the river is as follows, viz., craft going down stream keep in the middle of the river, and those going up stream hug either bank, and all boats give way to launches.

When in a lock, always hold the punt in to the lock side at both ends by means of the chains provided for the purpose (Fig. 15), and remember that launches go out first, punts and skiffs and canoes following in that order.



NORTH AND SOUTH

By B. C. H.

OUT over the hills to the north—far north!
 Over the hills till I see,
 Waiting and watching for me,
 In the old grey house on the moorland free
 By the red peat burn 'neath the stunted tree,
 Face that I long for—face that I see—
 Waiting and watching—for me! for me!
 Over the hills to the north.

* * *

Out over the plains to the south—far south!
 Over the restless sea,
 Fighting and thinking of me,
 On the bare red sands, with never a tree,
 And the deadly foe just over the lea,
 O face that I long for—face that I see!
 Fighting—and *dying*—for me! for me!
 Over the plains to the south.

PHIL TREVOR'S RIDE



By A. O. VAUGHAN

Illustrated by Bertram Gilbert

[In the first episode of this adventure, which appeared in the July number, Phil Trevor relates how he was cleverly duped by Mistress Isabel and Lady Margaret, and how he rebuked them for the trick upon him.]

II.

A GOODLY YOUTH.

“**A**ND what befel after that?” demanded Crompton, as Trevor seemed fallen into a smiling reverie, looking absently into his beaker the while. “The ride was not ended with the scurvy trick of that saucy jade, the Lady Margaret. It was but made the stiffer, since the thing Rupert sent thee to do was still to be done; Parliament’s message to Fairfax was still to be captured, and the messenger had even left London already, and was drawing westward every moment, while thou wert stripped of thy troop and left sore and weary to boot, thanks to that meddlesome mischief and her cousin. What befel then, when thou wert shut of those two at last?”

“But I was not shut of them,” returned Trevor, his eyes twinkling into life again. “Had I been shut of them, then belike I should now be in grimmer quarters than these, and with viler stuff to drink. Na, na, Fortune was kinder to me than to shut me of those two rogues, as you shall hear. But first I met with a goodly youth who served my need right rarely; it’s he I’m now to tell of.

“As I started away from the troop it came to me how I could begin the work. A three mile east of Barlington, on the side towards London, lies Barlam Heath, and at the edge of it stands the White Hart Inn, where folk coming from London may branch off by the road to Danton on the south. I would be a soldier then, riding to Barlington, and at that inn would sit over a cup and crack the news with any man who might be there, or with the inn-keeper himself. Of a surety I should at least learn whether the messenger were passed or not, which was the first thing I needed to know. The plan came to me so quickly that I was in time to whistle one o’ the troopers back to let me have his plain buff coat and long necked head-piece instead of my own. I looked a common trooper enough as I rode away again, in that coat and helmet, and mounted on the horse I had been put on in the night.

“Now to look at the horse he seemed a kindly old joskin of a nag, a little fat and a little cosy of his ways, slyly trying to edge round to get back to his manger in comfortable Slainingham, and only with a world of melancholy grunts and groanings resigning himself to the day’s work when he found I would have no turning

back. There would be no doing any great dash on him I saw, yet he would do a steady day's work, and that, after all, was something fitter for the trooper I appeared to be.

"It was a wide round I had to make, to come at Barlam Heath, but, by ten o' the clock o' the good hot harvest morning, behold me drawing rein at the door of the White Hart—and getting my news at the first rattle o' the dice. For there was the innkeeper out on the threshold, and to my good morning his first words were. 'Well, thou'rt welcome enough, for thou'rt the first rider from London these two long dull days past; a plague on all these wars that keep the folks at home, say I.'

"There, an' it please you, was the very word I wanted—the messenger had not passed yet. Gad! my blood leaped and my smile came free as sunlight. 'Well,' said I, 'I am not come so far as that, but I'll drink one man's share of ale with you to the ending of these wars—and pay for it, too, if it be good March-brown.'

He laughed. 'Nay, I'll be the first can, for thou'lt ha' some tale of news, I'll warrant, worth hearkening. Tie thy horse i' the stable and come in.'

"Merrily I tied Old Joskin up, with just a double handful of feed that he might not get too full for galloping. Then inside with a light foot I went, and there I fell on luck again, all as if this were a day myself had made. I was but a bare half-way through the can of ale, and a

quarter through the wondrous tale of news I was spinning for mine host, when in runs his red-cheeked daughter, 'Oh, father! such a cloud of dust coming along the road.'

"Straightway we bolted, he to the door and I to the window. True enough, yonder rose the dust, a dust that caused some argument between the man and his daughter. It was too great a dust for a

coach, said she. And came too fast for wains or pack-horses, said he. But I knew—I knew it at once for a troop of horse coming at spanking speed. I was in the nick of time, it seemed, for this must be the messenger. But alack! how strong he rode, and how forlorn seemed I, one man against so many. Beshrew me! I dipped my nose i' the can again for comfort.

"Yet this was good fortune, too, for now I could get to see what manner of a man this messenger was, and of what fashion his guard; and to see that was the first step to falling upon

some plan for doing the work I must do. I watched till the dust came so near that there was no mistaking. Then I picked up the can. 'Na, na,' said I to the innkeeper. 'These be soldiers coming. Belike they'll stop here, and if they do, then good-bye to my horse's feed unless I watch him, for they'll crowd half a dozen o' theirs in beside him to eat it. I'm going to sit by him till he's done or they're gone.'

"The man laughed and nodded. He knew the ways o' things. 'Hawks know



"Straightway we bolted, he to the door and I to the window."

hawks' flight,' said he, as I went out at the back door.

"In the stable I bridled the old joskin again and stood ready, in my hand the can and in my head a plan. If this were indeed the messenger then he would not halt here, but push on for Barlington, where he would get a fresh horse and a fresh troop of guards. But in the tail of this troop, trust it, there would be a man or two lagging, and aching to check long enough to just snatch a drink; never a troop passed an inn yet without that. And I would step out just as the officers at the head o' the troop had passed, catch some man's eye with a lift o' my can this thirsty day, and, as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand after bottoming it, I could ask, quite comradely, 'And on what errand ride ye so fast?' Then, in thanks for the ale, the news would come short out, never a doubt.

"Here came the troop. Through the open door I watched it. Zounds! this messenger was well graced with guards. Sixty picked horse at his heels; horse, mind you, no mere dragoons, though for speed's sake they had left their cuirasses behind, and rode in buff coat and steel pots only. Yet, even so, with their long tucks at the slope they looked workmen. But as they drew across my front—tut!—not only the messenger's own horse was a mark for build and stride, but whoever picked his guard picked at least as much for horses as for men. There was small chance, if this were my man, of getting back to my worn troop and casting ahead to lay an ambush. My tired horses could never do it against such horses as these, and those that would replace them. And by that token it came to me how weighty this message must be, that Parliament should guard it so and speed it so. If ever I struck stroke for His Majesty it was now I should strike, again thought I, as I watched them sweep across. And, comrades—ye know what that means."

Both his hearers nodded quietly, a world of significance in the nod.

"Well, true enough, as I looked I saw the eyes of half the men cast longingly at the inn. Poor devils! the day was hot, and deuce of all to the rear files was the dust. Now was my chance. Out I stepped, can

in hand, a smile of good comradely greeting on my face. 'Sdeath! a dozen o' the rear files checked at the first glance, and though they dared not fall out or halt, because o' the corporal bringing up the rear, yet they gave me a smile and a friendly nod as they pricked up into their places again. The corporal was my hope. I was within two yards of him, and I lifted the can and made the ale splash and spill as I did it. Beelzebub! that did it. Poor devil, he checked, put on again, pulled up a length ahead, and reached his hand back. To him I flew. 'Drink deep!' said I, roundly, as he pushed up the bars of his helmet and got his ears well back, that he might get his face the deeper i' the can.

"Deep he drank. 'Why ride ye so fast?' cried I cheerily, as he handed me back the can. 'Orders to Fairfax!' said he, with a nod of thanks as he wiped his mouth o' the back of his hand, clicked down the bars of his helmet, took the hilt of his tuck from his bridle hand again, and spurred away to get up with the troop. Another point o' the game was won—I knew now this was the messenger.

"It was the thanks o' the corporal, and the smile on the faces o' the poor devils who would have drank if they dared, that struck me through with a plan before I had stridden a stride back for the stable. I was one man, this messenger was sixty-one; wit alone then must serve me against him, and so, there being no chance to play the strong thief by the road as he passed, there could be nought for it but to play the cunning thief in some town as he stopped to change troops. And, well, what town so fit as the nearest, as Barlington, in fact? Nay, none so good, for none was so strong of its garrison, and in no place would this man be so careless as where he was most secure. I must get into Barlington then, and that at once, to boot, since he would tarry there no longer than to change troops and eat.

"And how to get in, say ye? Naught simpler. Think on it, ye two, whenever your wizened curmudgeon souls frown on some poor devil that ye might do a good turn to. It is not only Christian charity, but bald, bearded good sense to do a kindly deed. Behold the reward of a kindly

action. If I mounted now and overtook the troop, why, the corporal, for very cheeriness and freshness after the drink, would crack and spin news and tale with me the whole way in, and all the good fellows of the files just in front—the only ones that would see me there in rear—would think of me warmly as a kindly comrade, and never dream of conning me for a spy. Body o' me! I should pass the guard on the chains at Barlington as one of the troop itself. Could a plan be plainer?

"And it worked, worked as if I had paid some alchemist a fortune for a spell. I was a soldier, bound for Barlington from out-quarters, and one buff coat and pair of jack-boots are as like another as one cavalier is like one Roundhead, if both wear a long-necked helmet and neither talk shibboleth. 'Sblood! it stirred my blood so that the corporal found me laughing at his baldest jokes, and must ha' sworn to himself that no better fellow ever trotted with him. Thus we came to the chains and thus we entered the town, where all must fall to a walk, and where, with a round good-day and a smile to the men, I kept on up the main street when they halted and dismounted, for they must wait for orders, while their captain was gone with the messenger. There then I was, another step won.

"Comrades, consider me there, fairly inside the Roundhead town and garrison, riding as plain as the clock up the street, an eye this way and an eye that, wherever I saw a pretty wench or a man that I thought an officer. Bones o' me! I wonder the twinkle in my eyes did not betray me. I had to screw my face to the sourest to keep it from a merry stretch—especially when I would forget, and a maid would blush and hurry on from my eye. Nay, once I nearly twirled my moustache i' the face of a couple of captains crossing the street. A rare rouse it was: it makes one younger to think on't.

"But presently I came back some way and dismounted, so as to tie my horse at a corner where the garrison would think he belonged to the troop just come in, and the officers of that troop would think he belonged to the garrison, and I gave the old *Joekin* a sly pinch behind the foreleg to

bid him keep a grave muzzle, for, faith, I fairly believe the old horse was winking over it, too.

"Then away down the High Street I strode, nay, strutted, in spite of myself; for I saw that, when it came to passing a comely bright-eyed baggage, there was a certain touch o' the old Adam, and a certain throw of the chest and swing o' the leg, with even the godliest of their troopers. Sectaries may preach, and parliaments may rant, but a maid will still be the sweetest thing under the sun, and the ruin of all rules to the end of the book. Devil's hooks! there was more than one glance and smile passed me there that made me wish I were a Roundhead too, if I could be stationed i' that garrison.

"I was making for the best inn. The messenger would first have to go and report to the governor, and show his pass and papers for a fresh horse and troop before sitting down to bite and sup. Would he eat at the inn or at the Governor's quarters? That was the question. I kept on for the inn. If he were not there, it was there they would know where he did dine—trust an inn to know all that's going on in the town. Every Peeping Tom must run to the tap-room with his budget of other folk's business.

"Now Fortune ever trails like a drab at the heels of him that treats her like a drab, with scorn and flouting. Behold! the dice were with me again—the messenger was at the inn. It seemed the Governor was a psalm-singer so high i' the sourness of his principles that this messenger must find his own refreshment if he wanted any. Half an eye could see why. The lad was no more than five-and-twenty, handsome and hearty to look at, and so little sour of his godliness that he could wear his linen with a scalloped lace collar as broad and fine as the King's own. His moustache, too, had a twist to it, and he had a trick o' the hand on the hip, and a swing o' the leg and a slap o' the boot, for all the world as if he were but a God-forsaken young cavalier that had never known grace. Zounds! I could ha' liked to match him with my cornet, young Aylmer, setting them to strut from opposite edges of some green lawn, with one fair

maid only to give them occasion for fierceness.

"Food and drink, he ordered them with a laugh and a word that would almost ha' done for my cornet, and only then, good lad, remembered that he was a messenger, and so ordered the provenance to be sent after him to an upper room for privacy. I was in the common room watching him, and I nodded to myself with a smile. I

liked him so well. He should ha' been one of us, with his merry blue eye and his ready smile. He was a Roundhead only because his father was—as I found out afterwards—but that needed no second look.

"Well, the lad went up, and I went up too and saw the room he entered. But the door was too well carpentered for me; never a crack or a key-hole was there in it for eye or ear to glean at. I looked up. There was still a loft above this floor, but devil a sign of stairway to it. It took me no more than a minute to think on a plan, and then down I went and out to the nearest mercer's.

"In two minutes I was back at the back door of the inn, with a bunch of fine ribbons in my pocket. I looked at the cook, but the cook was a crusty old wench. The other maids, too, were all in and out to the front, and so of little use to me, but there was one poor little drudge of a kitchen-maid that was in and out between kitchen and scullery, half in fear of her



Brian Fildes

"He pulled up and reached his hand back for the can."

life of the cook, and half in hope of hope from outside somehow. And a sorrow it was, for she was a sly little jade, with a nut-brown eye, and a ready dimple when she was i' the scullery, out of sight o' the cook. Beshrew me, if ever we take that town, I'll put my trumpeter to spend his time and his money on the poor little wench, and give her a breath of Christian pleasure. But she was the one for my plan. If I gave her the ribbons she would not dare pin them on before the cook; yet they were too pretty to be crushed in her pocket, and so she would have to run up to the servants' chambers to hide them in her box. If I watched then I should find out where the back stairs were.

"The dice came double six again. By the end of five minutes I had chucked her under the chin and tucked the ribbons in her hair, touzling it, so that for that alone she must have run up to the glass, she being a tidy little body. And it was a door in the scullery she opened, and up a stair there she went.

"When she came hurrying down she had

to hasten into the kitchen to face the cook's rage for dallying, and while the clack of the cook's voice covered the creak of the door I was through that door safely, and up that stair I went. It was the right one—trust fortune ever—landing me in the long loft above the chambers. That loft was the usual loft where the servants sleep, so that I had only to cross it to where I should be over the lad.

"Now down by his door I had seen that the plaster of the ceiling was all cracked and flaked off, and I was well sure that the floor of this top-loft would be as loosely laid, and clumsily fitted, as any other such servants' hole. Here I found my notion true, and I had naught to do but clap my eye to a crack in the floor and look down through.

"Such wit as mine deserved such good luck as it got—as ye two grinning images would say, were it not for your curmudgeon envy. (Nay, never threaten me with that can, Ned. I care naught for a can, save to bottom it.) The luck was with me again. Sa! there was my pretty lad, his buff coat off for ease, lounging in his fine linen shirt, and looking at his precious paper and gloating over the seal on't. He was a very great man, I could see, as he looked at that seal. And I felt a great man, too, for I saw how he carried the document—a hollow belt next his skin serving him well enough, so long as he rode through such well-garrisoned country and with such stout escorts.

"Moreover I saw, too, that he was dainty of his linen as any courtier—good blood!—and like a slow grin in my mind the plot that should get that paper stole over me, till, nay, I had a deal of ado to keep from chuckling outright, there i' the fusty chamber, as I watched him put the paper back i' the belt and throw himself on the settle to rest.

"Now ye'll please to remember that, though I was safely come inside the town, yet I needed also to come safely out of it afterwards. Ye'll bethink ye, too, that to knock this lad on the head would mean a hue-and-cry before I could get clear. Again, I had only got into the town by using this messenger's coming, and it was likely that I should be best able to get out

of it by using the same lad's going, as, perhaps, by feigning to be his batman, who had lingered too long over a stirrup-cup, and was a furlong behind at coming to the chains at the outpost on the west. Last of all I had to have that paper in my belt and leave him thinking it was still in his. That was how the play stood, and—and now, ye two, I'll wager ye my debts ye'll neither of ye guess what plan would fit the play."

"I'll wager thee this tankard about thy pate if thou hangest fire any longer," retorted Ned Pugh. "Take a drink and go on."

Trevor obeyed with a grin. "Now this great idea—behold! it was as simple as all the ideas that win always are. Just a matter of memory, no more, for I remembered that the little kitchen wench had left a bucket of slops standing i' the scullery, after she had mopped the floor, or washed her pots and pans, or anything else that makes a good black mess of God's clean water. So down the stairs I crept, and, choosing my moment, into the scullery I stepped and then back again with that bucketful.

"Up the stair I went once more, stepping gingerly for fear o' shedding the stuff on my boots, till I came again above where the lad was lying. There I set it down and took another look at him, good youth, where he was twirling his moustache with the thought of what a marvel of a man he was, and there was a half-smile on his face that took me rarely. It made me grin as I began the thing I was to do.

"And what did I do, quotha? Why, tramped and blundered about the floor like a heavy-footed lump of a wench, and then, coming to the bucket again, over I kicked it. Swish! it went, down it splashed, and up instanter came a half-howl from below, while, before it could be done sousing the lad as he jumped up, I was down that back stair, into the yard, and so round and in at the front door again, just as the roar of good ancient words from above had set the house aghast. Ho! but my blood warmed to the youth as I listened.

"Faith! there was the to-do; the inn-keeper trying to get in a word of excuse, and his wife in a great fury laying on to

all the maids with a stick, because none would confess, and someway managing to land most of the stripes on one, the prettiest of them—that for jealousy, I'll uphold you. And all the while the lad was roaring for a tub of water to scrub himself clean again, and for fresh linen—'o' the best, to boot!' cries he. Oh, trust him for a right lad of gentleman's blood.

stuff than any you can buy here i' this town. Wash it and you'll be to the best o' the bargain after all. Hark ye, yonder goes the trumpet; the new escort is already falling in. Come and let us get the things bought—I'll help you to choose them.'

"Beelzebub! he had been so browbeaten, by the lad's looks and roaring, that my



"The very first person I met as I came out on the stair was black-eyed Mistress Isabel."

"That was my moment. I waited till the tub was ta'en in and being filled. The innkeeper was turning this way and that, his hands in his pockets picking and dropping the coins there, all in a fine stew about the linen. 'Come, sir,' quoth I to him, remindingly. 'My master will hardly stand hearkening to any humming and hawing about the linen after this. Beside, you will have his own linen left; costlier

civil words quite drew his heart out to me. Away we went, all but arm in arm, and at the shop across the street I chose a fair change of the finest. Moreover, I fetched it back under my own arm. 'Leave him to me,' said I. 'He's not a bad lad when all's said. True, this is coarser linen than he useth to wear, but I'll swear to him that I know it truly to be the best in the town, for I was with you at the buying

on't.' And the fat man blessed me with a look and let me go alone.

"Up the stair I went, all the common-room crowding to stare its eyes out after me, admiring me that I was servant to such a roaring master. Boldly I carried myself, and boldly into the chamber I breasted, with a bare knock to herald me, for I guessed the lad was a modest sort, for all his heat, and come of a decent mother, so that he would scurry to turn his back on me in the tub as he scrubbed. And so he did, and kept his back that way while he cast an eye over his shoulder to see who entered so bluntly.

"The linen, sir,' said I, and I shook it out for him to see. 'Not so fine as if this were London, but the best i' the town, and clean and wholesome. The innkeeper had me with him to choose it, he being a little timid of what you might think good enough. I'll lay it out here o' the table.'

"Do,' said he. 'And my great thanks for it,' he ended, turning his face and falling to dashing and splashing, as if he just remembered the slops afresh.

"That was what I wanted. The belt and the buff coat were both on the table—so were my fingers. While I seemed to be only laying the linen smooth I was fingering the paper out of the belt and stuffing it i' the cuff of my own coat sleeve. 'There, I think that will do well,' said I as I went.

"Thank ye again,' said he, and fell to double splashing as I pulled the door to behind me. Marry! I felt like turning back and patting him on the back, he was so rare a lad. God bless good youth, say I

ever! it is so comely a thing in a comely young sprig.

"So there ye have it," broke off Trevor. "That's the plain way I did a plain thing and captured this great message of Parliament's to its great General Fairfax i' the West."

"And there thou shalt have it on the scone if thou thinkest to break off thy tale i' the middle like that, all to tantalise us, as if we were old wives at gossip," broke out Red Ned instantler. "Let us ha' the rest; the getting out o' the town—that's part o' the tale of the getting of the message, too."

"Is it?" retorted Trevor sardonically. "Well, the very first soul I met, as I came out on the stair, was black-eyed Mistress Isabel, none other."

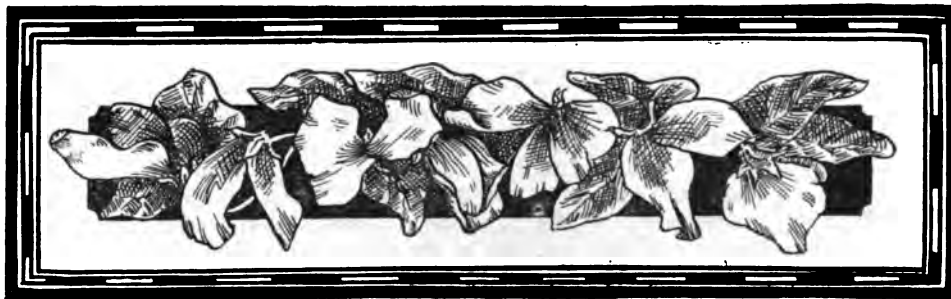
Red Ned's tankard came down on the board with a bang. "I care naught. She never betrayed thee! A gentlewoman does not jest with a man to-night, and then betray him i' the morning. But I see there's another tale to come; tell it then. Let us have it. Go on."

"Ah! but while I tell it I'll smoke a little of that good tobacco, that ye keep so far away from me, at your end o' the table," returned Trevor, reaching for one of the long clays on the board. "Trouble when ye must, but comfort when ye can; that's a good soldier's motto."

"A murrain on thy mottoes, let's ha' the good soldier's tale," retorted Ned.

But Crompton lifted the piece of slow-match from the edge of the table and blew it to a glow for the lighting of Trevor's pipe. That was a quicker way to come at the tale, he knew.

To be continued.



HOW MUSHROOMS ARE CULTIVATED

By J. E. WHITBY

WHEN the French quarrymen of the middle ages hacked and hewed long tunnels in the limestone, the chalk, and the rock round Paris in order to supply themselves with the wherewithal to erect the fine buildings that are still the pride of that historical city, they little thought that they were in fact clearing the ground for the culture of that dainty, beloved of gourmets, the mushroom. Yet so it is, and he who enjoys at table the "champignon," or button form of cultivated mushroom, introduced by the French, and which from its firmer consistency and, to some people, finer flavour, is fast supplanting the wildling of the meadows, should bear in mind that its cultivation in the disused quarries round Paris forms one of the most important industries of the capital.

The largest "mushroomeries"—to coin a word that is not altogether unsuitable—are on the left bank of the Seine, at Montrouge, at Arceuil, at Chatillon, and at Sceaux.

At one time, the long vaults that stretched right under Paris were used for this purpose, but later the corridors which extend towards

Mt. Valerian, between St. Germain and Argenteuil, have been preferred, and those also towards Romainville and Noisy le Sec. Furthermore, the facilities of transport becoming every day greater, mushroomeries are now established in the valley of the Oise and the suburbs of Creil.

Before the culture of the champignon assumed its present proportions, the tunnels in which they were grown were so low that it was only by creeping that the gardeners could reach the forcing beds, but in the more recently-acquired stone vaults there is plenty of space. A certain amount of ventilation is secured by means of small square towers erected over shafts, and the sight of these queer-looking buildings, from which an occasional puff of vapour rises and floats lightly away, has puzzled many a passing traveller, for they are dotted here in a field and there in a garden; their very number and variety of position adding to the enigma. These towers not only serve as chimneys but also

as entrances and exits for those who do not care to go back to the regular quarry opening.

Quite an interesting expedition to see "where the mushrooms come from" can be made by a visitor to Paris if he descends the somewhat perfunctory ladder which leads from the square ventilating tower to the regions below. It is nearly dark at the bottom, a row of



ENTRANCE TO A MUSHROOM "QUARRY."

petroleum lamps that stretch in long lines down the different corridors being all the light by which the gardeners work. The underground air is warm, damp, and impregnated with that queer agaric smell which to a sensitive nose at once reveals the presence of the mushroom and its tribe. Presently the eye becomes accustomed to the semi-darkness.



MAKING MUSHROOM BEDS.

and long naves of stone walls come into view, shored up here and there with ash-lars to prevent accidents. Down these aisles, in close rows like the furrows of some well-ploughed field, are the mushroom beds.

Presently you begin to distinguish little white balls, that look like small round powder puffs dotted thickly, and you are told that these are the mushrooms growing for the Paris market; nay, perhaps even for your especial enjoyment.

What a difference there is between the ordinary wild English mushroom and this spoilt and petted French child! The wild variety springs free under the open sky, bathed by its dew, kissed by the sun. Around it are flowers and sweet grass, and it drinks in the fresh air of Heaven. It grows quickly at its own sweet will, is very brittle, and expands like some strange flower. It is very faithful to certain spots, and is romantic enough to follow the footsteps of the fairies, for whom it often decorates their dancing rings. How different, too, is the manner of gathering! Those who would secure the country spoil usually rise early and seek the fragrant

delicacies ere yet the world is awake, and these seem to keep all the freshness of the meadows in their bouquet.

The cultivated variety has been so developed, so coddled, that its culture, to be successful, must be most carefully carried out. Having secured that prime necessity—your quarry or underground cellar—the first thing to be remembered when starting a mushroomery is to secure plenty of water, for, like its country cousin, the champignon is a heavy drinker.

Next, plenty of good dressing from a well-looked-after stable must be arranged for, for the champignon is dainty and capricious, and will only grow in what it pleases, and scorns straw that has served cows, etc.

And even then the pampered things will not respond to the persuasions of the gardener unless the forcing material has been exposed to the air and turned many times in three weeks. It is only then, when the fermentation is reduced to a certain point that this stuff is taken below by a gang of men known in the Paris mushroomeries as "monteurs," and formed into long narrow beds rounded at the top.

Our illustration shows the men at work preparing these nurseries for the little champignons.

The next interesting process is that which may be called the "larding" of the beds with parcels of stable refuse in which mushroom spawn has been sown. The germination of this "mycelium," as the botanists call it, having been stopped from want of moisture, wakes afresh in the new and agreeable surroundings, and soon responds under the influence of the heat and damp which it loves.

These parcels of spawn serve as "slips," and very soon long, fine filaments begin to start, and in a short time thread their way through the entire bed, the period varying according to circumstances.

The art of successfully producing champignons depends, it would seem, entirely on the grower, who must carefully study the requirements of his capricious charges. The greatest difficulty is in supplying the fungi with the enormous amount of oxygen required, while allowing no change of temperature to check their development, for

they are extremely delicate, like all products of high civilisation. When the air supply is insufficient the champignons stop growing, or, as those engaged in the industry express it, "they sulk," and it requires some time and attention to induce them to start work again. But even if you give the "mycellium" all the air, warmth, and water it demands, the result will still be unsatisfactory if you leave it to itself, for it has not the self-reliance, the sturdiness, of the wild species. No; the champignons must be specially treated, and demand a "goptage," as the French cultivators term it, which consists in covering the beds with a thick layer of limestone in powder, or sand, just as the little white balls are beginning to appear. This is laid on very evenly and gently with trowels, and the illustration shows the men at this work.

It is quite a common remark to say that anything springs up "like a mushroom in a night," but however true that may be about wild mushrooms the saying has certainly no connection with champignons, for they will take from twenty-five to thirty days



COVERING THE MUSHROOM BEDS WITH POWDERED LIMESTONE.

(during which time the beds must be perpetually watered and weeded) before the fungi pierce again the surface of the beds and peep through the sandy covering. The crop is certainly heavy when it does come, but the same plants will only continue to bear during three months, and that with varying intervals of rest.

As soon as the little round white balls are considered sufficiently ripe and sizeable to satisfy the dealers, the gardeners go down the long beds with their baskets, and with quick, dexterous fingers pick off the most likely ones for sale. Though they are much firmer than those of the fields, it yet requires a certain care not to take off the heads without the stems.

There are three principal sorts of cultivated champignons, the white which is deli-

VENTILATING
SHAFT TO
MUSHROOM
BEDS.



WATERING THE BEDS,

cate and much prized by gourmets, but which is fragile and a bad traveller; the gold coloured, stronger and more productive in every way, and that which is usually seen in the Paris vegetable shops and tempting restaurant windows; and the grey. But this last, though it has a strong perfume, turns a very dark colour, and for this reason is not such a favourite with the knowing Parisian market women. It is

rooms are grown in the neighbourhood of Paris, and it affords another object lesson of what can be done by perseverance, for originally quite a small industry, and, indeed, merely begun to satisfy the demands of those few wealthy diners who crave for dainties in and out of season, it has steadily grown and grown, until to-day there are over 80 quarry owners engaged in this most lucrative trade, for whatever



GATHERING THE CROP.

mostly used to flavour sauces, or is used in kitchens where appearance is not considered.

At the end of two, or, at most, three years the champignon has quite lost its ultra civilisation, and has become totally degenerate, and the beds need then entire renewal. Virgin spawn is procured from selected mushrooms, reproduction is started, and the whole business is begun again.

Such is a short description of how mush-

rooms are grown in the neighbourhood of Paris, and it affords another object lesson of what can be done by perseverance, for originally quite a small industry, and, indeed, merely begun to satisfy the demands of those few wealthy diners who crave for dainties in and out of season, it has steadily grown and grown, until to-day there are over 80 quarry owners engaged in this most lucrative trade, for whatever

else fails, the mouth of man must be filled, and as long as possible he will take care it is supplied with good things. Other mushroomeries are fast springing up in various French departments, for it is realised that the business is a most profitable one. Over a million men find occupation in cultivating this valuable adjunct to our dinner table, and the average annual amount thus gained by the clever, industrious Frenchman is £480,000.



"I SHALL not be gone very long, Mère Barbe," said Annette cheerfully, "and M. le Curé here has promised to keep you company till I return, so you will not be lonely."

She bent over the old peasant, touched her cheek with her lips, arranged her shawl, patted her on the shoulder, and, with a reverential obeisance to M. le Curé, who had watched her actions with a kindly light in his eyes, she left the cottage.

"She is a good girl, Annette," he said, drawing his chair a little closer to the fire.

"She is the comfort of my life, m'sieu'," replied Mère Barbe. "She has suffered with me, and she understands. Since that black day, though she is rich and I am poor, she has been with me constantly, has let me want for nothing, has given me what was better than wealth and comfort—her time, and patience, and love." A bitter expression hardened upon the old woman's withered countenance as she added: "She has been a better child to me than my own flesh and blood, God bless her—and curse him!"

"Hush, hush!" said the Curé, with a troubled face. He knew in outline the story of these two peasants, who had suffered together from a common cause some fifteen years ago; it was in the time of his predecessor that Mère Barbe's son had wrecked the happiness of his mother and the girl who loved him.

"Hush, hush!" repeated Mère Barbe, in a harsh voice. "True, I forgot. A son may prove the falsest of the false, the

basest of the base—he may turn traitor to his country, he may stab to the heart the mother that bore him—but she must not curse him. No! if she cannot bless him, at least she must 'Hush, hush!' Pardon, M. le Curé."

"You speak very bitterly, Mère Barbe," said the old man.

"Have I not cause?" said the old woman. "Ah, my God! did I not love him, so that I thought a miracle must happen before my love could turn to hate? Well, he was a saint, that son of mine; for he worked the miracle, M. le Curé."

"No, Mère Barbe, no," interposed the Curé, gently; "if he stood before you now, the mother in you would conquer every other feeling, and you would take him to your heart."

"No, M. le Curé, no!" cried the old peasant, vehemently; "if Pierre stood before me now, I would raise my hand and curse him where he stood!" Her face worked with passionate emotion.

"After all these years!" murmured the Curé to himself.

Ah, after all these years! Old memories were withered. M. le Curé, and dry as the old year's yellowing leaf on the dead branch. They fell like tinder on the smouldering fires in her breast, and fed them into flame; no sap in their veins to save them; to keep them green and tender. Said the Curé: "He tried to expiate his sin."

"There was no expiation for his sin. Do you know the story?"

"I have heard it."

"And yet you can sit here and plead for his memory!"

"Is it vain to do so, Mère Barbe? Can you not think of him more gently? The things we spurn from us in life wear sometimes a changed aspect in death."

Fiercely the old woman cried: "His death changes nothing, nothing! Cowards and traitors and all vile things that creep must die! Shall we pity them because God grants them the fate of honest men? You believe that I judge my son harshly; but think on what he did, m'sieu', and ask yourself if you, a Frenchman, can find it in your heart to pardon him! Pardon? If he died shriven and white as a lamb, if God's justice be built of such injustice that on the Judgment Day we shall meet together at His heavenly throne, then in the sight of God and all His angels I will stand up and spit upon him and call him spy and traitor! My son, m'sieu'—Pierre Labouret, *Mouchard*! Ah, m'sieu', you cannot know all the story!"

Do you, Mère Barbe?

* * *

At the age of nineteen Pierre Labouret had not thrown off the shyness and the *gaucherie* born of self-consciousness common to many young men during the struggle between departing boyhood and dawning manhood. His nature was charged with passions which yet lay dormant, and, scarcely conscious of them himself (as they were certainly not suspected by any of his fellows), he found no outlet for them in his mode of life. His home lay surrounded by solitary fields, somewhat apart from his native village, and his naturally self-retiring disposition was fostered by the circumstance. With the younger community in the village he rubbed shoulders but little, and they made no efforts to urge him to alter his course; for Youth is not the age of tolerance, and will not run to meet you if you choose to walk a path of your own.

"Do you come our way, Pierre? No? Adieu, then. Bon jour, Annette!"

In his heart Pierre, too, might echo "Bon jour, Annette!" but the solitary path was still his to tread. He had no courage to venture into the charmed circle of which she was the queen. Labouring in the fields

or wandering through the country-side, he dreamed his dreams in a Holy of Holies, sealed so completely that no curious, gossiping tongue could even whisper of what took place within. If in the flush of the morning she passed his door with a song on her lips, it was sufficient to set his heart throbbing for a whole day; if they but met in the dusk and she dropped him a smile and a gay "Bon soir!" with perhaps a touch of the fingers, it filled his night with visions. For the time they contented him, and from afar he watched the moths fluttering about their candle, not daring to realise his desires and send his heart winging thither, till, singed and helpless, it should drop prone at her feet. Annette's father was one of the wealthiest landowners in the neighbourhood, but others as poor as he were hovering on the rose's lip, intoxicating themselves with the honey of her smiles and kind glances.

It was in the time of the war, and the country was in a ferment. But as yet Rumour, rather than Circumstance, had quickened the pulses of this little rural community, and their lives flowed evenly, only troubled to such extent as far-off happenings have the power to trouble us. Vast, vague words like War and Death are but dimly grasped in their universal sense until, with awful actuality, the blow is aimed at our own hearths, and from the loving circle our unit is snatched away to be merged in the infinite shadowy hosts of those who have fought and struggled and died.

A wedding had taken place in the village. Shall the whole world stand still because a tragedy is being enacted in one corner of it? An old life droops towards its mother earth while a new life unfolds its bud to the light, and funeral bells and wedding chimes ring all the year through.

Pierre was present on the occasion, and afterwards took part in the festivities and dancing; for at such a time, to remain away when he had been bidden would have appeared ungracious. For some reason—who shall say why?—Annette was especially kind to him that night. Whether because some trait in the shy boy attracted her, whether to tease some other admirer or recall some fickle youth to his allegiance, Pierre was chosen as her cavalier; and when, in the heat of the dance, she pressed

his hand and flung him a warm glance, it set the blood humming in his veins.

If his imagination was stimulated by her new attitude, it was not utterly without justification. Finding himself, in one of the pauses of the dance, near his godfather, an old man who had watched the boy's growth with kindly eyes, Pierre heard his chuckling whisper of congratulation:

"Lucky Pierre! Lucky fellow!"

And on other sides the whisper flew abroad that little Annette had chosen at last; and he heard it, and there was a singing in his head.

When the party broke up he walked with her through the night to her home, and at the door, as she was bidding him "au revoir," asked her for the flower she wore in her hair. She laughingly refused him, but of a sudden he felt how much youth may dare, and with a quick movement he brushed it from its resting-place and sped away with his treasure. He hid it beneath his coat, keeping one hand above it, and under the warm pressure of his fingers the petals seemed to throb with heartbeats. Alone in the fields he laughed out exultantly, crying:

"To-morrow! to-morrow!"

Why, he scarcely knew; but to-morrow a new day would dawn, and he thought it would look different from any day that had yet arisen upon his young life. Ah, the fever-heat of nineteen, when everything we dream of is attainable, and the world seems created for our football!

The next day, suddenly, unexpectedly, without warning, a French regiment was quartered in the village, and the rumour was rife that Germans were in the neighbourhood. The whole aspect of things was changed. Soldiers in every household, outposts stationed in the forest, men and women walking cautiously with ears and eyes alert, and children huddled together oppressed with the terrors of ignorance.

For some days Pierre lost sight of Annette's movements; this was not the time for the secret, stolen delights of love-making. Or so he thought. He was to learn that others were bold to step in where he had feared to venture.

He was going through the outskirts of the forest one day, when he caught the

glimpse of a blue skirt among the trees. Annette had a blue skirt, and he stole nearer. The day was serene. Nature was at peace, and the grim image of war seemed to have melted like a ghost in the warm sunshine. Somewhat timidly Pierre approached, for the boldness born of darkness was not for him to-day, and the assurance which had been his on the night of the wedding had deserted him. But a short distance from her, while still hidden from sight, he halted, for he saw that she was not alone. She was standing in company with a soldier in officer's uniform, a Frenchman. Pierre knew him by sight. He was quartered in Annette's household: a handsome, broad-shouldered man of thirty, with perhaps a touch of insincerity in the droop of his eyelid, not easily read by the inexperienced, but he was known to be a gallant soldier.

Pierre was not near enough to catch their words, but the picture imprinted itself indelibly on his eyeballs; thenceforward he had but to close them in order to conjure up the vivid scene. Annette, in all the archness, charm, and freshness of her sixteen summers, leaning against a tree-trunk, her hands clasped behind her dark curls, the wide sleeves of her dainty chemisette falling away from the uplifted, dimpled elbows, and the kerchief crossed upon her bosom revealing the white, rounded throat, across which a shaft of light lay caressingly as she turned her sweet face upward and laughed into the eyes of the man standing above her: Pierre clenched his hands at sight of the face of the soldier, and read there something which Annette, close as she was, was blind to. He saw their lips move, caught the murmur without the sense of their words and the ripple of Annette's light laugh. Then, with a quick gesture, the soldier caught her around the waist, and she hung back, struggling. Pierre, his blood running hot, made a movement to dart forward to her assistance, when suddenly—he saw it plainly, and it stunned him!—she yielded, and flung her arms about the neck of the man who held her. The watcher saw black spots dancing in the sunlight, and he closed his lids. When he re-opened them the man was gone, and Annette was standing there alone. He pushed aside the brushwood that impeded

him, and stood before her with a look of flame.

"Annette!"

She looked up with a frightened scream. Then her expression changed to one of mingled relief and embarrassment.

"Ah, it is you, Pierre Labouret!"

"Yes. Oh, you! . . . you! . . ."

He struggled to speak, but found that he had no coherent thought to express. In his trouble he caught at the one clear resolve in his mind. "I am going to tell your father."

She clasped her hands in dismay. "Pierre! No, you *must* not!"

He repeated: "I am going to tell your father."

"How dare you?" she demanded passionately. "What right is it of yours? How does it matter to you?"

"How does it matter to me?" he echoed, his lips trembling. "How does it matter to me? It matters to me above everything in all this world!"

She glanced aside at him swiftly, and dropped her tone of anger. Her voice was soft and appealing as she uttered his name.

"Pierre!"

"You kissed him!"

"It is such a little thing."

"A little thing? You call that a little thing?"

"I meant it as a little thing, Pierre. A kiss is only what you mean it to be."

"I do not believe you!"

"Pierre, you will not tell?" She crept closer to him.

"Your father must know."

"You will not tell, Pierre. Promise me!" There was a sob in her voice; she laid her hands upon his coat and raised her wet eyes pleadingly to his.

"I can't promise," he muttered, looking away.

"But you will. You are thinking wrong things, Pierre, and people will think them, too, if you speak. You would not wish to do me an injury, Pierre. I did not intend any harm, and he did not. Promise that you will not tell my father!" Her hands had stolen up and were joined about his neck now.

"You kissed him! You kissed him!"

The words were scarcely allowed to escape. He felt her breath on his cheek.

her lips on his, and she was clinging to him, sobbing piteously.

"Promise that you will not tell my father!" she reiterated, through her tears.

"I promise."

"That you will tell *no* one!"

"I promise."

"Kiss my cross and promise," she urged, lifting the little crucifix on her breast, "that my name and his shall never pass your lips."

Still hot with the kiss she had given him, he pressed his lips upon the crucifix and swore the oath. Her arms dropped from his shoulders, and she stood looking at the ground. Half blind, his senses clouded, he stumbled away.

A day, two days passed, and still the life of the little village lay quivering beneath the cloud of suspense hanging above it with the presage of a coming storm. On the afternoon of the third day a soldier came to the cottage in the fields and bade Pierre accompany him. The boy obeyed, and was taken to the house of his godfather in the village, where the colonel in command of the regiment was installed. Pierre was ushered before him; his godfather was the only other person present.

"Is this the boy?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, m'sieu'," answered the old man.

The colonel turned to Pierre.

"You are called Pierre Labouret?"

"Yes, m'sieu'."

"A true patriot?"

"Yes, m'sieu'."

"I will answer for it," interposed the old man, eagerly. "I have known him from a baby. He is steel to the backbone, m'sieu'."

The colonel made clear to Pierre what was wanted of him. It seemed that a German detachment was rumoured to be near at hand. Its exact whereabouts was not known. A scout was needed, one who knew the country well, and could go about without exciting the suspicion which would have fallen upon a soldier wearing the French uniform. Pierre had been selected for the purpose. He recognised the dangers which awaited him, but expressed himself as ready to undertake the task. As a matter of fact, the choice was not his. The colonel gave him the passwords of the double pickets which had been posted in the forest; for the first, "L'Amour," for

the second, "La Vengeance." He was to go that night, and none was to know his errand.

Pierre went back to his mother. He knew that his mission was one from which he might never return: if he were discovered by the Germans prowling about their camp, he would be shot like a dog without mercy: and he had a longing to bid her farewell. Between these two lay a deep well of human tenderness, but the shy reserve of his nature took, in hers, the form of outward hardness, and very rare were the signs of affection exhibited by them. Knowing what he knew, he could not sit composed in her presence, and he shortly went out into the woods to await the dusk.

It fell: and into the lengthening shadows went Pierre Labouret upon his country's work.

Had he deviated from his path by but one half-mile! Had he arrived at the spot but ten minutes later!

He saw them again together in a clearing in the forest. It was he only who had sworn an oath to Annette, but he felt as though the girl was breaking one as solemn when, lurking in the shadow of the trees, he crept near enough to overhear their words and see the look of self-surrendering love that filled her eyes. She had been weeping, and the tears were still in the sweet young voice that he had thought of as attuned only to gladness and laughter. The sight of her sorrowing eyes, the sound of her sorrowful voice, wrought a madness in him.

"You are going away, Louis—it is true that you are going?"

"A truth that soldiers must accustom themselves to, my little Annette, bitter as it is. Glory may beckon us forward, but the path behind us lies strewn with regrets."

"You will forget, you will forget!"

"And will you remember, when I call you to join me?"

"But *will* you call? . . . When are you going, Louis?"

"I cannot say with certainty. To-morrow, or, at the latest, the day after."

"Ah, dear God, the time is so short! A day—two days—!" Her voice broke.

He slipped his arm about her, and drew her to him. "Yes, Annette, the time is

cruelly short. Shall we not make the most of it? . . . Well? You do not answer."

"Because I do not understand you, Louis."

"Tell me, then, my little one, do you love me?"

"You know that I love you with all my heart and soul!"

"This night is still ours, Annette. Give it to me!"

"How can I give it to you? Have you not all my nights and all my days? Do I think of other than you through all the hours?"

"I do not want your thoughts, Annette, I want yourself—your hands in mine, your kisses on my lips. Meet me to-night; say yes, *mon coeur*!"

"Where am I to meet you?"

"In the grotto by the stream half a mile from here. The place will be deserted. There will be one outpost to pass, and the watchword—*our* watchword to-night, Annette!—'L'Amour.' Another line of outposts, stationed beyond, protect us from danger. You will come?"

She looked up, half in terror. "No, Louis! . . . I do not know."

"Silly child, you are trembling. Do you fear me?"

"I do not know."

"You cannot fear me and love me. You do not love me, then?"

"Ah, how can you say it?"

"If you love me, come. Would I hurt my heart's-dearest? Can you not trust your lover?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I do trust you! I know you will not harm me, Louis, Louis!" She lay in his arms, weeping and trembling.

"Hark!" he said, suddenly. "What was that?"

"Something stirred," she whispered fearfully. "Ah, *mon Dieu*, let me go!" She tore herself away, covering her face with her hands.

"A bird—a squirrel. All is quiet again. Till to-night, *mon amour*!"

She did not reply, but fled through the woods. Her senses were too bewildered during the first few moments for her to realise that she was being tracked. She then became conscious that swift and stealthy steps were following hers, and she turned about in terror to face her hidden

pursuer. She uttered a stifled cry as she felt her two wrists gripped fiercely, and, pale as death, she dropped upon her knees. She scarcely recognised Pierre's face, so white it was, the eyes so ablaze with fury.

"Let me go!" she gasped. "Let me go!"

For answer he shifted the delicate wrist he held in his right hand to his left, and pinioned the two together, almost crushing them. She shuddered as, with his free hand, he drew his large knife from his belt.

"Merciful God! what are you going to do? . . . Pierre, Pierre!"

"Be silent, Annette. Do not scream, or I swear it shall be the last sound that passes your throat. Now, look me in the eyes and answer me truthfully, and do not think to deceive me. I shall know whether you are lying."

She raised her eyes, and his gaze held her with the fascination of the snake for the helpless bird.

"Annette, can you still look without shame into your mother's face?"

"Pierre, Pierre, what do you mean?"

"Are you still worthy to place your hand in the hand of an honest man?"

"Oh, Holy Mother! What are you thinking?"

"I want no protestations. I love you. Do you understand? Are you still fit to become my wife?"

"Yes."

The answer was unfaltering, the eyes never wavered. He dropped her wrists, and they fell helplessly upon her lap, red stains showing beneath the tender skin. Great drops of sweat stood upon his brow. Freed from his grip, she still crouched there with scarcely the power to move. He stood above her, his eyes set like glowing coals in a livid face.

"Annette, I ask you now to marry me."

"What shall I say?" she whispered.

"If I refuse, you will murder me."

"I will not murder you if you refuse. I am asking the right to protect you, and if you will not grant it I must force you to protect yourself."

"I do not understand . . . oh, Pierre, there is a madness in your eyes! . . . I am afraid!"

"If there is madness in my eyes, it is you who put it there. You sent me mad

on the night of the wedding. It may have been my fault as much as yours, for since I can remember you have been the white star of my life. And this I swear—that you shall remain white and unsullied if I have to blacken my own soul and send it to everlasting perdition! Now answer my question simply in one word. Will you be my wife?"

"No."

"Annette, I have sworn an oath to you upon your cross, and I swear again that I will keep it to the end of my days. But you shall also swear an oath to me, now and here."

She sat, mutely waiting.

"You shall swear that you will not keep the accursed meeting with that man to-night. You shall swear that you will exchange no word with him, that you will never touch his hand again. While he remains in your father's house, you will keep to your room. If he accosts you, you will not answer; if he dares to touch you, you will strike him in the face. Lift up your cross, and swear this before God!"

Piteously, blindly, she groped for his hand.

"Pierre, Pierre, I love him!"

"You shall crush that love out of your heart; you shall grind it to death. Such love pollutes you. Swear what I have spoken."

"You are wronging us, Pierre. He loves me, too—truly, truly!"

"He does not love you. He desires you. I saw the devil in his eyes while he held you against his treacherous heart." She shuddered as he ground his teeth at the recollection. "He would damn you, body and soul, that after death you might wander as his companion in Hell. Swear, Annette, swear! Repeat the oath after me upon your cross. I have not much patience, and my brain is on fire." He himself lifted the crucifix from her neck and forced her to close her fingers over it. "Swear!"

Her lips parted, her breath came fast. Suddenly she inclined her ear, and sprang to her feet. Panting, she faced him, her head flung back in defiance.

"I will not swear!" she cried passionately. "I will not swear! You are a coward, Pierre Labouret, to try to tear from me the happiness which you may not

share. To your face I call you coward! And to your face I say that I love him, that I trust him, that I will follow when he calls to me! He is a soldier, he is a true and honest man, and he is my lover! And you, what are *you*? A spy, Pierre Labouret, a low, mean-spirited spy! *Mouchard! Mouchard!* I do not fear you! *Mouchard!* . . . Ah, Louis, quickly—come quickly! He will kill me! . . . Help! help!"

Frantic terror possessed her of the consequences of her wild outburst, which had been inspired by the approaching sound of a step she knew. Lashed into insanity, Pierre towered above her, and she caught the wicked blue gleam of his knife before her eyes closed in horror.

A sharp report sounded close by her ear, and a strong arm supported her as Pierre reeled backwards. But the infuriated boy, dashing the blood from his eyes, staggered upon them, still clutching his uplifted knife. The soldier whipped his sword from its scabbard, and with the flat of it struck him thrice upon the head. The last thing presented to his blackening sight was the picture of the girl he loved being borne from him in the arms of the man who threatened her honour.

* * *

"Who goes there?"

Clear and sharp the question rang out upon the night.

Swift and prompt came the answer:

"L'Amour!"

"Pass!"

Again a voice in the darkness.

"Who goes there?"

"La Vengeance!"

It fell on the still air like the hiss of a serpent.

The sentry rubbed his eyes, and involuntarily crossed himself.

"Jesu! Was that the devil in person?"

Three hours later the village was in arms. The French camp was surprised by night. They had been betrayed into the hands of their enemies. The Germans had been led by the course of the stream. The first sentry had challenged a single man who had replied with the word, and, passing close, had stabbed him so swiftly that he fell without a warning cry. One other Frenchman fell, and one only, before a boy of nineteen, his peasant blouse torn and

disordered, his face stained, his hair matted with blood, rushed to the post of the second sentry, crying the alarm. He had slipped like lightning from between the two Germans who guarded him, distrusting where they trusted. They fired after him, but the shots missed.

For a while the contest raged fiercely and sharply; then fortune, in one of her rare moments throughout the war, favoured the French, and they drove the invaders back. When the dead were counted the next morning, one officer was missing. Later in the day he was found face downwards in the grotto by the stream.

In the afternoon, while the colonel was standing in the little market-place, where most of the living, soldiers and peasants, were assembled, Pierre Labouret presented himself, worn and dishevelled. The colonel made a step towards him, and with kind eyes placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Pierre Labouret," said he, "it was you who raised the alarm of the enemy's approach. But for you, we might all have been slaughtered as we slept. In the name of France, and of the fathers and mothers whose sons you have saved for France, I thank you. At some future day a more fitting reward may await you."

"I have come to claim it now, m'sieu'," said Pierre Labouret.

"What do you mean, my lad?"

"I mean, m'sieu', that if it be true that I was the first to raise the alarm, it is also true that I am the man who betrayed you into the hands of the Germans."

A gasp of horror and amazement passed through the listening crowd. A young girl present sank upon her knees and covered her eyes with her hands.

"The boy is mad!" exclaimed the colonel, aghast.

"Yes," said Pierre vacantly. "I think so."

"Recall yourself, Pierre," said his godfather, pushing his way to the front. "Think what you are saying. You have received a cut on the head, and it has turned your brain."

"Yes," muttered Pierre, "the cut on my head turned my brain; that is true enough. But what I have said is also true. I knew the passwords, and I delivered them to the enemy. I knew the forest, and I led the

enemy by the safest route. The blessings of those whose sons I have saved I cannot hear for the curses of those whose sons I have murdered. I have played the traitor to my country, and I am not fit to live. I *will* not live. I wish to die."

From the crowd, where pitying women were tending the fainting girl who, they

whispered among themselves, loved him, stepped Mère Barbe. Her withered arm was upraised, her eyes were terrible with a black flame of hatred.

"Pierre Labouret," she said, "go to your grave with your mother's curse upon your head!" And she spat upon him.

He was shot that same evening.

THE OLD VILLAGER

By W. J. CAMERON

ONE country's good enough for me,
One King, one catechism,
And he who thereto won't agree
Infected is with schism.

A president, a common man,
I would not have to fool me;
Give me a King who'll bless or ban
And altogether rule me.

Discussion leads to discontent,
I like a quiet life, sir;
Why, even change of government
I hold breeds needless strife, sir.

My grandfather fought at Waterloo
And followed squire to glory;
I'll follow squire, his grandson, too,
And that's how I'm a Tory.

My son, from Africa again,
Where lately there's been fighting,
Has got some notion in his brain
That things at home want righting.

He says the country's going back,
Calls squire and parson "fettlers."
I tell him that it means the sack
To criticise your betters.

That risk to run he never meant,
He'll turn to emigration.
Since here it's deemed irreverent
To rise beyond your station,
No. 29. August, 1905.

So, for a country far away,
Where wide is the horizon,
A bigger country, so men say,
Than any I've set eyes on,

Where yellow corn beneath the sun
Grows ripper every minute,
And men turn farmers one by one,
To find *there's money in it*.

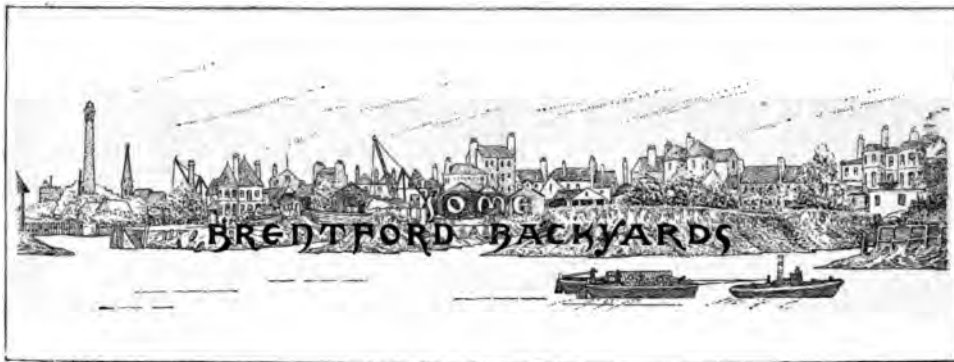
A country more unto his mind,
Where labour brings subsistence,
Where parsons cannot be unkind
And squires have no existence.

He'll leave behind the mists so dear,
To all true English hearts, sir,
And, in a brighter atmosphere,
Will try to do his part, sir.

But now the mists are part of me,
As my old bones can tell, sir,
They fill my old eyes drearily,
Perhaps my heart as well, sir.

And so at home I'll live and die,
E'en though I be alone, sir;
This country's best for me, say I,
Because it is my own, sir.

And when my time shall come to go,
Like squire, I hope, to glory,
This much he'll say for me, I know,
"He always voted Tory."



AN ANCIENT "PORT" OF LONDON

By J. TAVENOR-PERRY

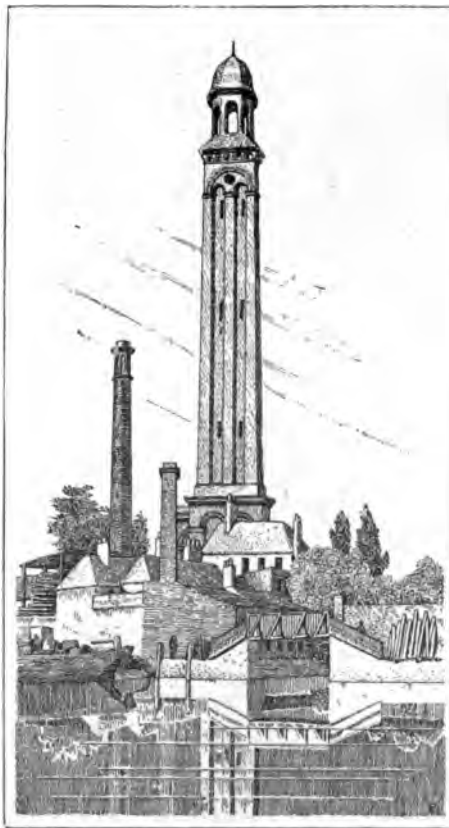
Illustrated from Sketches by the Author

MANY Londoners know, or think they know, Brentford; and to most its unfortunate alliterative name of "beastly Brentford" is familiar. The clouds of smoke emitted by its chimneys, and the varying smells of gas and jam and soap one encounters during the passage of its dingy High-street only confirm the impression this description has created; and but few of the thousands who daily rush through it attempt to penetrate behind the screen of dusky house-fronts which face each other throughout its dreary length and ascertain for themselves the truth or otherwise of the unhappy appellation. But the adventurous explorer, who, regardless of the bogey of a bad name, will plunge

into the unknown regions beyond the limits of the highway, will find much of the unexpected and interesting, and much

to make him wonder why so obnoxious an epithet should be the portion of Brentford.

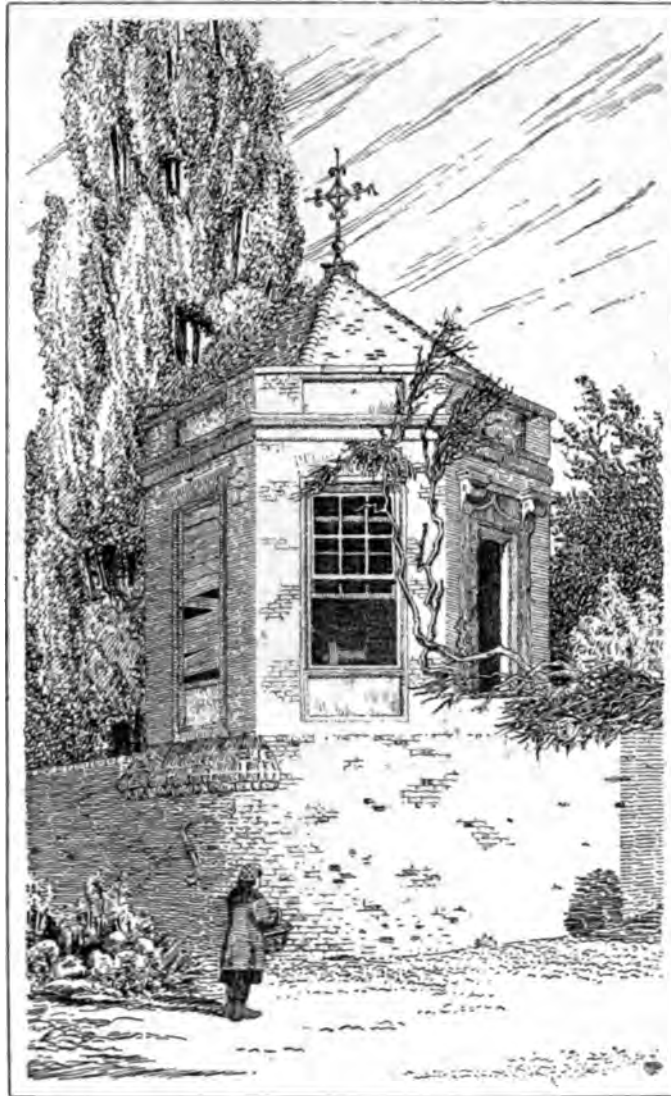
It would be interesting to know when and how the offensive adjective became attached to the name of the town. It was certainly long before the advent of the gas works, the railways, or the soap and jam factories; and knowing what the avocations of its people were before these unpleasant businesses made their appearance, it is difficult to understand in what its beastliness consisted, much less why it was considered a sinner above other towns of England in that respect. Yet Gay calls



"THE CAMPANILE."

it a tedious town, known for its dirty streets; and Thompson, who wrote his "Seasons" in a riverside public-house not far away, calls it a town of mud; and the dirt that these poets shrew was quite

charms, which so reminded him of his dear Hanover; and the great Dr. Johnson once checked Adam Smith's enthusiastic praises of the beauties of Glasgow with: "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" Pepys,



A GAZEBO: BOAR'S HEAD YARD.

enough for some of it to stick. But the poets were not all the world; and in spite of the bad name they gave it, Brentford had its admirers. George I., in his frequent passage through the town, always "slowed down" to have the more time to admire its

who frequently went to Brentford, never speaks in disparagement of it; on the other hand, from an entry he makes in his diary one might gather that it was a favourite place for a Sunday or week-end excursion. He says, under the date of 20th August, 1665: "To Brainford (he

was returning from Windsor); and there at the inn that goes down to the water-side I light and paid off my post horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, the tide not serving, and to church, where a dull sermon, and many Londoners. After church to my inn, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got between nine and ten to Queenhive (Queenhithe) very dark."

Brentford, as it appeared to Pepys, to George I., and to Dr. Johnson, and as it existed before the nineteenth century, was a wholly different place to the present town. But the changes it underwent were not due to gradually increasing prosperity and that addition of new buildings and new streets which marked the expansion of most English towns, but a revolutionary change in all the amenities of the place and the occupation of its inhabitants. Till then it was a quiet country town—save, perhaps, at election times—depending to a large extent on chance visitors, full of way-side inns for the numberless folk passing along the main road between London and the West, and riverside inns for the almost as numerous travellers who preferred to take the water for that part of their journey for which the tide would serve. Instead of the whole area of the town being, as now, crowded with shabby dwellings, the houses

were scattered along the well-wooded banks of the Thames and Brent, and interspersed with orchards and pasture land. Many of the houses were of the better sort, the residences of well-to-do people, merchants and others, who preferred the pleasant gardens of a country town to the confinement of London.

Some of these houses still survive along the main street or by the river serving mean purposes; and here and there among the coal yards and dust heaps old apple trees testify to the site of an orchard: while the little gazebo (Page 435) at the bottom of Boar's Head Yard, which now looks forlornly out on an iron railway bridge and an ugly reach of the canal, shows that someone at the time it was built thought that the prettiness of the view it would command justified its erection. Both the rivers teemed with fish, and down even to comparatively recent years a hundred families of the town subsisted on fishing alone.

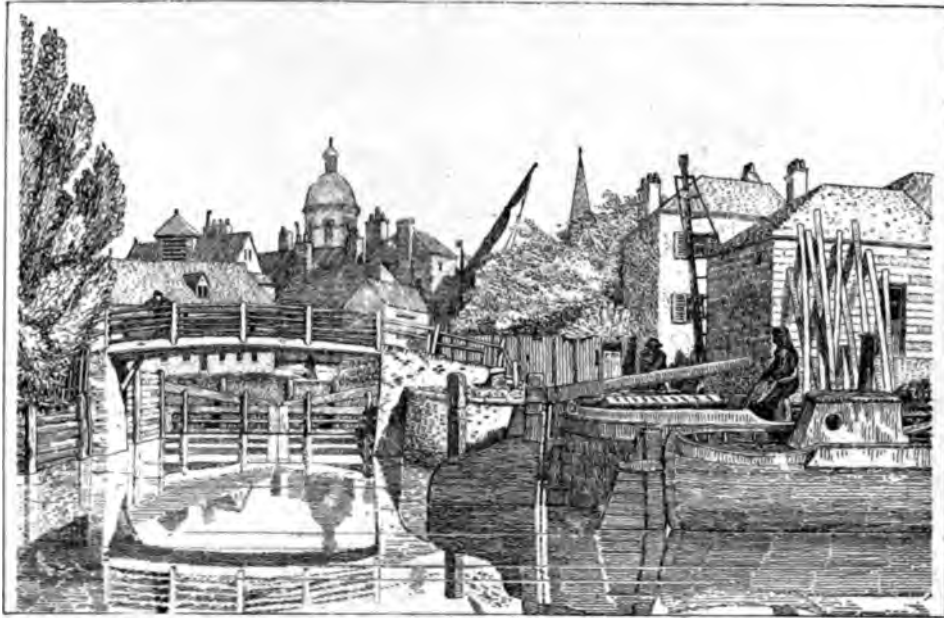
Such seems to have been the state of Brentford when the nineteenth century came to change all, and

"Discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory."

Whatever may be the present state of Brentford, and how far it may now deserve its offensive description, everyone can



DURHAM WHARF YARD.



CATHERINE WHEEL YARD.

judge for himself, but how it was that a pleasant riverside town, such as we have described, gained for itself such unenviable notoriety, is not very evident. Nevertheless, from the particular references to its miry streets it would seem that the state of the high road, which was the only part of the town seen by the travellers passing through it, was the source and origin of the name. Not that the high road through Brentford was much worse than the high roads generally throughout the country at that period; but its defects were unusually emphasised by its position and surroundings. The traveller from London, who for some miles had been traversing open country high-ways, suddenly plunged into the long defile of Brentford High-street, unpaved and unrepaved, and in all respects a contrast to the broad roads left behind and to the open heaths beyond. Whilst to the traveller who, to avoid the foot-paths of Knightsbridge and the sloughs of Turnham Green, and had come so far by boat, the unpleasantness of the main street seemed even greater. The frequent floods of the Brent made, no doubt, a considerable addition to Brentford's mud; for

long after the ford had been bridged, and, indeed, until the canal was made, these floods often spread over both banks of the river and left the high road, and even the church floor, for days under water. However, be the origin of the description what it may, the alterations of the nineteenth century went far to justify it, and in little more than a hundred years, Brentford was changed from being a pleasant suburban resort into a busy manufacturing centre, and the inland port of London.

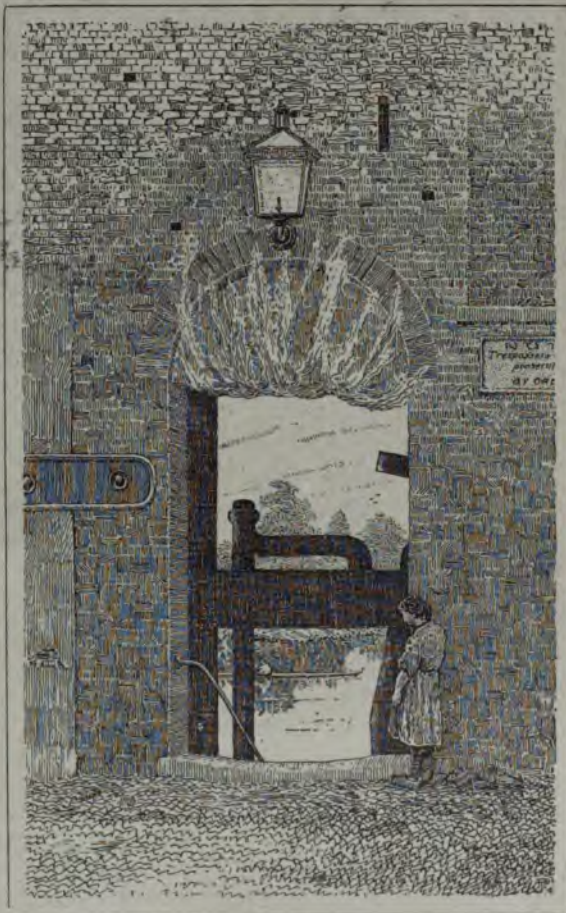
Before describing the defacing innovations which brought it to its present state, it will be well to look at the topography of the place, so as the better to understand the story of its rise and fall. The town is divided into two parts by a line, not evident to the wanderer in its streets, but very perceptibly zig-zagging across the map, as is often the way with boundary lines; and these parts are known respectively as Old and New Brentford. New Brentford, which is the western half, is part of the parish of Hanwell in the hundred of Elthorne, and is built along the banks of the Brent, whilst the eastern half, known as Old Brentford, is in the parish of Ealing and the hundred of Ossulton, and is built

along the banks of the Thames. To the casual observer the names seem very misplaced, for Old Brentford is decidedly new, whilst it is equally evident that New Brentford is old. But the explanation may be found in the fact that the original town grew up at the east end on the Thames' banks, where it commanded not only the ferry across to the Surrey side, (then, before the days of Kew and Richmond bridges, of great importance) but also the traffic with London carried on by the river. As the town increased in importance, and the marsh lands along the Brent began to be reclaimed, New Brentford came into existence; and its later and well-built houses have, in many cases, long survived the earlier houses of the original town, which have given place to the modern alleys and rookeries of which the residential portion of Old Brentford is now mainly composed.

The first alteration which took place in the town was the opening of the Grand Junction Canal about the beginning of the last century. To a great extent it superseded the lower course of the Brent, closing one of its two mouths, the one nearest to Sion Park, but otherwise not much varying its course, and leaving in some of its *backwaters and overflows* many picturesque

points such as those by the Durham Wharf and at the end of Catherine Wheel Yard. (Pages 436 and 437). The effect of this work on the trade of Brentford became immediately apparent; and as the canal brought down the coals and manufactures of the Midlands to its wharves, it at once established itself as the up-river port of London. Side by side with the canal

and a little later in the day came the Great Western Railway, which seized on the osier-covered delta of the Brent, delved out vast docks, and piled up hideous warehouses that for ever destroyed the view from Kew of the Brent and the old buildings on its banks. But a worse thing than either railway or docks was next to invade the town. The cheapness and ease with which the canal brought down coal to the Thames induced a gas company to pitch just in the prettiest part of Old



ELYSIUM FROM INFERNO.

Brentford its unsightly works. And along both sides of the road it now spreads, shutting off the views of the river, and filling the air with the smoke and fumes, which only a gas-works can emit. There is one doorway in it giving access to a black gulf of smoke and smell, with a legend warning trespassers of the fate which will befall them if they dare to enter, through

which a peep of the river and the trees on the Surrey side may be obtained—it is as a glimpse of Elysium from Hades. (Page 438.) Two wooded eyots to a great extent screen the view of these works from Kew; but if one stops opposite a little strait which divides them, well-named on the Ordnance map "Hog Hole," he will see the backyards of these works in all their hideousness—a glimpse of Hades from the Elysian Fields. (Page 440.) The smoke of the chimneys of the water works also built in Old Brentford added yet further to the



AN OLD BRENTFORD KILN.

gathering dirt and murkiness of the unfortunate town; but it may be granted that the lofty water tower, which might well pass for a campanile, is not without a certain sort of grace. (Page 434.)

Of the other manufactures of Brentford which existed before the time of these great changes, perhaps the brewing and the malting were the chief; the breweries, however, always flourishing, have been unpicturesquely re-built, and, though the malting trade has almost ceased, many of the picturesque kilns still remain.



THE MOUTH OF THE BRENT.



HOG HOLE.



PLOUGH YARD.

(Page 439.) There is one curious old trade of parchment making carried on down Plough Yard (see below); but perhaps the trade of boat and barge building is the most noticeable and most pleasant of those remaining. The sheds and yards extend along the river's banks from the Ferry almost to the gas works, and their picturesque confusion makes them a pleasant picture, as seen from the towing-path at Kew. (Title.) One mass of such sheds that rears itself above the mouth of the Brent when seen through a morning mist might well be taken for a formidable fortification. (Page 439.)

But of all the trades that flourished in the old days and still flourish in Brentford there are none so evident as that of the Publican. The number of the "Houses" may be known to someone, but their names would fill a volume. The "Magpie and Stump" was only separated from the "Magpie and Crown" by the "Boar's Head," while opposite to them cooed the "Three Pigeons." All natural and unnatural history has been ransacked for names; indeed, it has been suggested that it was

the character of the signs rather than the condition of the streets which suggested the epithet "beastly."

There is one interesting point in connection with the town not to be overlooked, and that is, that in spite of the many changes it has seen, it is still rich in place names.

"The Ham," although curtailed by canal and railway, still remains an open public space, but the "Town Meadow," which once was Lammas land, is now covered with refuse heaps and a parochial dust-destructor. "Poppet's Pardon," "Troy Town," and "Cyrus Piece" are not now recognisable, but the grass waves green still above "Deadmen's Graves," and traces of "Cole Hole," once a large fish-pond, remain by Gunnersbury Park. "Half Acre" has been merged in other

acres of buildings, but its name survives whilst "The Butts" surrounded by its substantial houses, still retains a respectable old-world air. The electric tramcar, regardless of mire and narrowness, has already forced its way through the defile, and widenings, as well as "improvements," so-called, are the order of the day; but the town may retain for a long time evidences of its antiquity, and more than one generation yet may be able to visit the picturesque Brentford Backyards.

TO THE PICTURE OF A LITTLE GIRL

Dated 1780

By W. ROSS

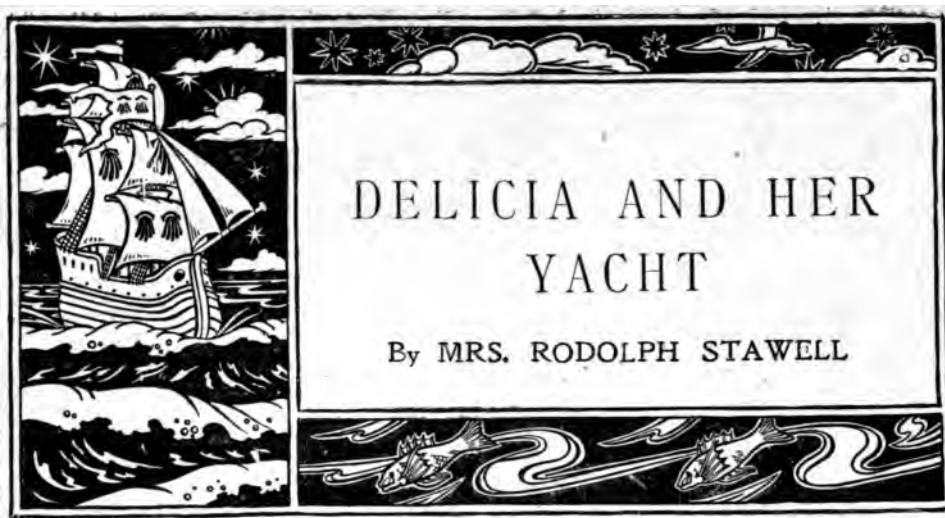
I WISH I could run after you
Across your daisied lawn, my sweet,
And find a strange world—old yet new
Led by your satin-sandalled feet.

Your veil has blown about your face,
Your ribbons both have come untied,
Your little dog joins in the chase
And barking, gambols by your side.
The wind has tossed your curly hair
And flushed your rounded cheeks with glee,
And back across your shoulder bare
You turn your head to laugh at me.

What should I find so old yet new
Beyond your daisied lawn, my sweet,
If I could but run after you,
Led by your tripping sandalled feet?

Perhaps a maze of sombre yew
Cut into figures quaintly prim,
Or some small garden, dear to you,
Who planned and tilled its borders trim.
Perhaps a terrace flagged and grey
With peacocks trailing to and fro'
And children playing there to-day
Who lived and died—ah, long ago.

Will you not for a moment stay
And tell me, are my guesses true?
You only laugh and run away,
—I wish I could run after you.



WHEN John Filmer left his favourite chair in the hotel verandah, and strolled down the garden, he really believed that his object was to see the yachts in the harbour. But his true reason was that the girl in white was standing by the water's edge, and had hair of the right shade of red. He had already spoken to her once or twice at *table d'hôte*, and had found her manner of passing the salt very charming. She looked lonely, and poor, and a little sad. He thought it would be nice to cheer her up, partly because he was a good fellow, and partly, no doubt, because he admired red hair.

She was looking intently, almost rapturously, at a small steam yacht that lay at anchor opposite the terraced garden of the hotel. John Filmer himself had been admiring that yacht a good deal during the morning, and had decided that she was the smartest in the harbour.

The girl turned to him with a brilliant unexpected smile.

"Do you like my yacht?" she asked, and John Filmer nearly jumped. A girl with that smile—and that yacht—was in little need of cheering up.

"I admire your taste," he said. "Have you had her long?"

"Oh, no—not long—not at all long." She gave a little half-suppressed laugh, which John would probably have called a giggle if her hair had been sandy.

"I've not had anything long," she went on. "That's what makes everything so lovely. You may not have observed it, but her mast is of gold and her sails are of

silk—like the nursery-rhyme, you know. And at a moment's notice I can sail away for a year and a day."

John Filmer was smiling at her childishness.

"And where do you sail to?" he asked.

"Why, in June I go north, and play about in the Shetlands and collect Scotch ghosts, and in August I come here to meet the pixies, and in October I fly south and catch mermaids. Oh, it is such fun to be rich!"

She was like a child who has just been given five shillings.

"You are very rich then?" John asked smiling, as he might have asked the child.

She nodded.

"Fabulously," she said, evidently enjoying the word. "Like the heroine of a penny novelette."

"That must indeed be fun."

"Ah," she pursed up her lips gravely, "but there are responsibilities, very serious responsibilities. One has to try and do good with one's riches."

John Filmer sat down on the stone parapet and lit a cigar. The frank confidences of this surprisingly pretty girl might be made to last some time, he hoped.

"And what charities are you most interested in?" he asked.

"Nothing stuffy," she said. "I like to give people a good time. Especially girls who have not much money."

She looked a little wistful. Perhaps she had once been poor herself.

"Of course, there are big cheques to go to the usual hospitals and things," she

went on in her large way. "But I never make little woolly petticoats or go to hor meetings. If children are poor I give them Fuller's sweets or Paris dolls. If I see a girl in last year's sleeves I send her a box from Paquin. Sleeves give a woman away more than anything, don't you think?" She pointed to the white yacht, slowly swinging with the tide. "There's my yacht. Two months ago I filled her with tired high-school mistresses and newspaper girls, and ran them off to the Mediterranean. I took the whole lot to Monte Carlo," she added after a moment.

"Isn't that a new form of philanthropy?" asked John Filmer. "You should suggest it to the Country Holiday Fund."

"You shouldn't laugh. They enjoyed themselves, and I—I was happy."

"You can be happy again. You can do it again—just the same."

The brightness left her face suddenly.

"Just the same," she said sadly. "Just the same."

"And what shall you do next?" asked John.

The effect of this question was immediate and alarming. The girl's manner stiffened suddenly, and seemed to suggest that John had been too curious.

"The future," she said coldly, "will probably be much the same as the past." There was a tone of bitterness in her voice that seemed uncalled-for in a woman whose yacht was so smart and whose philanthropies were so gay. She turned away from John tilting her beautiful head at an angle that was very discouraging, and walked across the lawn with the dignity befitting an heiress.

If John's courage had been a shade less persistent, or the girl's hair a shade more carroty, the affair might have ended here. But affairs that interested John Filmer usually progressed.

Delicia, the girl in question, found him next day in the verandah inspecting the white yacht through a telescope. She spoke to him in a tone of annoyance.

"Don't look at her to-day. The brass-work is dull. I must speak to—er—to Biffen."

"And who is Biffen?" he said, as if he had never been snubbed for asking questions.

"Biffen is the—the man who looks after

things for me," she answered vaguely. "But I'm not thinking about yachts to-day. I'm thinking about motor-cars."

"Your own?"

"I have none as yet. But I want some. Do advise me. I want a little De Dion to drive myself, of course; and something of about 12 h.p. for touring with a friend or two. And then one must have something big for fetching people from the station, and perhaps another——"

"Bless me!" murmured John.

"In case any of the visitors wanted to drive themselves. And, of course, an electric brougham for town. Now, what shall I get? Can one write for them, or must one choose them oneself?"

"I could not conscientiously recommend either of those courses," said John seriously. "I should suggest asking the help of an expert. But are you really thinking of getting all those cars at once?"

"I can get a dozen as easily as one," she said with her gleeful little giggle. Never did heiress before take such pleasure in her wealth. If she had not been so engagingly childish this insistence on the subject would have been almost unpleasant.

"As a matter of fact," said John, who was not a man to lose a fair lady through a faint heart, "I know something about cars myself. It would be a great pleasure to me if I could help you. If you'll allow me, I'll write at once to——"

He spoke rather slowly, and watched her face intently, as though he expected his words would have some effect on her demeanour. If so, he was not disappointed. She turned to him quickly with a heightened colour and dismay in her eyes. She seemed to be not so much offended as frightened.

"No, no," she stammered hurriedly; "it's very kind of you, but please don't write to anyone. On second thoughts I'll wait till I go home."

Then she turned and walked quickly away, as though fearing he would insist. As he watched her flight John's eyes were twinkling with amusement.

"Routed!" he said to himself with inward laughter. "Now I know I've guessed right!"

It was not many days after this that the other people in the hotel began to take an interest in John and Delicia. They were

observed to admire the same views, to enjoy the same sunny patch in the garden, to find the same path the pleasantest to walk on. The usual prophecies were made, with more than the usual chances of fulfilment. For in truth John and Delicia were quickly reaching that state in which every glance is a prophecy.

For some time their talk was largely of the heiress's possessions. It seemed impossible to keep her from joyfully counting over her goods. John heard fine things of a great house in London, of a beautiful home in Scotland with a moor and two ghosts, of gold plate and old china, of priceless lace and jewels. Curiously enough, Delicia wore no ornaments but a little ring that had lost a pearl; and as for the lace, John never saw any but a Maltese tie that appeared only on Sundays and was cherished as if it were the only existing specimen of its kind. But habits of poverty are hard to lose, and in any case it is difficult for a woman to treat real lace without reverence.

As the two became more intimate, however, she gradually grew more reserved, and developed a sort of shyness about her wealth. She seemed now to dislike the subject, and any reference to her yacht or her moor brought blushes to her cheek and confusion to her tongue. John seemed to find a good deal of joy in producing the blushes, and even the look of real trouble that was growing in her eyes only brought a tender smile to his.

And yet John Filmer was a kindly man.

One afternoon when she stepped from her boat at the foot of the lawn she found him waiting for her. They stood for a moment without speaking. Then she said abruptly:

"To-morrow is the last day of my holiday."

"Your *holiday*, did you say?"

"My holiday," she repeated firmly.

"And there is something I must say to you before I go."

"Well, there is something I must say to you."

She laid an appealing hand on his sleeve.

"I must speak first," she said, and then was silent.

John looked across the water.

"I am glad to see," he said, speaking to give her time, "that Mr. Biffen has been polishing that brass."

Delicia smiled faintly.

"That is what I wanted to speak about."

"Mr. Biffen?"

"No, the yacht. Mr. Filmer," she said desperately, "I am so dreadfully ashamed of myself. Listen. I am not an heiress at all. My father was a poor novelist, and I inherited nothing from him——"

"Except a gift for telling stories, eh?"

She gave him a quick glance, and saw a whimsical smile but no surprise.

"That's just it," she went on, speaking breathlessly, her eyes downcast and her face crimson. "I've been telling you stories all the time. I teach arithmetic in a high-school, and I've had this holiday given to me. I was telling stories to myself that first evening, about how nice it must be to be rich and have that yacht. And then when you came I just spoke about my yacht for fun. I never dreamt you would believe me. And then it was more fun than I expected, and so I went on." She smiled slightly. John was smiling all the time, but she never raised her eyes. "You have no idea what fun it is," she went on, "when you are very poor, to pretend to be very rich for once. When you believed me so nicely I found out what fun it was, and so I couldn't stop. But I was inventing all the time. I don't know whose yacht that is—and I never heard of anyone called Biffen."

She looked up at last and saw John's smile.

"I shouldn't worry about it if I were you," he said; "I knew all about it from the very first."

Delicia stared incredulously.

"You knew? But how could you?" she asked. "And why did you pretend to believe me?"

"Why shouldn't I have some fun as well as you? I knew from the very first that the yacht was not yours."

"How did you know—how?" Delicia stammered.

"But," he went on, coming nearer, "she's going to be yours after all."

"How," asked Delicia again, faintly.

"She happens to be mine," said John, answering both questions at once.



THE SPOIL OF THE SEA.

SPONGES AND HOW THEY ARE WON

By WILFRED MARK WEBB, F.L.S.

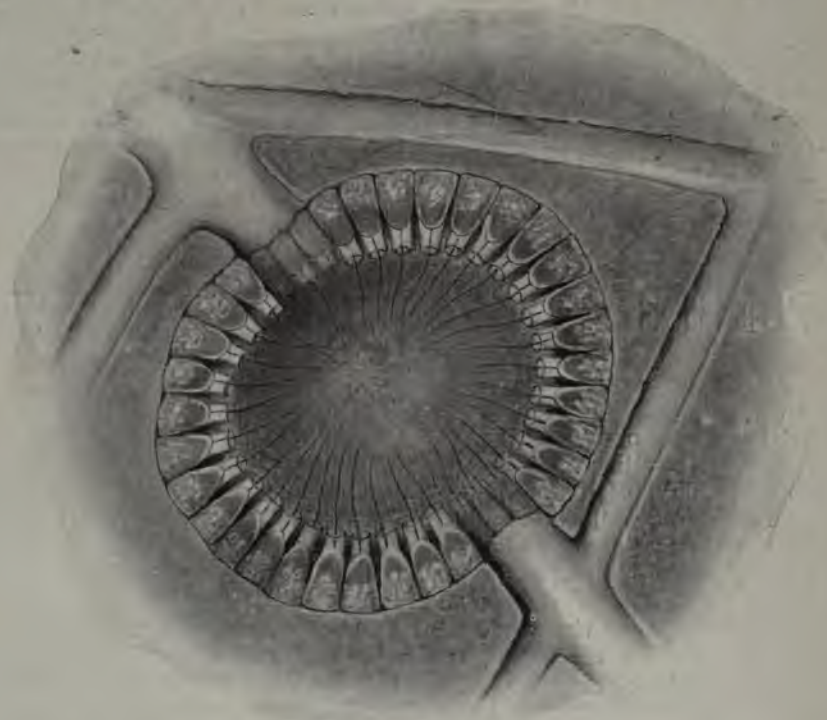
THERE is an air of uncertainty about sponges. Naturalists for a long time had somewhat hazy ideas with regard to them, and even now, while we should like to understand their exact nature more thoroughly, the manifold shapes they may assume often render their determination from a scientific point of view a matter of some difficulty. Under these circumstances, we ought not to blame the general public for its lack of knowledge in regard to the objects in question. The sponge grows, as a rule, at the bottom of the sea attached to some foreign object by what is commonly known as the "root," and small wonder is it that many, only too prone to jump to conclusions, look upon a sponge as a plant. The climax is, however, reached when we find that merchants who deal in domestic varieties are addressed by the Government department as "sponge manufacturers."

In beginning a general survey of an exceedingly useful and interesting, if lowly, group of animals, it will be advisable to state that our general impressions of their structure are by no means complete. They are gained, in fact, from an every-day, but more or less casual, acquaintance with the

skeleton only of one small family which happens to be domestically and commercially useful. It is best to argue from the known to the unknown, and we may start from the soft Turkey toilet sponge, with which very many of us made acquaintance shortly after our arrival on this sphere. Two well-recognised forms of the sponge are ordinarily met with—one in the form of a cup, while the technical name of the other, which is known as a "solid," explains its shape. They are really, save for the depression in the former, built upon the same plan, but it will be more convenient to first consider the "solid." On the top will be found a number of large holes, and everywhere else small openings abound. In life, the whole skeleton, which is in this case composed of horny, interlacing fibres, is clothed with a living and gelatinous mass. Over all is a thin skin, in which are a few large openings or oscules corresponding to those in the top of the skeleton, and very many smaller ones, or pores, which communicate with the other interstices. A simple experiment with a piece of living sponge, namely, the introduction of some pigment into the water,

will serve to show that continual currents of water enter the pores, and, joining together, pour out again at the oscules. The question now arises as to how this continual stream is kept up. The effect is such that it might be due to a number of tiny pumps, but in reality this is far from being the case. An examination of a piece of sponge with a microscope will show that in the solid flesh there are numbers of tiny canals,

Naturalists call the components which build up the bodies of plants and animals cells, and those which line the chambers of the sponge are termed collared cells. It seems strange that there can be a collar on a creature which has no neck or head, but such is the case, and from the centre of the structure in question issues a long, pliant whip lash. It is by the methodical and continuous movement of a host of these in



SECTIONAL DRAWING OF CANALS AND A SINGLE CHAMBER OF A SPONGE, ON A GREATLY ENLARGED SCALE, SHOWING THE COLLARED CELLS AND THE WHIP-LASHES ISSUING FROM THEM.

which here and there widen out like the circuses which we find dotted about the London streets. In these expansions we see structures all built upon the same plan, which, if we found them separated from one another, and living freely in the water, we should unhesitatingly call Infusoria, and recognise as relations of the organism which causes phosphorescence and more distant connections of the pretty bell-animalcule which plays such an important part at microscopical soirées and in examination syllabuses.

the water that such currents as we have described are kept up, and food particles swept into the maze-like interior of the sponge, to fall a prey to the active collared cells within.

It is possible on the sea-coast round our shores to find a sponge that is much more simple in character than the one we have dealt with. It is very much more symmetrical to begin with, and has but a single oscule at the top, opening out of the central cavity within. Small straight tubes run from this to the pores, and these are

lined throughout with the busy cells that unceasingly thrash the water. In reality, such a form as the toilet sponge which we have just described may be looked upon as consisting of a number of simple tube-like sponges which have had their walls thickened, and have fused together to form one single mass.

Before leaving the little English sponge, it should be pointed out that the skeleton in this case consists not of horny fibres, but of needle-like structures made of lime, and these form an ornamental but at the same time protective circle round the oscule of the sponge. Even now we have not by any means come to the end of the means adopted by sponges for their support and safety. Some of them have flinty needles and spicules of wondrous and varied forms, looking as



SPONGE FISHERY.

Depôt boat at work in Greek waters.

they lie under the microscope like so many anchors, wheels, or tridents, and even assuming shapes so complicated that they resemble fragments of some geometrical design. Perhaps the height of beauty, so far as it can be seen with the naked eye, is presented by some of those sponges in which the spicules resemble glass, and after the death of the organism remain attached together, so as to form the exquisite structures of which the "Venus's flower basket" is,

perhaps, the best known.

The glass-robe sponge is another remarkable form which may be mentioned here, as it is not at all rare in the museums of this country. Not long ago the British Natural History Museum acquired a series of other large and beautiful forms, which came from the neighbourhood of Japan.



DIVER READY TO DESCEND.

Going to the opposite extreme, we may recall the fact that during the voyage of the *Challenger* some sponges without any skeleton at all were discovered for the first time. There are also cases in which flinty spicules are mixed up with horny materials. The interesting freshwater sponge, which we sometimes find in our rivers, belongs to this series, as does also the branched form common on our southern coasts. It is sometimes called "dead men's fingers," though the name properly belongs to an organism much more nearly allied to the corals.

From a human point of view, the horny sponges are, of course, the most important. Three well-defined species, that is to say, the bath sponge and the two kinds of toilet sponges, are pretty well spread all over the world. The best varieties come from the Mediterranean, which at one time was the only source from which our supplies were drawn. The increasing value of the European kinds, however, led to the less durable though abundant products of Florida, West Indies, and Cuba being put upon the market. Good sponges occur on the great barrier reef of Australia, and there is a talk of "fishing" them. One result of Professor Herdman's investigations into the Pearl Fisheries of Ceylon was the discovery of commercial sponges in the waters there. Not long ago the well-known sponge importers, Messrs. Cresswell Bros. and Schmidt, got permission to "fish" off the coast of South America, but though prototypes of some well-known West Indian varieties were discovered, they were mostly of so coarse a character that it was not worth while to found a permanent "fishery."

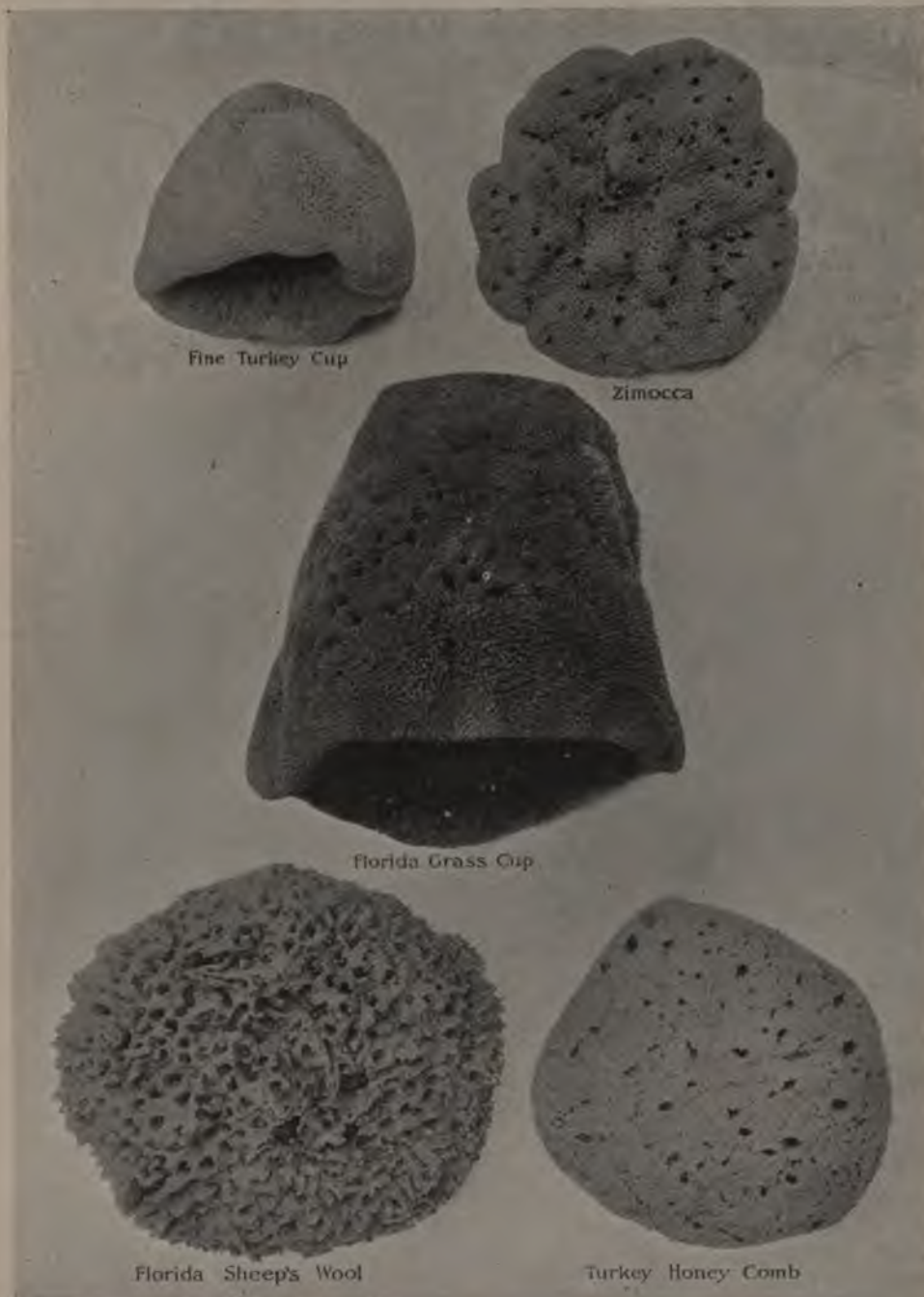
A soft but brittle sponge representing the fine Turkey of the Mediterranean has been found in the Red Sea. One peculiarity of it is the large number of bivalves which take up their abode in its substance. Their shells, however, which would cause considerable damage to the skin of the user if allowed to remain, are easily dissolved out (being made of lime) when the sponges are cleaned with acid. It is worthy of mention that it is the rule for these sponges to assume a solid form for out of all the bales that Messrs. Cresswell Bros.

and Schmidt have received, only a single specimen was cup-shaped.

The methods of obtaining the sponges vary considerably, according to the places concerned. In the Mediterranean, divers with apparatus have practically superseded the naked diver, though drag nets are used where the bottom is smooth, and in some instances the harpoon is made use of. In West Indian waters, where the sponges occur at not very great depths, they are brought up on the prongs of a trident. An ingenious method has been adopted by which the bottom of the water can be seen. This is by the use of the water telescope, the simplest form of which is a bucket with a pane of glass in the bottom, and this, when lowered into the water, enables the eye to avoid the surface movements and reflections which ordinarily obscure the vision.

It will not be amiss now to mention the different kinds of sponges and some of their peculiar uses. As before said, there are but three distinct species of commercial sponges, and, starting with the Mediterranean examples, we may compare with them their representatives from other waters. We may begin with the old-fashioned honey-comb bath sponge, which is placed in a different family from the others, as it is much more complicated in structure than the toilet sponges. Without going into detail, we may say that the large holes in the top of the honeycomb are not oscules, but rather correspond with the cups into which, in Turkey sponges, the oscules open. The honeycomb is represented in the Bahamas and Florida by the "sheep's wool," which takes its place in America, and by the "velvet." Some of the so-called grass sponges also belong to the same family, though many correspond with the fine Turkey. One of the difficulties in the way of those who wish to classify sponges, from a natural history point of view, is that some of the grass-sponges show unmistakably the characters of the two families.

We come now to the fine Turkey. Besides the cups we have alluded to, there are forms which from their shape are known as flats, and there is also the variety known as the lappet or Elephant's ear, which is often little more than a quarter of an inch thick, and shows oscules on one



FINE SPECIMENS OF SOME OF THE BEST-KNOWN SPONGES, SHOWING THEIR
VARIED STRUCTURE.

side alone. The "flats" and pieces cut from large cups are used for surgical purposes and for cleaning the expensive var-

nish on carriages. Small fragments of Elephant's ear are used for French polishing walking sticks, while large pieces have

been adopted as linings for patent saddles, for when they become dirty they can be taken away, washed, and replaced with the greatest ease. A rather pretty form discovered within recent years has large oscules, and comes from the Gulf of Pantellaria, in the South of Italy. When flat sponges adhere closely to a rock the surface concerned has a very dense texture; it is called the "root," and by cutting away parts of this it is possible to obtain a pattern in relief. Sponges so treated have been used in the Potteries after being dipped in colour to print designs on cheap

from the Red Sea already spoken of, are also the equivalents of the fine Turkey.

The third and last sponge is the Zimocca or brown Turkey, which often assumes very handsome saucer-like forms in the Mediterranean. Its fibres are very much thicker than those of the fine Turkey, and it is very durable. It is much used in lithography for cleaning the "stones." To the same category belong the "hardheads" and "yellow" sponges from the West Indies and Cuba.

When sponges are brought up they are, of course, alive, and all the gelatinous



TYPICAL GROUP OF SPONGE DIVERS. ARGINA.

china, much in the same way that the India rubber stamp is manipulated.

Corresponding to the fine Turkey are the huge sponges from the coast of North America, known as the Florida cup-grays, from their usual shape, many of the West Indian "grasses" also, and the "glove sponge," which is very soft, though not exceedingly durable, and in the case of which the demand is greater than the supply. The "Fine Reef" and the "Fine Cuban" must also be mentioned here, and it is of interest to note that these forms have few but well-developed oscules. The fine sponges found in Mexico, Australia, and elsewhere, together with the forms

animal matter is present. In the case of valuable sponges this is removed by scraping and dexterous squeezing, but in the case of West Indian sponges they are often allowed to lie in an enclosure to which the sea has access, where, with the help of some amount of beating, the skeletons before long become quite clean.

The sponges are cleaned by being soaked in dilute acid, which at the same time removes many impurities in the shape of shells and bits of coral which are made of lime. Popular taste seems to demand that a sponge should be bleached an ugly yellow colour, and the sponge is dipped into permanganate of potash, which turns

it black, and then into a mixture of hyposulphate of soda and hydro-chloric acid, which completes the bleaching process. The very finest sorts are not treated in this way as a rule. It must be said that the life of sponges is shortened generally by bleaching. It is possible, however, that customers would not be found for some of the darker brown West Indian kinds if they were not submitted to the process. Very queer things are from time to time found by the divers. In the Mediterranean Amphoræ, the old Roman wine jars which will not stand water, are often found and brought up

it is safe for a diver to descend has been reached. There are, however, sub-varieties of Mediterranean sponges, which come from recognised localities, which are more valuable than others. Both the honeycomb and the fine Turkey from Mandrucha are the best; but for other details we must refer our readers to the specimens and explanatory labels at the British Museum (Natural History), where a representative series has been arranged and described.

Sponges have many uses quite apart from purely domestic ones. Hats and cloth are made from the torn-up sponges, furniture



SORTING SPONGES AT ARGINA.

encrusted with sponges and other things. In one sponge warehouse a pair of scissors was found in the centre of a "honeycomb." Occasionally two kinds of sponges may grow in the same spot and become mixed up in a very peculiar manner, and, apparently, the two organisms do not actually unite together. As has already been pointed out, the Mediterranean sponges are by far the best, and they become more expensive every year, because the banks that are known are gradually becoming exhausted, and the limit of depth to which

and mattresses are stuffed with them.

It will give us some idea of the extent to which sponges are used when it is said that Messrs. Cresswell Bros. and Schmidt have in some years supplied as many as 100,000 small sponges to the London Council Schools for the purposes of cleaning slates alone. To the members of this firm we have to express our indebtedness for a number of the photographs which illustrate this article, and for some of the specimens from which others were taken.



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

After a drawing by V. Venuer.



THE FLATTERER

By GEORGE HIBBARD

MISS Miriam Whiting languidly descended the broad terrace steps. If her slow progress suggested bodily weariness, her whole bearing was not less indicative of spiritual lassitude. She allowed her hand to stray indolently along the balustrade, as with the other she held the lace-covered sun-shade at a careless angle over her shoulder.

On the lawn the guests from outside were gathered. Collected in groups or wandering in pairs, they dotted the grounds. As one of those staying in the house, she appeared as a semi-official hostess with a modified duty of seeing that all went as well as possible. Her head ached slightly, as she began to discover. Even the light of the late afternoon was trying. The dress which she expected to wear had proved too dilapidated, and she had been obliged to put on one she wished to save for more important occasions. The invitation which she needed for the satisfactory conduct of her moodish itineracy from country house to country house had not come in the early post as she had expected.

The band, hidden in a small, thick bosage of the wide gardens, broke into a mockingly cheerful air. At intervals some distant laugh taunted her. She was late, she knew. The shadows had begun to lengthen across the open spaces by the fountain, and she could almost see Mrs. Gunnison's tart and ominous frown of displeasure. Why was she there, except to be seen; so that the world should know that one who had just come from the Kingsmills' place on the Hudson had

paused beneath the broad roofs of "Highlands" before, presumably, going to the Van Velsors, in Newport?

As with pinched lips she reflected, she quickened her pace carefully.

"Ah, senator!" she cried, as she held out her hand with regulated effusion. "I am so charmed. I did not know that you were to be here. You great ones of the earth are so busy and so much in demand——"

Senator Grayson bowed and beamed. He shifted in uneasy gratification from one foot to the other, and a rosier red showed in his round face.

"I did not think that you young ladies noticed us old politicians——"

"Everyone should be given the benefit of a doubt. Of course, in our silly lives there is not very much chance to know about anything really worth while, but when a thing is really great even we cannot help hearing about it. Your last speech—the broad, far-reaching views——"

The senator stood in agreeable embarrassment.

"I read it," Miriam continued. "I could not go to sleep, because I wanted to finish it. Of course, I could not understand all, but I was entranced. Even I could feel the force and eloquence. I have heard of nothing else."

"Really?" cried the enchanted statesman. "Do you know? I thought it had fallen flat. You are good to tell me. These side-lights are of the utmost value, and, indeed, I esteem your opinion. Would you let me get you a cup of tea? And—and—Mrs. Grayson was saying only the

other day that she wanted to ask you to come to Washington for a visit this winter."

As the senator stumbled away, Miss Whiting felt a light touch at her elbow.

"In your most popular and successful manner, Miriam," said a slight, slim woman, whom she found standing beside her.

"He's a dear, if he is an old goose," said Miriam, defiantly. "And, of course, any shading would be lost on him."

"I know," continued the other, the sharp brown eyes in her lean brown face regarding the girl critically. "There are degrees of flattery even in your flattering. You have reduced it—or elevated it—to the proud position of an exact science."

Before Miriam could reply, a young man who had discovered her from afar advanced with what was evidently an unusual degree of precipitancy.

"Miss Whiting, I am delighted," he puffed. "I have been looking for you everywhere. I was in town, and I went to that bric-à-brac shop. The fan is undoubtedly a real Jacques Callot."

"I was sure," she murmured, "with your knowledge and taste, that you could decide at once. Of course, I did not know."

"And—and—" hesitated the youth, "I hope that you will not be offended. I told them to send it to you here. If you will accept it?"

"How terrible—and how kind of you!" Miriam cried, holding out both hands, as if led by an irresistible impulse. "But you are so generous. All your friends have discovered that. I always think of St. Francis sharing his cloak with the blind beggar."

"So good of you," he stuttered. "It's nothing. You must be tired. Can't I bring a chair for you? I am going to get one."

As the young man turned hurriedly away, Miriam grasped her companion's arm.

"I never thought that he would give it me. Never, Janet—honestly," she exclaimed, with earnestness.

"The way of the transgressor is likely to be strewn—with surprises."

"I only thought of saying something pleasant at a dinner."

"I'd take Bengy Wade's opinion without a moment's hesitation on the length of a fox terrier's tail, but a fan——"

"He wants to be considered artistic," pleaded Miriam.

"And the last touch about St. Francis, wasn't that a trifle overdone? Something too thickly laid on? What used to be called by painters in a pre-impressionistic age—too great *impasto*? I am afraid that you are a little deteriorating."

"Miriam!"

Both turned, and found a tall lady calling with as great animation as a due regard for the requirements of a statuesque pose permitted.

"I want to speak to you," she exclaimed, as soon as words were possible. "I want you to come to my house to-morrow morning. I am going to have a little music. Emmeline is going to sing."

"Oh!" cried Miriam.

"Don't you like her singing?" the other inquired, earnestly.

"Oh, *very* much," assured Miriam. "Only—the truth is, I once heard her sing Brunnhilde's 'Awakening,' and she murdered it so horribly."

"Emmeline is often too ambitious," the other commented, with visible content.

"Lighter things she can do charmingly, and she should hold to them," Miriam announced, with decision.

"I arranged the programme," said the lady. "and for her own sake I shall not let her attempt anything to which she is unequal. Of course, I shall not sing myself."

"Oh, Mrs. Ogden!"

"You know I never sing anything but Wagner, and then only when there are a few—when my hearers are in full sympathy. You will be sure to come," she added, as she turned to give another invitation. "By the way, you will be at Westbrook this autumn. I want you to ride Persiflage in the hunt as often as you like."

"Much better," commented Miriam's companion, as they strayed on. "Of course, nothing would please her—as a bitter rival—more than to hear her sister-in-law's singing abused. That touch about lighter things was masterly when she her-

self only sings Wagner for a few. But how do you manage with Emmeline?"

"I tell her that no one can conduct an automobile as she does."

"My dear!"

"It's an amusing game," the girl answered.

"But is it a safe one?"

"Why not?" she exclaimed, challengingly.

The two advanced toward the spreading marquee which appeared to be the centre of the mild social maelstrom. A greater ebullition perceptibly marked the spot. The conflict of voices arose more audibly. Many were constantly drawn inward, while by some counter-current others were frequently cast outward to continue in drifting circles until again brought back to the gently agitated centre. On the very edge of this vortex—the heart of which was the long table beneath the tent—sat a goodly-sized lady. Her appearance might have been offered by a necromancer as the proof of a successfully accomplished trick, for the small camp stool on which she rested was so thoroughly concealed from sight that she might have been considered to rest upon air. Catching sight of Miriam, she beckoned to her with a vigour that threatened disruption of her gloves.

"Where have you been?" she cried, as Miriam and her friend approached. "I have been waiting for you. So many have been asking for you. I expected you to be here."

"My dear Mrs. Gunnison," cooed the girl, "you must forgive me. Absolutely, I could not help myself. I was all ready on time—but I have been admiring again your wonderful house. And I have been wondering at the perfect way in which it is kept up—the faultless manner in which everything is managed. I can only think of Lord Wantham's place. Though, of course, there is not the brilliancy there——"

"I like to have things nice about me," said Mrs. Gunnison, complacently. "Sit down here, my dear. I want to have you near me. And you, too, Mrs. Brough."

"I may be a little to blame for keeping Miriam," said the elder woman. "I have been so much interested in what she was saying."

"Everyone is," responded Mrs. Gunnison, warmly. "Miriam is so popular—quite celebrated for it. Indeed, there are numbers of people here who want to meet her. One young man in particular—Mr. Leeds——"

"Did he say he wished to know me?" the girl asked, quickly.

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Gunnison. "But then I want you to know each other. I'm quite bent on it. Nothing could be better. I'd like to see it come out the way I'd have it. You know how rich he is. And they say he is going to be somebody. Mr. Leeds! Mr. Leeds!"

A tall young man looked and advanced. While his gait did not indicate reluctance, there was nothing that seemed to reveal eagerness. He came forward deliberately and stopped before the party.

"I don't think, Mr. Leeds, that you know Miss Whiting," Mrs. Gunnison announced. "A dear friend of mine—and a dear. Mrs. Brough and you are old friends. You see her so often that I feel that I can take her away. Come, I want to show you something."

With her customary smile of unconcerned intelligence, Mrs. Brough allowed herself to be drawn off. The young man slowly settled himself in the chair which Mrs. Gunnison had left.

"Oh, you shall not escape," declared Miriam. "Mr. Leeds, I am so glad to be able to speak to you at last. I have so much to say to you. They told me that you would be here this afternoon. I wondered if I should see you."

Leeds had not spoken, but looked at the girl with a steadiness which for a moment caused her to cast down her animated eyes.

"I missed you everywhere last winter," she went on, more slowly. "And, of course, heard of you always."

Leeds continued to inspect the girl with amusement in his glance.

"Oh, how splendid accomplishing something must be—standing for something!"

"Don't you think that you are rather overvaluing my modest achievements?"

"Of course, you speak that way, but others do not," she hurried on. "You are known from one end of the country to the other."

"Really——" he began

"To be such an inspiring influence in local politics——"

"Because," he laughed, "having a minor public position—because, by a fluke, having found myself in the place of a common councilman, I have got some things done and kept others from being done."

"Public life has always been so absorbing for me. I can think of nothing nobler for a man."

"Than being a common councilman," he interrupted.

"You laugh," she said. "But I grew so interested, I followed in the newspapers, from day to day, what you were doing."

"You were very good," he answered, gravely. "Or you are very good to say so."

"Don't you believe me?" she asked, suddenly arrested by his tone.

"I have heard a good deal of you, Miss Whiting."

Miriam flushed slightly, but she looked at him steadily.

"What have you heard?"

"I have heard that you have ways of making the worse appear the better reason—that you flatter."

The glow deepened in her face, and her eyes flashed.

"And," he went on lightly, "why should not one try to make the world pleasanter by making it more satisfied with itself? Isn't that the part of a public benefactor?"

"You are laughing at me," she cried. "You—are—despising me."

"No, indeed," he answered with real earnestness. "You misunderstand me. Isn't it only fair to give back in pleasant speeches the admiration and adulation that the world gives you? There would be a certain dishonesty in taking all and giving nothing."

"You—you—are mocking me," she gasped, rising, as if to fly, and then sinking back.

"No," he answered, "only I object to being mocked myself. I'd rather not be included with all the others to be given pleasant words, as you can so easily give them out of a large supply. I'd prefer to have you think better of me than to believe that I am to be treated in that way."

"Mr. Leeds, you are abominable and rude—and I cannot listen to you."

"I am sorry. Honestly, when you began to make such—civil speeches to me I was disappointed. It was so exactly what I had been told to expect."

Miriam bit her lips—and her hand trembled a little on the handle of the sunshade.

"I may have lost my temper a little," he said, "which one should never do—but I can't take anything back."

That afternoon Miss Whiting was strangely silent. Held at the opening of the tent by her hostess, people passed before her unseen. What she said she hardly knew. What her words meant she could not have told. She was only aware that her voice sounded unnatural, and that her laugh—when laugh she must—struck discordantly and strangely on her ears. She felt that the time would never come when she could be alone—to think.

II.

Mrs. Gunnison's dinners, like all else of the establishment, were always large. The classic limits authoritatively imposed she would have scorned—if she had ever heard of them. If she could have timed it, the greater the number of minutes required by the procession to the dining room in passing a given point, the better she would have been satisfied. She only felt that she "entertained" when she beheld serried ranks of guests stretching away from her on either hand. Therefore, when Miriam turned and discovered Leeds at her right, they found themselves in such semi-isolation as only exists at a very large dinner table.

"I am sorry," he said, pleadingly.

"So am I," she answered. "Very! Oh, you think I mean that to be pleasant in that way, too——"

She hastily averted her face, and engaged vigorously in conversation with the man on the other side. Leeds stared moodily before him. During the passing of the many courses which Mrs. Gunnison's idea of fitting ceremony demanded, the lady whom he had taken in found him neither communicative nor responsive. The dinner dragged on. Miss Whiting's soft right shoulder remained constantly turned on him. Her discourses, which he could

not help hearing, continued actively and unceasingly. At last Mrs. Gunnison darted restless glances about. She had already begun to stir uneasily in her chair. Miriam suddenly veered round upon him.

"I want to tell you something," she almost whispered. "What I said—what I tried to say this afternoon was true."

He looked at her with fixed earnestness.

"Oh!" she cried passionately. "I can't bear to have you study me as if I were a specimen of something—of mendacity, you think. But no matter about that. You must believe me. Don't you?"

"How can I," he answered slowly, "with——"

"With my reputation," she caught up, quickly, as he paused. "Do not try to spare me—now. Can't you hear—can't you see, now, that I am speaking the truth?"

He gazed at her without answering.

"Oh, I can read in your eyes that you do not. I want you to believe me. Can't you believe—even that?"

He shook his head half smilingly.

"You do not know all that I have heard," he answered.

"Who can have been so unfair—so cruel? I—I never wanted to be believed so before. Oh, you think that is only a part of it; that the habit is so strong with me—that I am only flattering."

"If I have been—warned," Leeds continued.

"As if I were a peril—an evil——"

"Perhaps you might be," he muttered.

"I will not bear it. You *shall* believe me. I am not flattering."

"At least, that you should have been willing to take the trouble to try was in itself a distinction."

"You are hard on me."

"I must protect myself."

Mrs. Gunnison had arisen, and a rustling stir was spreading down the table.

"I am not a harpy," she cried.

"A siren was a bird more beautiful, but not less dangerous," he said.

She rose straightly and swiftly.

"You feel that you can speak to me like that because you believe I am what you think. Very well. There may be satisfaction for you to know it. I am, then, every-

thing that you have implied. More—more than you have said. I am false. I do flatter people—cajole them—deceive. I do it for my own interest. Now you are satisfied? Could anything be worse? I confess, even, that I have deserved the way you have treated me."

"Believe me——" he began, hastily.

But she had swept from him, and, amid the group of retreating women, he found no chance to finish the sentence.

III.

Miriam Whiting said "good-night" very early. A greater accuracy might demand the statement that the time at which she had "gone upstairs" was relatively not late—for the hours of the house were expansive, and not only had morning a way of extending into afternoon, but midnight into morning. As a general thing, she had only disappeared with her hostess, but on this particular evening she pleaded weariness—sleepiness—had even hinted at a headache, which no one had ever known her to have. Thereupon, she departed, followed by the reproaches of the rest. Once in her room, she hurried her maid, and, finally, abruptly dismissed her. When she was alone, she went to the window and threw wide both the shutters. She leaned with her elbows on the sill, gazing out at the moonlit country.

Perfectly round, with a burnished sky about it, such as may sometimes be seen when the circle is absolutely full, the white disk hung in the heavens. Below, about the quiet edges of the fountain, the light lay with silken sheen. Only, where the drops fell tremulously, the water was broken into glittering sparks. All was very still. Far off a dog barked fitfully. That was the one sound which broke the silence, with the exception of the occasional distant laughter of some men on the terrace at the end of the spreading wing. With her fingers buried in her thick hair, carefully gathered for the night, she looked straight before her, although she was wholly unconscious of the scene.

A light knock at the door was repeated twice before she heard it and spoke.

"It's I," the voice said, insistently. "May I come in?"

"Of course," Miriam answered, without moving.

The door opened quickly, and a small figure darted into the room.

"There was some one coming," said Mrs. Brough, as she glanced down at the voluminous silken folds in which her little body was lost. "I am not in a condition to be seen—generally."

She came forward slowly.

"My room is near yours. I saw your light. I thought that you had not gone to sleep. I wanted to come to speak to you." She put her hands on Miriam's shoulder. "You have been crying."

"Yes," said Miriam, quietly.

"I saw at dinner that you were not yourself—and I am troubled, too. I have a confession to make."

Miriam looked at her curiously.

"You know that I am your friend—now," the other went on. "Since we have been here together, we have come to know each other as I never thought that we should. There was a time before, though, when I did not understand so well. I had watched you, and I did not like you. I distrusted you—or, rather, did not trust you—"

"I understand. You were clever enough to see through me—"

"I thought that with your—insincerities, you were all false. I should have been wise enough to know differently. But what will you?—to assume evil is easy, and always gives one a proud sense of superior perspicacity. I condemned you, Miriam, without a hearing, and I told Arthur Leeds."

"You did it?" the girl murmured, dully.

"Yes. I warned him."

"Why?"

"Because I like him and admire him, and I thought you—dangerous."

"That is why he has said the things he has."

"He has said something?"

"He has told me that I am not worthy of regard or consideration or respect."

"Impossible!"

"Perhaps not directly—but he has implied that and more—by word and action. And—and—I love him."

Mrs. Brough sat down quickly in the

chair which she had drawn up, and took Miriam's hands.

"I know you so well now," she said, "that at dinner I saw something was wrong. I did not realise that it was as bad as that."

"I think I loved him even last winter, when I only saw him—heard who he was—and did not know him. I admired and respected and revered him. But he seemed different to me. And to-day when I met him I wanted to tell him a little—as much as I could—of what I thought. I wanted him to know something of the feeling that I had. I wanted to please him. I wanted him to be nice to me—because I pleased him. What I said to him was true—true."

She sprang to her feet, and spoke in deep, tragic tones.

"True!" she repeated. "And I have lost the power of being thought true. My words can only be considered so many counterfeits. I have so often debased the true metal of sincerity that anything I say must ring false—that anything I may give cannot be taken. What I said sounded fraudulently in my own ears. I could not forget the many, many times when I had spoken so nearly in the same way without meaning or belief, and each speech seemed to me a mockery. Though I longed with all of me to speak simply and sincerely—knowing that I spoke the truth—I hardly seemed to myself to be doing it. All appeared a part, but a repetition of the many times before when I had played a part—when what I did was a comedy—a farce—a tragedy!"

She broke off with a sob.

"You have cried wolf pretty often," avowed Mrs. Brough.

"I am a Cassandra," said the girl, instantly. "When I wish to be believed I cannot. When all that is most precious and dearest to me depends on it I cannot be trusted. I may speak, but I shall not be heard—when all my life is in being heard—I know it."

"You see," said Mrs. Brough, "when I told him I thought of you as you seemed—"

"As I was. I don't blame you," Miriam cried, bitterly. "What I had become! Let me tell you." She sat down again,

and, with her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazed fixedly at the other. "I think I began innocently enough. I wanted to be liked—and I fell into the way of saying pleasant little things. I tried to make everybody contented and pleased with me. That was when I came out. Indeed, I may say for myself that I had a sympathetic nature. I could not bear to see anyone uncomfortable or doubtful about themselves or anything, without trying to help them. Surely that was not bad?"

"No," said Mrs. Brough, slowly.

"I really wished to help everyone," she continued. "And the best way that I found to do it was to say pleasant things. It was easy—too fatally easy. When I discovered how popular this made me I kept on. I continued for myself what I had really begun for others. Insensibly I acquired skill. I was not stupid. I had rather a gift for character—and could say exactly the thing to each one to flatter them the most. I found that I took pleasure in the exercise of such cleverness. There was a feeling of power in it—playing with the foibles and weaknesses of men and women. I did not see that I was often trafficking in unworthiness and baseness.

"I've no doubt you did harm," concluded Mrs. Brough. "People are only too willing to be encouraged in their vanities. I don't think, Miriam, that you were really very good for a person's character."

"I was not very good for my own," Miriam went on, grimly. "I retrograded. I can see it now. In playing on the follies and faults of others. I grew less careful—less critical myself. Then the family lost its money. Oh, I haven't the poor excuse that I was in want—that what I did was done from any lack of anything essential for myself and others. Ours was just a commonplace, undramatic loss—with only need for saving and retrenchment. Without the deprivation of a single necessity, or comfort, even. Merely the absence of the luxuries. The luxuries, though, in a way, had become necessities to me—and—I found, by exercising my power, I could get much that I wished. I flattered and cajoled to please people, so that they would do things for me, give me things. That is ended——"

She pointed dramatically to a table.

"There is the fan from Bengy Wade in a package. To-morrow it goes back to him. There is a note to Mrs. Grayson, declining her invitation. If I go to Westbrook I shall not ride Persiflage. I have turned over a new leaf. But the degradation of thinking of the record of the old ones! If I could only tear them out instead of trying to fold them down. I see it all now. He has made me see it all. He has made me despise myself until I see the way I look in his eyes; until I seem the same in my own. Janet, what can I do?"

The girl's head bent on the arm of the chair, as her body was shaken with sobs. The other put out her hand and gently stroked her heavy hair.

"Don't you exaggerate?"

"Did you," Miriam panted, "when you said what you did to Mr. Leeds? Did you make my blackness less black than it should be—did you concede to me any saving light?"

"I did not know. If I can do anything now——"

"You must not speak to him," Miriam cried, sitting up abruptly. "There would be no use. When the seeds of distrust have been sown they will grow, even if the weeds crowd out everything else."

"But weeds can be dug up."

"That must be my part," Miriam answered, more calmly. "Only one course is left. It's funny," she smiled, swiftly, through her tears. "There is poetic justice in it. I can do only one thing. It is my retribution."

IV.

The announcement which Mrs. Gunnison made on the following morning came as a surprise to Miriam. She had some difficulty in not displaying an undue excitement. The habit of containment, which had come with worldly experience, however, did not fail her. She heard her hostess state that Arthur Leeds was coming to stay in the house without any exhibition of visible emotion. Mrs. Gunnison said that, as the Barlows had other people coming, he was going to transfer himself to "Highlands," and that he would arrive in

time for luncheon. Any fears which Miriam experienced were wholly offset by a devout thankfulness. The event offered such an occasion for the carrying out of her plan as she had not hoped to have given her. In the promise of such an admirable opportunity for the execution of her purpose, she found a melancholy satisfaction. If, as she thought to herself, the iron was to enter her soul, the sooner the affair was accomplished the better. The process of self-sacrifice was not pleasant in the execution, however glorious it might appear in the conception. Self-immolation might be a duty, but, as every martyrdom, it was more satisfactory as an ideal than as a fact.

The first opportunity which came to execute what she had laboriously planned was during the aimless inoccupation of after luncheon idleness. The arrangements for the afternoon had not yet been concluded, but were in the careless making. Who should ride; who should drive; who should walk; who should go and who should stay; the what and whither had not been settled. Leeds strolled to her side.

"I have been trying to speak to you, but you have avoided me."

"Yes," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"I am going to tell you the truth, now—" she paused, and looked at him.

"Why?" he repeated.

"Because I think that you are the most detestable man I ever saw," she answered, gazing squarely at him.

He started slightly—glanced at her in surprise, and abruptly sat down on the divan beside her.

"You have really come to that conclusion?" he asked.

"I have always believed it," she answered, firmly.

"But you said——"

"You told me that I was a flatterer. I shall not be with *you* any longer. You wish the truth. You shall have it."

"That is what you thought from the first?" he said, slowly.

"Yes," she answered, less clearly. "I have always understood that you were most absurdly self-satisfied. That you are deluded by a pose as to which you are so weak as to deceive yourself. That you take yourself with a seriousness which leads you

to believe that you are preaching a crusade when you are only blowing a penny whistle. That you assume that you have made for yourself a position and a reputation which were made for you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, quietly.

"You have an old name and a large fortune which rendered you conspicuous and made everything easy. The newspapers have talked of you only as they would anyway. Indeed, they would have given more space to you if you had a liking for conducting an automobile painted like a barber's pole than they have because you went into politics. They would have preferred the striped automobile, but they had to be content with the 'reform politics' as the freak of one in your place."

"Then you think I am—nothing?"

"You are a rich young man of assured position—spoiled by the world."

"I thought I had, at least, ordinary common sense."

"Probably—but still you have unduly lost your head. You would not know if people were laughing at you——"

Leeds flushed slightly. Miriam caught her breath sharply, and reached forward to take up a fan which lay within her reach.

"I am altogether a monster?"

"No," she replied calmly. "A very ordinary young man, I should say."

"I'd be kind to dumb animals and not kick a baby——"

"I am quite serious," she answered. "You objected to any little pleasantness on my part because what I said might not be altogether sincere. Now we are going to have facts. Indeed, you are the type of man I dislike."

"At least, we know where we are now," he responded.

"Yes. And as we are staying in the same house it may be as well."

Miriam rose slowly. She walked decidedly across the room, and ostentatiously placed herself beside Mrs. Gunnison. Leeds, deserted, did not move. He sat staring at the floor, as he softly drummed with his fingers on the couch's leather arm.

As well as in certain other particulars, the life of a country house is microcosmical in this—escape from the requirements of human relationship is impossible. Indeed,

the demands are made greater, the bonds more firmly fixed. In fact, the condition of all may be more fitly described as the condition of two united in matrimony—they take each other for better or worse. Constantly through the day they must meet. The terms on which they are thrown together impose intimacy. If latent antipathy exists with the revealing conditions of constant companionship it must be discovered. If inherent sympathy is to be found the two gravitate toward each other with inevitable certainty. As the birthplace of aversion quickly reaching a maturity of detestation and hate; as the hothouse of interest growing speedily into full bloom of liking and love, there is no place like a country house. All existence there, in its condensed form, is a forcing process. Without any awkwardly abrupt transition or disconnecting jolts, those who begin to talk about mutual friends in the morning may easily reach a discussion of their own souls in the afternoon, and be far on the broad and easy path of sentiment by evening. Like or dislike, more or less strong, must surely and quickly follow. There is in the social chemistry a certainty of repulsion or attraction, out of which the most unexpected combinations result—of a surprisingly lasting nature.

In the daily routine Miriam saw Leeds constantly. Though she might come down late for breakfast, she always found him. Even if she breakfasted in her room, when she descended he was always smoking in the hall.

"I did not expect to stay so long," he explained to her on one occasion, rising as she paused at the foot of the stairs.

"Then why do you?" she asked, coldly.

"Don't you know?" he demanded. "Should you feel it pleasanter if I went away?"

"Really—as I have undertaken to be perfectly frank with you—how can your going or staying make the least difference in the world to me?"

"Still," he said, looking at her curiously, "there must be something tiresome in having to be scorning somebody all the time."

"I think," she said briefly, "I hear voices in the billiard room. I am going in there."

If at dinner Leeds found himself next to her he discovered that she spoke to him no more than the strict letter of the law governing the conduct of guests in the same house demanded. What she said was of the most indifferent nature. If he sought to reach a more personal basis he found himself checked.

"Miss Whiting," he said, suddenly, on the third evening, "I am going away to-morrow morning."

Miriam swung about swiftly.

"To-morrow!" she exclaimed, with a catch in her voice.

"Yes. I think I had better go, though there is something I want to tell you before I do. I have thought of all that you have said. I have profited by the new light that you have thrown upon myself—my actions—my life."

"What do you mean?" she murmured.

"I have realised that very likely I am a prig. I understand the futility of what I am trying to do. I see that I have been mistaken in my power. I'm going to give up."

"Give up?" she replied.

"You have shown that I was attempting more than I was able to do. The Donaldsons have asked me to go in their yacht round the world. The *Vierna* starts on Thursday. I am going away to be lazy and careless, and live the life for which you think I'm fitted."

"You are going to give up everything?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered. "It is your doing. You must take the responsibility of it."

"But what I say—what I think, can make no difference," she almost entreated. "I am not of enough importance to you—you cannot consider me enough—"

"All that is something of which you know nothing," he answered, gravely. "Something of which I have told you nothing. I am going away—with the Donaldsons."

"People like that!" she interrupted.

"People like that. I am going with them to lead their life—to be gone for a year, unless one thing happens. As I said, you are responsible."

"But I can't be," she implored. "It isn't possible. I can't count for anything."

"Let me assure you that you do."

"Then I can't take the responsibility. I won't."

"Unless one thing happens I am going," he went on, inflexibly. "There are some, I think, who believe in me—who will think I am making a mistake."

"But your future—your career," she began, and paused abashed, as she saw the way he watched her.

"I thought we were to have no—insinuations—no flatteries. Since I know what you really think, such civil implications can mean nothing."

She bit her lips, pale as her cheeks were white.

"Oh!" she cried, "how horrible!"

Through all of dinner she hardly spoke. If she said nothing to Leeds, neither would she address the man on her other side, only giving such monosyllabic answers as were necessary. The evening dragged slowly. Leeds did not approach her. Once or twice she looked toward him, but he did not appear to notice her. Indeed, he only came late from the smoking room and returned after a brief appearance in the big hall.

"When," she asked once, in a timid voice, of Mrs. Gunnison, "does Mr. Leeds go?"

"The early train," the lady answered. "I believe he leaves the house before seven, or at some equally unearthly hour."

* * *

The fresh sunlight in the early morning was flooding through the open hall door as Leeds came down the wide, main stairs. He saw, under the *porte-cochère*, the trap ready to take him to the station, and into which the second man, with the help of the groom, was lifting his trunk. Here and there a housemaid was busy with duster and cloth. The machinery of the establishment was being set in running condition and there was the accompanying disorder. The place seemed strange and unfamiliar.

"Your keys, sir," the butler said, holding out the bunch.

"Yes," he answered, "I'm ready."

As he spoke he started. Clearly in the stillness of the morning he heard a few soft notes struck on the piano. At that hour the sound was most unusual. He listened. The Flower Music of "Parsifal." With a swiftness that left the astonished

butler staring after him, he darted toward a door. In a moment he had torn the portière aside and had crossed the polished floor of the music room. Miriam was seated at the piano, her fingers resting on the keys.

"You are down!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered, neither turning round nor looking up.

"You are very early."

"Yes," she assented. Then she whirled about on the music stool. "I came down to see you."

"Why?"

Both spoke with a simple directness—with the manner of those dealing in ultimate moments with the unmistakable facts.

"You told me last night that you were doing as you do because of what I have said. I cannot take the responsibility. I'd rather that you thought even worse of me than you do. Oh!" she cried, bending her head down on her hands, which clasped the rack of the piano. "I am false—false! I cannot be true even in my falsity. All that I have been telling you is not the truth."

"When you judged me—when you told me—or showed me what you thought of me—I recognized what I was doing—what I was. I saw I was false. My pride drove me to do something else. It was a punishment for myself—a price I must pay. As falsely as you thought I tried to please you—so falsely, *really*, I made myself hateful to you. I told you every untrue, miserable thing of which I could think. It seemed as if any little remnant of dignity which I had demanded it. But to have you say that you were influenced by my lies—were going to give up so much that was splendid and great—because of them! Oh, you must believe me now. I could not bear it."

"Then you don't think I am altogether contemptible?"

"I think you are the finest and best and strongest man I know," she said, bravely.

On one knee, beside her, he had his arm about her.

"Bless you, darling," he cried. "Then I can tell the truth, too. I think that you are the dearest and sweetest woman, and I love you—love you!"

"I—I don't deserve it," she sobbed.

"I would not," he said, "let myself believe what you told me at first, but then I would not let myself believe what you said afterward. I hoped——"

"Oh, it was so hard for me. Can't you understand? There was expiation in it. Don't you think it enough?"

"I think we have both been mistaken and unhappy."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Since the first I have changed. It taught me a lesson. I am different—really."

"We'll have everything all right now, and that is all."

"But you are going away," she exclaimed.

"I said I was going away unless one thing happened."

"Yes," she said, eagerly.

"Very well—it has happened."

The sound of the brush striking sharply and with metallic distinctness on a dust-pan came from the room beyond.

"Perhaps we had better go on the terrace," he laughed. "Really, we ought to have moonlight and mystery, but——"

Together they went out through the open door into the fresh, soft morning air. The warm scent of the garden blew up to them. A large, yellow butterfly fluttered peacefully by. The dew still lay on leaf and flower, glittering in a thousand sparkles.

"The night is the time for romance," he said. "Any well managed proposal should be made under the stars."

"But the morning, such a morning," she exclaimed, softly, and clasping her hands in ecstasy. "And as this is going to be a beginning for me, I like the morning better."





By OSCAR PARKER

IN his time Mr. Beerbohm Tree has played many parts, but his Isidore Izard is the culmination, thus far, of a distinguished histrionic career. There is little besides Isidore Izard in "Business is Business," only the frame-work in which is set that portrait of egotism, vulgarity, and ruthless greed. But what a picture it is! As an artist produces his masterpiece by a multitude of deft and delicate strokes, foreseeing in imagination the effect at which he aims, and by a true instinct building up the whole composition through subtle touches of colour here and there, so Mr. Tree has studied and elaborated a wonderfully vivid and convincing portrait with amazing resource and with the artist's susceptibility to the value of each detail. A student of acting could have no better lesson than to study, night after night, the means by which Mr. Tree creates this part.

Mr. Sidney Grundy has adapted the play from the French of M. Octave Mirbeau, and in the course of the adaptation the drama has undergone some, though not much, transformation. In the joint hands of Mr. Grundy and Mr. Tree the part of the plutocrat Izard has been enlarged and intensified until it stands out dominant, ferocious, a personification of the tyranny and selfishness of wealth; and yet, in spite of his bombast and conceit, his self-laudation, his egregious vanity, his unscrupulousness, he is not wholly intolerable—our sympathies are not entirely alienated. Partly by a humorous quality in the exaggerated insolence of this egotism—partly by certain touches of human

tenderness in the portraiture, we find ourselves drawn to Isidore Izard, and attracted by something more than an intellectual enjoyment of a finished performance. Our sympathies are engaged, also, and the ruin of his dearest ambitions excites our pity, while we are compelled to admit its poetic justice.

Izard typifies the lowest qualities of the successful man of business. Money is everything; to pile it up is a religion; to spend it ostentatiously is the breath of life. Its power is limitless, and the man who can create and wield that power is necessarily a god among men. He swaggers over his estate, lords it in his house, humiliates his servants; he poses, struts, and blusters. He has been twice a bankrupt, and has "served time" for six months for some shady piece of "finance," but he rather plumes himself upon these episodes as proofs of smartness and riotous pushfulness. He patronises his poor old wife, to whom all this magnificence is distressing; she "doesn't understand things." His daughter is merely an asset. All his love is given to his son, a spendthrift, who despises his father with an open and unblushing contempt. Like all vulgar upstarts, Izard has a fawning regard for birth and breeding when it can do without him, but he luxuriates in insolence towards the young baronet who is his private secretary, and when Lord Hathersage comes to him as a borrower he forces that haughty but impecunious peer to make a contemptible trade as the price of his assistance. Herein, as in all things, he is the keen, single-eyed man of business. No job



Photo by F. W. Burford.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE

As Isidore Izard—"Business is Business"—HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

is too dirty, if there is money in it. No nice discriminations of taste ever make him pause in the execution of any scheme. Only a millionaire is entitled to have scruples or a sense of honour or family pride; such luxuries are not for those who want anything. "Business is Business" has no avowed didactic purpose, but all the same it is a cruelly true and convincing portrait, and yet, doubtless, not a single individual of the type thus figured will recognise himself in the portrait. The type is more comprehensive than any individual, though it includes them all.

It has been already said elsewhere that women do not like "Business is Business," and it is quite true, so far as my observation goes. The character of Izard is detestable to them, and they have no comprehension of the particular business episode that is introduced, though—goodness knows!—the affair is simple enough, too simple, perhaps, to stand as a worthy example of those that might be supposed to engage the attention of such a "Napoleon of finance." But, nevertheless, women did not forsake His Majesty's Theatre during the run of "Business is Business." They may tell each other plaintively that "Paolo and Francesca" was so much sweeter and sigh for Mr. Henry Ainley and Cinque-Cento poetry and romance, but there is another kind of fascination in the man who knows how to make money by twentieth century tricks, and wherever women are assured they will see that type they will flock. How far the picture will breed a wholesome contempt is another matter, a problem I am not disposed to solve. Even the detestable may be condoned for sufficient consideration in hard cash, or they may declare the character overdrawn. I assure them it was not.

The scene with Lord Hathersage was very fine. To the nobleman's rank and social position Izard pays the fawning subservience of a sycophant, but as soon as it comes to "business," he is master—direct, emphatic, dominating. He is absolutely pitiless, because he has no conception of any motive but the love of money. And with true poetic justice he is struck at last through his own family. The daughter whom he would sell to bind the bargain

with Lord Hathersage turns against him; the son he idolises is killed while motoring. But with his ambitions shattered, his hopes ruined, and his mind brought to the verge of collapse, his ruling passion still triumphs, and he dictates an amendment to a business contract with all the acumen of the born speculator. It was a wonderful performance.

No instrument can ever be made sufficiently sensitive to measure ethical influences, and we can only vaguely gauge the effect of Mr. Barrie's books and plays upon the characters of the men and women of his time. Nothing in human character that is morbid, gross, sensual, cynically sceptical of the grace of life, can go quite unscathed by an imagination that feels with the heart of a child, and forms its criticism of life in terms of radiant humour instead of chilling condemnation. "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" glows, like "Peter Pan," with the beautiful and pathetic innocence of inexperience. I have heard people call it "rot," but I can only be sorry for them. A dramatic critic has described Amy Grey as "hysterically diseased" and "suspecting her own mother of an 'assignation'"; what a singularly perverted or stunted imagination he must be cursed with. Of course, if adult minds have passed so completely out of the glamour of that impossible but ecstatic world in which children live that they can no longer think in untainted imagery, they will translate the disingenuous fancies of youth into the turbid realism of their own experience. The charm of Mr. Barrie is that he understands the unspotted soul and can look at life through its eyes. His merit is that he can gaily teach us scorn of unclean things by a process of humorous disillusion and not by a didactic lesson. It is precisely by that process of humorous disillusion that Mrs. Grey is brought to see her status in the domestic household, and by the same quaintly-original method we are all made to feel that the Kingdom of Heaven is the heart of a little child.

I have dwelt on this episode in "Alice" because it has been rather cruelly criticised, but it is only a part of the larger theme.



Photo by Window and Grove.

MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Alice Grey—"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire"—DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Mrs. Grey and her husband, Colonel Grey, are returning from a long residence in India. They have three children in England whom they have not seen for many years. Amy, a daughter of seventeen, a son, Cosmo, and a baby who discreetly remains off the stage. The whole theme of the play is the readjustment of the relations between the almost unknown mother and her children, especially, of course, the two older ones. Mrs. Grey has been a great favourite in India, a reigning belle wherever they have been stationed, and she comes back "home" at forty, longing to be again with her "babies," but by no means prepared to abdicate her sovereignty and settle down into the hum-drum pose of the elderly married woman. She speedily finds, however, that to Amy and Cosmo she is quite old, and expected to be staid and domestic as a matter of course. The situation has its pathetic, no less than its humorous, side, but it becomes speedily complicated by a most diverting issue, for the introduction of which Amy and her equally romantic friend, Leonora, are responsible. The two girls have been enjoying a round at the theatres, and—here is another touch of Mr. Barrie's whimsical irony—everywhere they have been confronted with "the triangle of life"; that is to say, contemporary drama reiterates over and over again the complication of the husband, the wife, and the lover. Hence the two girls draw the plausible deduction that the triangular relation is a sort of inevitable corollary to married life. They do not in the least understand its possible tragedies, because they read nothing into the story but what they see on the stage. Still, in every case, it is the lover who is the undesirable *tertium quid*, and there are always compromising letters to be got rid of. Amy awaits the appearance of this almost forgotten mother in a state of nervous expectancy, quite prepared for the discovery of the geometrical relation here. As a matter of fact, it has scarcely more significance to the girl than a proposition in Euclid, and that any sane man could suppose that Mr. Barrie intended Amy to suspect a criminal liaison on the part of her mother is a miracle of misconception. However, among the first callers upon Mrs. Grey is one of the friends

made in India, Stephen Rollo, a man much younger than herself, not much older than her own son. Amy sees her kiss him and, forthwith, the triangle is complete. Here is the inevitable lover! Hence arise complications, for Amy determines that her duty is to go to the young man's rooms, demand back the compromising letters which must—according to her dramatic education—exist, and appeal to the "lover" to give up his infatuation. How she does so; how she amazes Stephen by her escapade; how she is caught in his rooms by her mother and father; how the mother tries to shield the girl and the father's wrath goes out to the innocent youth, and how, through it all, Amy, fixed in her hallucination and her plan of campaign, abates no jot of her firm purpose, till at last Mrs. Grey comes to a realization of the girl's quite innocent and quixotic championship—all this is to be seen; for it cannot be told. And so the mother comes at last to see plainly the pointing finger of her destiny. She is in the hands of her children; her place is by the fire-side; to win their love she must fall into the groove their fancies have marked out for her.

The part of Alice Grey fits Miss Ellen Terry like a glove, without a distracting wrinkle anywhere. She is blithe and joyous in the home-coming; she is delightful in the diffident poise of her earlier attitude towards her children; she carries our hearts with her when her motherly instincts rise up insistent to shield her daughter, when the compromising discovery is first made; but how irresistible she is when, the truth dawning at last, she accepts the situation in the spirit of her daughter's humour, and veers between happy tears and an irrepressible sense of the fun of it all. She is at once the woman of the world, the idolising mother, the impersonation of all the gracious humour of Mr. Barrie's whimsical fancy. High praise must be given, too, to Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Amy Grey. She plays the part with a captivating earnestness, a most consistent seriousness that, coupled with her never-failing suggestion of girlish inexperience, is most diverting.

The Vedrenne-Barker Season at the



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH *Photo by Ellis and Walery.*
As Amy Grey—"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire"—DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Royal Court Theatre has come to an end for the summer months, but the success has been gratifying and a third season will commence on the 12th September. It was a bold, an original, a praiseworthy undertaking. It has been conducted with skill, with a judicious blend of hardihood and caution, with admirable catholicity in the selection of plays and an almost unerring judgment in the selection of players. It deserved success and it has succeeded. We have had plays of which the general play-going public knew little or nothing, and of which they would have known little or nothing, so long as the productions were confined to an occasional matinee, with a cast brought together for a single performance. When, but for some such enterprise, would Mr. Bernard Shaw have obtained adequate, or any approach to an adequate, presentation? We have had "Candida," "John Bull's Other Island," "You Never Can Tell," "How He Lied to Her Husband," "Man and Superman," each in a fair series of performances, and Mr. Bernard Shaw has been the most talked-of author in London this past winter. He is beginning to be—I was going to say, understood, but I will say appreciated instead. The cult is more comprehensive than comprehending. But for this enterprise of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker Mr. Shaw must have still remained a somewhat veiled demigod to ninety-nine in every one hundred. And so of other dramatists whose work has been adequately given at the Court. Ibsen, Hauptmann, W. B. Yeats, Gilbert Murray. Next season's programme is not complete, but we are promised plays by Sir John Hankin, Granville Barker, and of course, a good deal more of Mr. Shaw, happily.

For it has now been proved to demonstration that the public can take a good deal of Bernard Shaw. As to efficient digestion—that is another matter. What, for example, is "Candida" to the ordinary play-goer? Caviare or plain bread and butter? What is it to the trained critic, indeed? Nothing is determined by general consent—not even whether "Candida" is a dramatic composition to start with. It is in dramatic form, but is it drama? Is it merely a vehicle for the

author's satirical girds at our pretensions, our ambitions, our incompetence? Is it a holy crusade against humbug and cant, cast in the form of a miracle-play for greater vividness? Is it only a slice cut haphazard out of tame suburban domestic life, garnished with plums of wit and persiflage, or is it a comedy of manners built on a scheme of real human interest, a conflict of character? To my mind "Candida" approaches more nearly to dramatic unity in story and method than any other of Mr. Shaw's plays. It may be a misfortune from a dramatic point of view that Mr. Shaw cannot present a character as the embodiment of a single principle of action. His men and women are very human creatures; indeed; he will have no truck with the incomparable, with the superlative. His gods and goddesses always have some trick of manner, some fault of taste, some banality that drops them out of the clouds into a neighbouring villa, where they are not a bit heroic to the view. In "Candida" we have for theme the duel between the dreamer and the doer; but the doer is a self-distrusting prig and a preacher, and the dreamer is a self-conceited and hysterical blunderer. They play for the love of a lady, Candida, the wife of Morell, the preacher. The poet exalts her into a goddess, too fine for this world. She should be enthroned; worshipped, not preached at; spared all labour worry, pettinesses; saved for high thoughts alone. He even persuades the husband that he may be right, and Morell, silly idiot, is so far impressed as to bring his wife to the point of choosing between him and the frenzied idealist. She, Philistine that she is, sane, healthy, clear-eyed and visionless, wheedles him into good humour in a vein of maternal solicitude, part rebuke, part chaff, as one treats a perverse boy. Mr. Shaw's insight into individual character is always startling. As a critic of men and women as individuals he is inimitable. He makes us despise our littleness, our hypocrisy, our ignorance, our intolerance; but does he point the way to higher things?—Has he ever brought down the divine fire to a single soul?

Mr. Lewis Waller's revival of "Monsieur



Photo by Ellis and Walery.
MISS EVELYN MILLARD
As Lady Mary Carlyle—"Monsieur Beaucaire"—IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Beaucaire" at the Imperial has been doubly welcome; first, because the mysterious prince is the most attractive of the many melodramatic heroes Mr. Waller has impersonated, and, secondly, it has given us Miss Evelyn Millard in the part of Lady Mary. Miss Millard is not a born heroine of melodrama. Her method is not pitched on that high and strident key that sounds the grandiloquent passage of melodramatic emotion. Hers is a finer, more subtle art, but nevertheless she makes a charming Lady Mary Carlyle, not so expansive of manner as the times would have justified, not so conscious of her regnancy as might be expected of the reigning belle of Bath in the days of Beau Nash, but a very sweet and girlish heroine, doing uncalculated things out of a tender-hearted, womanly impulse rather than from an imperious will. When matters look very black for Monsieur Beaucaire, she makes us feel rather the pathos of her disappointment and renunciation, than the indignation of an affronted queen, but a more clamorous beauty would not touch the heart so directly and surely. An actress of Miss Millard's peculiar charm of reticence and tender grace of voice and manner evolves a new beauty out of the virile temper of melodrama.

I paid my visit to the Criterion with an earnest wish to be pleased with "The Axis," because I have so genuine an admiration for Miss Ethel Irving's art that I should have been glad to see her season at the Criterion a pronounced success. But I cannot endorse Mr. Cyril Harcourt's play with any enthusiasm. Perhaps the best that one can say is that it comes so little short of being, in some respects, an attractive play, its author may with good reason aspire to winning a position as a dramatist. The genesis of the plot has originality and promise. The hero, Aubrey Warren, and his close friend, Dr. Muriel, have just got home from a successful expedition to Arctic regions, Warren being the commander of the expedition, and for his discoveries is being made the recipient of an honorary degree conferred by Oxford. Both the explorers are pronounced misogynists; they agree, verbally, that their calling is incon-

sistent with any thoughts of marriage, and Dr. Muriel is particularly keen to keep Aubrey out of all threatening entanglements. Seven years before, he had interfered in an affair that might have had consequences detrimental to what he conceived to be his friend's career as a great explorer, and though Warren was very much in love at that time, the interference had its desired effect, and the lady married another. She and Aubrey have not met meanwhile. Now there are plenty of people in the world whom a distinguished man, if unmarried, affects in only one way, viz., as a marriageable creature, and the match-makers promptly take charge of Mr. Aubrey Warren. A Miss Helen Ventry is the lady selected for him, and the trap is set. Dr. Muriel detects it, and to keep his friend out of it proceeds to nibble at the bait himself. He makes love to Helen, with a cynical indifference to the effect upon her, if he can only forestall Aubrey. The result is that he falls seriously in love himself, caught hopelessly in the trap he sought to make innocuous to Aubrey. Thus far we have the materials for a very pretty comedy, but the author goes hopelessly astray when he makes his plotters revert to the trick by which Beatrice and Benedick are cajoled into falling into one another's arms. In "Much Ado About Nothing" the lovers were in love, but in "The Axis" they are both in love with someone else, and the episode is as theatrical and unreal as possible.

Miss Irving does not appear in "The Axis," but in the little one-act tragedy that follows, "Where the Crows Gathered," she has a part which gives scope for her exceptionally fine abilities as an emotional actress. She is the daughter of a Brittany peasant, and has been leading a life of pleasure in Paris. But she has fallen in love, and has come back home to Aurne determined to turn over a new leaf so that her Lorient may forgive her past, and marry her. But Lorient rejects her. In this little play Miss Irving passes through the emotions of remorseful repentance, of joy in her new and pure love, of anguish, of pleading, of despair, a tense dramatic triumph, that must establish her position as a great actress.



FEALAR GLEN. BEN-Y-GLOE IN THE LEFT-CENTRE DISTANCE.

RORY MACPHEE

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

By W. C. FRASER

(Author of "The Whaups of Durley") and

A. RICHARDSON

AT the head of wild Glen Tilt stands Ben-y-Gloe, lord of the Grampians and harbourer of stags. In rounded swells of heather and bilberry he rises among a hundred lesser hills till, anon, his broad shoulders shake themselves free in bold grey scarps and heavy spaces of shadow, while higher still his naked head gleams white in the sun or towers ghostly above the clinging mists. But always, sun or shadow, wind, or mist, he is the master whose eye sees all the lands of Atholl. Under his feet broods Loch Loch. Away over bent and heather the falls of Tarf are like a patch of snow against the moor; further north, Loch Tilt gleams like a blue eye set deep in the dark moss-hags. In the crags of the mountain the golden eagle finds an eyrie, and his corries are the plea-

sant resting places of the deer. There is no fairer land in all Scotland, nor one to cling more about the heart-strings of her children.

Between moor and cliff, on the sloping banks of Tilt and above the precipices of Tarf, lie broad stretches of greenest grass. It is not yet eighty years since the north held no richer grazing grounds for summer sheep, and not yet twice that time since from safe shelter among the hollows the last cateran raided Braemar and Strathardle. When the dew glistens in the early sun those meadow slopes show lines and scars beneath their surface verdure, and the squared furrows of shadow between the ridges are all that now remains to tell the tale of Fealar when her men went out, two

hundred strong, to the summons of the fiery cross as it sped from Deeside to the banks of Tummel.

Stirring days they were, days when a man lived and died indeed; hard maybe, and not over scrupulous of mine and thine, or even life, less pleasant to the eye than the years which followed in these same shielings under the Ben.

Rough or smooth, they are passed now, and only the eagle yelps in the crags, the grouse clucks in the heather, and the antlered stag bells from the misty heights—on and above and between the scarred patches of green among which a vanished people dwelt.

Yet the crofter days have left one other reminder in a sheltered nook, if a man have eyes to see. In face of the threefold gathering of the waters—of Tilt and Tarf and Fealar, stand four walls, broken and grown with moss, yet still breast high, hidden between the spurs of Ben-y-Gloe, a haunt meet and fit for any cateran of the old day.

Meet and fit also for his abode was the man who lived here in the beginning of the days when the Southron first turned northward in his hundreds, for ease of nerve and sinew, and for the trouble of stag and bird. Rory Macphee saw the coming, and misdoubted it. From where are now the shepherds' bothies in Glenfernate he retreated to Fealar Glen, and when the road came to Fealar—and thereby maso.s and a stone-built lodge, his feet carried him from the glen still further under the shadows of Ben-y-Gloe, into the hollow beneath the King's Seat, to the little islet of Loch Loch.

This sketch of a flight of the old before the new may stir a sentimental horror in modern hearts, but Rory was indeed no guileless boor, loving the hill and its silences more than the voices of men. Away down Glen Tilt and Glenfernate are Blair and Pitlochry, nor need a man traverse twelve miles of hill, north by west, before he comes to Braemar in Deeside. There are men in Braemar and those other towns who are, as is indeed nowise wrong, lovers of the savour of moor fowl and a good stag's haunch. By their mouths Rory lived. But no road leads to no end, and the road to a lodge is the fosterer of

watchers. So the gillies of the Duke came up from the banks of the Garry, and from the north men out of Mar reached hands to join with them in the guardianship of this great new forest. A world of sporting lords and forest keepers has little room for an honest man. Thus Rory made his dwelling place among the waters of Loch Loch.

Loch Loch is neither very great nor very small. A 'water' with no other name, it has a part in the mystery of the hill. Under the roots of Ben-y-Gloe you may drop a plummet on a hundred fathom line until, when all is out, the line still hangs taut. Yet a yard to the left or right, the cord sags before the sixth knot pass your fingers.

In one of these watery hollows lies Diarmid's jewelled cup, lost there on the fatal day of the measuring of the boar. But away, towards the valley which is between the loch and Carn Righ, the brown wavelets lap on a shelving strand. Midway between the beach and the depths is a little island, brown and purple in its bulwarks of rush. A hidden ridge joins islet and shore, so that wading upon its crest a man may pass the whole distance and the water never once reach above his middle. Here Rory, deserter and poacher, made his home, and hither he carried branches, rent from the few trees sheltering in the narrow glen cut by the rushing Alt Ghlinne in its race to join Fealar water. Thus there grew up a house of wattle, with a single hole in the roof for light and smoke-service alike, and under it a hearth of trimmed stones laboriously carried, one by one, from a deserted shieling in a neighbouring corrie. Living alone in his solitude, the man grew morose, for lack of intercourse with his kind was now added to the hourly fear of detection, until one day he met and fought the keepers from Forest Lodge on the slopes of Carn Liath. Thanks to clever heels and a ready fist, Rory got clean away, but the encounter woke in him desire for the sound of human voices, and next day he did unwonted things.

Somewhere among the medley of his belongings, the ex-soldier found a pair of scissors and a ragged razor. He washed in the loch and trimmed his hair; hewed and haggled down the ragged bristles on his face by the aid of the reflection in a

polished brass buckle. Then, casting caution to the winds, he donned his battered uniform, and strode across the hill in the direction of Glenfernate.

Unlike their fellows of Fealar, the Glenfernate shepherds have stood their ground against the returning deer. Hereabouts the glens are green and open—rounded swells of grassland and no more the ragged rock-strewn hollows of the higher hill. During his forays after the grouse Macphee had more than once passed a shepherd in the gloaming, but he preferred to keep his distance. Whatever their sympathies in regard to one living his free and adventurous life, he was a deserter from the King's service. To-day his mood was otherwise. Human converse in some kind he must have, and caution be her own caretaker.

It was customary at that time for the crofters to send their cattle up from the lower ground to enjoy a few weeks' grazing on the rich summer pastures near the springs of the Fernate and Tilt. Their women went with the cattle to make butter and press cheese, while, in the intervals of such work, the corries forgot their loneliness for a while as they rang with the laughter of the girls and play of the children. Such a scene of passing life it was that, furtive as a fox, amid the heather on a ridge near the top of Glen Ptarmigan, Rory watched with eager eyes. Towards sundown young men straggled up from the strath, and when the children were dispatched to bed the outlaw's eyes gleamed, watching as pretty a picture of rustic dancing as a man may see in the gloaming of a summer day. He dared not go down for many reasons, but equally he could not tear himself away. Desire towards his kind increased first, then the desire for womankind to share his solitude. The young men went away as they had come, and the last girl ceased to watch her friend's fast-fading figure from the door of a shieling. Dogs were not brought up to this summer gathering, and when the girl finally closed her door nothing hindered the outlaw from creeping amidst the buildings. Lighting a pipe, he sat himself down under a rock and soon slept as soundly as those whom he had lately watched with envy.

When Rory woke, it was with the con-

sciousness that he was no longer alone. For the moment he could see nothing, but the sense of a human presence brought him to his feet in panic fear. But he presented his gun only to laugh nervously as an ill-kempt figure rose from where it squatted like a hare in her form, and ran, too, like any wild thing. Suddenly Macphee put down his gun and ran also. The chace was a girl in her teens, miserably dressed, but strong and rudely handsome. Her bare feet were noiseless and rapid, but Rory, who could follow a wounded stag for miles, was not to be outrun by a girl, start or no start, and his hand was soon on her arm.

By now Rory had taken stock of the hour by the appearance of the sky. It was morning, but very early morning. He could not have slept above two or three hours. The girl had, indeed, taken no part in the evening's fun. Having wandered away on very private business this midsummer evening, she had seen the strange figure under the rock on her return and was reconnoitring when, fortunately or unfortunately for her, Rory awoke.

"Was it the peaceable Ones sent you for me? Are you come for me?" she stammered in Gaelic.

Rory was no Highlander of that day, certainly none who had lived his solitary life, not to immediately understand her thought. Half consciously he took it up. "I have come for you from the Men of Peace in the dark glen," he answered, with little less solemnity than had characterised her question.

"Was it because I would be reading the shadows in the Nun's Well just now?" she asked, with trembling lips and rising colour.

Macphee, now in full possession of his senses, had some ado not to laugh at this self-betrayal. But the girl's sentimental superstition offered an easy solution to the riddle which he had pondered all the evening. "Yes!" he replied impressively; "the Men of Peace have need of you. Is it on your feet or in my arms you will be coming?"

The girl's wonder outran her fear. She regarded her captor with wild eyes. Rory's grasp tightened on her arm. "I will come," she gasped hastily, "if you will keep them from hurting me."

"No one shall come near thee, little one," he promised with sudden rough tenderness. "I will hold thee amidst the waters."

"And when will I be coming back?" she asked quickly, little above a whisper.

"In seven years for sure. No one will be knowing you in your gold and silks."

Thus Rory Macphee won a bride to his island in Loch Loch.

II.

F R O M
noontide
on the follow-
ing morning,
and yet more
through the
night that fol-
lowed, there
was trouble
among the
shielings of
Craig Loisgte,
while men
searched from
Ben Vuroch
to Glas Thul-
achan and
from Meal a
Choire, which
is in Glen
Lochsy, to
Moulinearn. If
you know the
land you know
that this
means twenty
miles of coun-
try where a
hundred ant-
lered stags lie
hid in broad
day. As a
man, you can
know the

trouble at their hearts seeking for the lost girl; also how the trouble grew when night fell, and the search must go on. And if you have the Gaelic, you can share the fear which lay at the searchers' hearts.

"Mary is not the one to wander," said her father, Red Duncan. "Her foot is as sure as the hind on Carn Righ, and neither the mist nor the darkness could hide home

from her eyes. She is held by force among the hills."

Angus Stewart's tongue was fierce. "We'll search for her in every glen and corrie in Atholl and if she has come to harm we have our guns and our dirks."

A council was held at noon on the second day. Every man in the country who could stir foot came to it; even the Rev. Alexander Seaton, minister of the

Kirk of
Poloskie in
Moulin parish.
sped foot-
haste up the
glen, good
man that he
was. They
counselled
within the
four walls of
a byre. At
every corner
an axe was
laid edge out-
wise, and a
twisted crow
bar over the
edge of the
threshold. Mr.
Seaton was a
minister of
the religion,
but he did
not rebuke
them. He
knew his
Bible, and he
knew that his
people knew
that nowhere
in the Bible
is it written
that *they*
do not fear
naked iron.



LOOKING UP GLEN FERNATE.

Possibly, also, the ministerial mind was not entirely callous to the fact that at more than one winter's evening disputation much emphasis had been laid on the express scriptural mention of arrows that fly unseen.

The centre of the byre floor was occupied by the Cailleach Crom (crooked woman) of Enochdhu. She gazed intently

into a vessel of water held breast high before her. The vessel had not been allowed to touch earth since it was filled from the dark pool beneath the Brierachan Bridge over which the dead and the living pass alike. "I see," the ancient muttered presently, "a saighdear ruadh (red soldier) with a gun on his shoulder, and he lives among the deep waters that catch the shadows of the clouds as they pass over the peaks of Ben-y-Gloe."

A moment during which rage was too great to become articulate intervened; then the seer's vision was followed by such threats, and with such intensity in the utterance, that it is sure things would not have gone well with the outlaw if he had been present. But he, as it chanced, was that moment wading along the submerged ridge to his solitary home.

The wise woman's vision could admit of no question in the minds of the shepherds and keepers who heard her. If the Rev. Mr. Seaton had thoughts on "the sight" he kept them to himself. It was not three years ago since a word from the Cailleach Crom had sent the searchers to the drift at the foot of a crag in the heart of the moor where the body of a watcher, lost in a snowstorm, had defied every effort to trace his fate for more than a fortnight.

The season was now full summer, and with such a quest to spur them on the men were not likely to fail. Sent by the Duke, they might allow a poacher, smuggler, or deserter to elude their search. When they tracked Red Duncan's lost daughter, the matter was a very different one.

The Strathardle men sped up Glenfer-nate, spreading out so as to converge upon the skirts of Ben-y-Gloe in true hunter fashion. The stags and moor fowl fled at the unwonted intrusion, but the hunting this day was for other game—a two-legged quarry, as keen in all the lore of the hill as themselves, Rory Macphee, poacher, deserter, and now stealer of a woman.

Hour followed hour, and the shadows of the hills had grown long as the little band converged upon the shores of Loch Loch. They were not men who scoured these naked moors for no cause, and if one and another had previously set eyes upon the little islet, that was

long before its unlikely surface had been crowned with Rory's bothy. Now, footprints on the narrow strip of beach, and a faint film of smoke curling above the darkling islet amid the waters, betrayed the inconspicuous lair of the man they sought. They cried to him to show himself a man and come out, and whether from common prudence, or that their curses sounded dangerous, Rory did not keep them long in suspense. In the gloaming his sinewy, tanned figure, in its queer garb—the battered uniform, with a gun at the ready, a bright skeandhu in stocking, and—yet more, an ancient military bayonet stuck in his belt, was an apparition which caused a momentary doubt in the hearts of more than one of his assailants. But their hands were as prepared as his own, and the sight of half-a-dozen of aimed barrels caused him to lower his piece precipitately.

"What will you be wanting, friends?" he shouted across the intervening water.

"Red Duncan's lass, and if she has come to harm, this day will be the blackest day that ever was for you," replied Angus Stewart, the Duke's keeper at Dalharnach, leader in this as in all raids for whatever purpose upon the forest ground.

"Loch Loch will be the strange place to be seeking a lass," answered Rory, allowing himself the luxury of a cheap taunt.

"Nevertheless, at all events we must get her, and sound, or the cold water will be your bed," roared Angus in wrath.

"Come and take her then," retorted Rory sullenly. He laid down his gun and folded his arms.

Angus and Red Duncan were soon on the island and inside Rory's dwelling. The search was neither long nor hard, for not a hiding place could there be on the surface of the tiny rush-fringed islet, while within the hovel you could touch both sides, either way, by stretching out your arms as you stood in the midst of the mud floor.

The searchers shortly came out of the narrow slit which served for entrance. Rory had not followed them in. "You'll not be finding the maid?" he mocked.

"We will be going," returned Angus, rather crestfallen. But he added, "And

it's yourself will be coming with us until we find her."

Rory followed to the shore without a word. The men's faces were sufficient reason for acquiescence, even if his cunning had not advised the same course.

"It's a wandering lass you will be seeking, and it's to me you come?" he suggested, coming up to the group on the shore while Duncan and Angus were conferring together. "Maybe it's away with the drovers to Falkirk Tryst the maid will be," he added speciously.

No one replied. They had come to the expected end of their quest, only to find that they had been undoubtedly fooled by the wise woman. Suddenly a shout made all turn to where Dugald Macbeth, a little to the right of the general group, was intently examining the soil at his feet. 'Mary has been here,' he cried, "and if it's not on land she'll be found, there's Rory Macphee will seek her in the bottom of the loch."

Strong hands had fallen on Rory at the first word, and he did not need to be told how near death was to him. "Hands off?" he panted, "and it's to the lass I'll bring you safe and sound."

The party set out again, Macphee leading between Dugald and Angus. He strode quickly over to the rocky face of Ben-y-Gloe, threading the promiscuous masses of boulders which lie about the base of the mountain in a way which confessed long practice. Rory turned one of these first, and his companions rubbed their eyes as they followed, for the rascal was nowhere to be seen. Quarter the spot as they would, no trace of how he had gone was to be found, when as suddenly as he had disappeared, Rory stood once more before them, and Mary at his side.

Without a word the party returned to the lochside. Their faces were grave, and between grim looks and sinister clutchings of hands at weapons, Rory began to wish himself anywhere else than where he was. He felt trapped, and was too proud to sue for mercy, even if mercy had seemed likely to be won by words. But now the Rev. Alexander Seaton lifted up his voice.

"Rory Macphee, answer me truly in the presence of these witnesses. Why did you take this maid from her home?"

"I was awfu' lonely by myself, and I saw her an' . . . I just took her," he confessed sheepishly.

"Into the loch wi' his impudence!" cried Angus Stewart, and seized the culprit roughly by the shoulder.

But the minister intervened again. "No, no!" he cried. "Don't lay violent hands on him. Who made us his judges! Take him to Blair, and he'll be punished three times over, as a deserter from the King—God bless him!—as a poacher, and for carrying away Duncan Farquharson's daughter by force."

The men murmured approval, and Macphee's case looked desperate, when the girl stepped forward. Her eyes were bright and her face flaming. "I take this man to be my married man in face of you all!" she cried defiantly, and seized the prisoner's hand.

Quick as thought Rory did his part in this very Scotch marriage ceremony. "I have taken this woman to be my wife in face of you all!"

The situation appealed to some deep vein of humour in Red Duncan's mind. He called to the minister to offer up a prayer over the couple, and the worthy man complied perforce, reasoning, perhaps, not without warrant, that his part in the transaction might be a timely hallowing of what were otherwise past the mending.

That night more than one hidden still was raided, and the dark corries of Ben-y-Gloe echoed to unwonted revelry until, at length, the summer stars winked over a lochside strewn as thick with seeming corpses as though the old cateran days were still in the land.

Thus Rory Macphee was married, and it is certain that none of those who were present at the ceremony ever forgot it.

III.

TO Rory, the married man, life became more easy, as it was less solitary. No longer an outcast of the hill, but one of the men of Atholl, he was to be helped and warned, shielded even, when these friendly offices were not too dangerous to those who extended them. And, at this time, a man might sail pretty close to the wind in such matters. None the less, Angus Stewart, who led the search party, was

a Duke's keeper, and while Rory's honeymoon was wisely spent in a sheltering shieling on Deeside, his new relatives seldom passed the time of day with a watcher without finding it possible to mention the fact of this migration. Men are more plentiful on Deeside than in Fealar Glen, and occupation that was both legitimate and profitable came in Rory's way. Yet his heart was ever away among the moors, and as the summer drew to August the poacher could no longer resist the call of the hill. Against it there was but one safeguard—to become keeper of the game upon which

Gloe, which shelters Loch Loch from view until one stands within a stone's throw of its very edge.

The man was no poet to feel the mystery of the hill, but he was come back to his own place and with his bride of but a few months. He was rough, and his miserable cot yet more rough, but never lover more happily set his bride to sleep at their first return to his home. But Rory could not sleep that night. Under the full August moon the miles of hills were sweet and dark with heather. Bog asphodel and grass of Parnassus gleamed, mysterious



ON THE MARCH BETWEEN GLENFERNATE AND FEALAR FOREST.

he had hitherto preyed. Even of this honest livelihood he had the offer, up in Mar. But the old tastes were too strong, and he found, conveniently, that his young wife was pining to see her mother. From Braemar to Glenfernate no road is nearer than the bridle track down Glen Tilt to Fealar, and thence directly across the moor to the ridge which divides the watersheds. That Rory, with his wife manfully bestriding a ragged pony, should take this road was natural. It was little less natural that he should turn aside at a certain point and find himself in the hollow under Ben-y-

golden stars and milk-white full moons, by every runlet and moist place as he roamed the silent night. As he returned to the loch the eagles cried above on the Ben, and his coming startled the deer from their morning drink in its waters. If he had ever intended to lead a new life the resolve was wiped away before his wife's eyes opened on this first day of their return.

On the islet, or in secret caves among the rocks of the Ben, Rory Macphee passed many seasons. Life was as easy and yet more pleasant than ever before, for the shepherds gave warning when un-

welcome keepers from down the glen made occasional forays of inspection, while "business" on the lower strath became almost prosaic when a bed was to be had for knocking at the door of any bothie in Glenfermate. Seeing him come and go, men ceased to remember that he was a deserter. Between luck and skill, for though bold he was seldom foolish in his risks, the poacher was never once stopped while disposing of his wares on Deeside or Pitlochry during six whole years following his return. But new difficulties arose.

In the earlier days of the Sassenach invasion, the time when men spoke of moor-fowl and not grouse, the growing race of keepers were still in no way over-harsh with those who shot and hunted, according to immemorial use, over outlying moors heavily stocked with game, and seldom visited by their lawful owners. But the sporting tenant increased in numbers and daring. That a moor lay fifteen or twenty miles from a high road ceased to be an obstacle of any importance, while a grouse became more and more valued as above a sheep. Rory's fortunes moved with the times. He got better prices for his birds, but he needed to be increasingly careful both as to where he shot and how he brought the game to market.

Loch Loch lies on the edge of Fealar Forest, at the head of Glenfermate. For long the new lodge of Fealar gained no tenant, and consequently no keepers resided nearer than Forest Lodge, a round dozen of hill miles down Glen Tilt. While the Duke came up to Fealar for, at most, a week in the season, Macphee found it small hardship to have pressing business on Deeside during that period. But in his fortieth year Glenfermate was let as a moor for the first time, and a tenant came to Forest Lodge who found the teeming birds on Fealar, no less than the certainty of finding stags on Ben-y-Gloe, inducement enough for many a journey up the glen. Rory was liable to meet the unwelcome intruder on either side of the march. Moreover, even his iron strength was paying the penalty of continual exposure and hard living. Rheumatism and the alien were rival scourges. His daring hit on a device, enticing in its very risks. The poacher shot in full daylight, but always

within easy distance of the march. Hearing guns on Glenfermate, he plunged out of sight on the Fealar side; when it was Fealar which was the dangerous ground, he lurked unseen, but still shooting freely, on the lower grounds.

Rory had always kept excellent dogs. He was at any time a fine figure of a man, and dressed like any gentleman, as he now took care to be, his personal appearance might have deceived a wiser man than the English tenant of Forest Lodge, whom, by the ill luck, he must one day meet as he turned the shoulder of a hill well within the Fealar boundaries. For an appreciable moment each man regarded the other, the Sassenach nervous lest he were on another's ground, Macphee rapidly scanning the Englishman's party in search of fate in the person of Dugald Macbeth. But the keeper was, by luck, not out on this occasion. At this discovery Macphee started easily towards the abashed Englishman. "You're welcome, sir," he dared to say, "but I fear the Fealar march will be behind you."

The intruder apologised, but had been informed that the skyline to the right marked the boundary. Macphee pointed out that the skyline was an ambiguous expression on this shoulder of Carn Rìgh. He, however, magnanimously invited the man to continue where he was, and the Englishman, not to be outdone, gave Rory free leave to ignore the Fealar marches when and as he would.

The matter, of course, came to the ears of Dugald Macbeth, head keeper at Forest Lodge, before the week was out, and his oaths and temper were so picturesque that the Englishman wondered whether Rory's unbridled insolence, or the keeper's blind rage, would make the better story when he should be once more comfortably ensconced in his favourite corner in the club in London. But, while his master was still on the spot, Dugald could do little. Knowing this, Rory took ample advantage of his leave, shooting Fealar unblushingly, though it is to be confessed that he did this rather to enrage Macbeth than to increase his own bag.

Late in November, when his wife was down the strath with her parents, Macphee

returned one evening to Loch Looch only to find his hut burned and his goods sunk or floating in the water. With a savage curse and vowing unheard-of retribution, the homeless man turned down Glenfergiate, and presently reached Red Duncan's bothy. Tired out, he had no sooner eaten than he fell asleep, and it seemed to him that he could but have slept a minute when Duncan was whispering in his ear that the Duke's men had surrounded the house. A moment later thunderous knocks resounded on the door. A glance out of the front and rear windows showed that every possible exit was guarded. Climbing like a cat to the rude loft between the rafters and the peats of the roof, Macphee cut a hole with his dirk and warily squirmed his body through it, covered by a kindly cloud which chanced to obscure the moon. Duncan was by now unbarring the door. "If we have a chase, Macbeth'll be waiting us at Daldhu," he heard one man whisper to another. Then the door opened, and in their excitement the men who should have guarded the rear of the house ran round to the front. Rory dropped to the ground, and was soon safe on the road to Daldhu.

An Atholl keeper is apt to know worse cheer and a less comfortable roof than that of the Bothy of Daldhu at a November midnight. Dugald Macbeth before the fire, with a bottle of whiskey, the best part of a venison ham, and a heaped plate of hot oatmeal cakes, was enjoying his evening hugely. He had burned his tormentor's house, and his men must even now be leading the rascal captive towards the very room in which he sat. His complete self-satisfaction had no thoughts to spare for the origin of the ham; though, indeed, it was of Rory's hunting that he ate.

Macphee, gazing through the window, fully appreciated his enemy's comfort. But Dugald's gun was in the corner, and doubtless loaded. The poacher, however, entered boldly, choosing a moment when the enemy, seated with his back to the door, was draining a mug of smoking toddy. "Have you got the impudent rascal?" the keeper asked without turning.

"Yes! It's yourself I've got, Dugald Macbeth!" roared Rory, but quickly as he had rushed forward, Macbeth had reached his feet. They would have been a good

match at any other time, but now, between Macphee's rage and the keeper's potatoes, the latter was soon under his adversary's knee.

"You will be telling me here before I kill you what it is you will be meaning, burning my house, Dugald!" raged the poacher.

"It was a fool you were making of me with my master!" retorted Dugald.

Rory's temper was not proof against the joyous memory of the scene which Dugald's words recalled to new life. A fresh idea struck him, and he lessened the pressure on his victim's chest. "Dugald Macbeth," he said, "it's old I am to be killing a man. But it's a day's shooting I want, and you must carry the bag."

Here was an indignity indeed, and Dugald's jaws set themselves. Suddenly he consented with alacrity. If ever poacher turned evidence against himself, Macphee seemed bent on doing so now.

The sun was just risen when the two men reached the heights beyond Glen Tilt. That day Rory made a record bag, and the keeper, true to his promise, was as faithful a gillie as ever trudged behind a Sassenach master. At length Macphee was satisfied, and turned homewards, Macbeth finding the bag no easy thing to carry. Thus they crossed Glen Tilt, just above the falls of Tarf, and began to mount the steep track that leads into Fealar Glen. Rory's face grew grave. Dugald's rising spirits minded the weight of the bag less at every step. Surely, never yet was poacher such a fool, walking wilfully to certain capture. But Macbeth counted his triumphs too early. When they had climbed two-thirds of the ascent, Macphee turned away from the path towards the deep ravine of the Ait Ghlinne. On the brae above the precipice is a rabbit warren, and here he commanded his follower to lay down the sack of game. Between his wonder at the meaning of this move, and natural pleasure to be eased of his burden, Macbeth bowed his neck to rid himself of the sack, which was slung by a band across his shoulders. He was rid of the burden, but still bent double, when Macphee suddenly seized him by the waist, and before he had time to realise that he was caught the unfortunate p-

er's head was rammed, up to the very shoulders, in the mouth of the largest burrow. The position was ignominious, but a few struggles would extricate him, and then! Thinking thus, he lay still, hoping to hear Rory's retreating steps. Instead, a smart thwack on his posterior caused the victim to kick wildly, by which he presently learned that his artful assailant had driven a stout stake into the earth within the very fork of his legs. Release, by his own efforts, appeared problematical indeed, and instead of rejoicing as he heard Macphee's footsteps die away in the distance, Dugald's heart sank to the very nadir of doleful fear.

The day's bag was heavy. When he reached his store and added it to the birds accumulated during the past three days, the combined numbers proved too great for Rory's usual method of bringing them to market. None the less, about eight the same evening saw driven into Pitlochry town a cart of sheepskins. An acquaintance strolled up and, for he was very weary, the poacher readily accepted an invitation to step into the inn.

While he drank and rested, and it was no mere matter of ten or twenty minutes, the inevitable child passed by and mounted the cart. He soon found other things than mere sheep's pelts. Being a child, his discovery must be shared, and the comrade in whom he confided called yet others to explore this mystery. While they peered and chattered, two of the very keepers whom the poacher had escaped the night before passed by, and the devil was out. Rory met them in the very door, and soon the three were riding down the road to Blair Castle. Now the captive's feet were bound beneath his horse's

belly; also his hands were tied behind his back. The keepers were not dumb, and his fate loomed uncomfortably dark in the prisoner's consciousness, when one of them jestingly remarked that this capture would be singularly profitable in regard to the matter of ten pounds which they could claim for delivery of the deserter into His Majesty's arms.

Rory was rheumatic, and the night raw. As they neared an inn he began to roar aloud. So heartrending, indeed, were his groans that the keepers' hearts were moved, and they agreed to unbind him in consideration of his standing hot toddy all round. Old Army wisdom revived under



Photo by Paul Cameron.

FALLS OF TARF IN EARLY SPRING.

the stress of necessity, and between his cunning brewing of punch and glib tales of adventure in English towns, the vigilance of his warders relaxed.

It is not easy to make a Highland keeper drunk, but a whispered word from Macphee instructed the innkeeper, and when a second bowl was called for he brewed the punch with boiling whiskey, which is a liquid potent beyond thought. Almost simultaneously the two keepers' heads fell on their breasts, and the prisoner was away with all three horses.

Macbeth had been rescued meanwhile, on a hint dropped to the Glenfergatie shepherds by Macphee on his way down

the strath. Between the public laugh at his own plight, and that at the way in which the prisoner had duped his subordinates, he concluded to make no further assault on his foe for the present. The sinner, indeed, had slipped away to Deeside and could only have been taken at the cost of much trouble.

IV.

THAT winter, Rory Macphee suffered severely from rheumatic fever, and when he returned to his old haunts it was as an apparently reformed character. He had been shrewd all his days, and now he reaped the reward, living on the lower strath of Glenfergus among his shepherd relations, without need of labour. None the less, the old spirit was but quiescent, and while he rarely poached to sell, his own larder seldom wanted for wild meat of the moors.

It was in his fiftieth summer that all the glens of Atholl were filled with tales of the great stag of Glen Tilt. A stalker had been mocked all winter for having told of the huge eighteen-pointer which he had come upon one misty evening behind Carn Liath. Next October the head had been sighted by half the keepers and sportsmen between Blair and the Falls of Dee. And the heart of Rory stirred within him.

Dugald Macbeth, passing the falls of Tarf alone, recalled his humiliation on the opposite slope. He was startled to hear the sound of a rifle on the lower spurs of Ben-y-Gloe. Swiftly and cunningly he

stalked the sound, and presently was aware of a figure lying on the heather beside a dead stag. The man sat up, and Macbeth recognised his enemy. Keeping his gun ready, Macbeth advanced, not quite comfortable at observing how Rory lay back with closed eyes.

Standing above his enemy, the keeper spoke. "I've got you now, Rory Macphee."

Rory opened his eyes. "I've got the big stag, Dugald Macbeth."

The poacher's eyes closed in a spasm of pain, and the triumph trailed out of his voice. Macbeth noticed that his hand was pressed to his side, but could not staunch the blood which welled out between the ripped folds of his coat. "I'm thinking," he said, not unkindly, "that you have gotten more than the big stag, Rory."

"His tines will be red, Dugald," whispered the dying man. "Many's the stag's blood I will have let on Ben-y-Gloe, but this one has let mine."

Then, since a single glance showed that no mortal help could avail, the keeper sat down and took the poacher's head on his knee. The shivering body was covered with the plaid of his sworn foe. The shadow of the hill which sees all the lands of Atholl grew as the afternoon sun sank behind its shoulder, and as the chill of the shadow fell upon the face of the man who had dwelt, last cateran for all time, on the islet in Loch Loch, Rory Macphee closed his mortal life, himself, slayer of unnumbered stags, slain by the tines of his last and greatest victim.





WEST FRONT OF FIELD PLACE, SUSSEX, THE BIRTHPLACE OF
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE YOUTH OF SHELLEY

By R. C. TRAVERS

IN the parish of Warnham, about 2½ miles from Hersham, you will find Field Place. It stands within its well-wooded grounds far back from the road and Broadbridge Heath, a pleasant stretch of common without. It is an old-fashioned house, covered with warm yellow stucco, and roofed with great slabs of "Horsham stone," looking west and south, standing in a slight hollow, surrounded by trees. The drive approaches it from the east, and certain tall spruce firs, withered and leafless at the top, mark the property for some distance. In winter the house can be seen from the Guildford Road.

The front of the house was mainly built near the end of the 17th century; the back is two hundred years older, or more. There is a modern pillared portico (built in 1846) along the west front, between two small wings. This looks up a slight rise of lawn, towards a splendid group of forest trees, with meadows and a farm beyond. On the north side of the house is a walled garden of flowers and orchard; beyond this lies a wilderness, traditionally known as the "American garden," perhaps from its great rhododendron bushes. To the south there is a view over undulating grassland, well set out with trees, towards

the new Christ's Hospital buildings and a line of low hills. These are not, as is sometimes supposed, the South Downs, but the latter can be seen from higher ground to the north-west. In the south meadows were formerly three large ponds, now drained and turned into rough pasture.

The whole estate is bounded on three sides by highways; the Guildford Road on the south, the Warnham Road on the east, and Strood Lane, going from the Warnham Road towards Guildford, on the north. The Strood Park property forms the western boundary. Judging from an inner line of trees, parallel to the Warnham Road, the grounds may have been enlarged at the expense of Broadbridge Heath.

Thus enclosed, the home park of Field Place does not seem to have varied for a considerable time, but a large extent of wood and meadow, now alienated, is said to have gone with the estate in the beginning of last century.

Field Place never actually belonged to Percy Bysshe Shelley, but it has been owned by the Shelley family since the middle of the 18th century. Before this it was for more than 200 years in the hands of the Michells, a very old Sussex family. We find the house first mentioned in the

will of Richard Mychell, elder of Warnham, in 1524. He gives his wife the choice "whether she will dwell at Stamerh'm, or at the ffelde place." By a curious line of chances, Field Place seems to have been nearly always a secondary home or dower-house. This Richard Michell founded the Field Place Chapel in Warnham Church, and from 1558 onwards the Michells appear in the Warnham registers. Also the intricate connection, one might almost say confusion, of the Michell, Pilfold, and Shelley families is set forth in

Place through Edward Shelley, who states, in his will of 1746, that he purchased it of the Michell family. He was the son of Timothy Shelley, of Thakeham, and Mary Cheale, of Findon, who afterwards married John Michell, of Field Place. Edward Shelley makes bequests to "nephew Timothy Shelley . . . to John, eldest son of said Timothy . . . and to *Bysh his second son.*" Now this Timothy Shelley was grandson of Timothy Shelley, of Thakeham, and his *first* wife, Katharine Michell, of Horsham. His relationship



FIELD PLACE AS SHELLEY KNEW IT.

a stone outside the north wall of the church.

"The ffelde place" was probably the core of the present building, a timbered Sussex farmhouse, with the magnificent kitchen, and many little old rooms which still remain. In 1678, however, the Michells built the "new front" of Field Place. A stone, bearing the Michell arms and this date, appeared on the front of the house, until a quite recent tenant (being tempted of the devil) took it down to be broken up! Words fail me to further characterise this iniquity. The stone was rescued by a local tradesman, who built it, face inwards, into the front of a modern cottage, near Broadbridge Heath, where it may still be found.

The Shelley family first acquired Field

Place through Edward Shelley, who states, in his will of 1746, that he purchased it of the Michell family. He was the son of Timothy Shelley, of Thakeham, and Mary Cheale, of Findon, who afterwards married John Michell, of Field Place. Edward Shelley makes bequests to "nephew Timothy Shelley . . . to John, eldest son of said Timothy . . . and to *Bysh his second son.*" Now this Timothy Shelley was grandson of Timothy Shelley, of Thakeham, and his *first* wife, Katharine Michell, of Horsham. His relationship

to Edward Shelley is complicated, and not easily understood without giving a genealogical table. Edward Shelley sensibly calls him "Nephew," and leaves to him, "or any other owner of Field Place for the time being," the right "to pass, and repass with a coach or coaches" through the Strood Park estate; the owners of the latter having similar rights over Field Place. Nephew Timothy had spent part of his life in America, where he married a Widow Plum, of New York. He held Field Place from 1747 to 1771, but probably lived at Fen Place, which he inherited from his mother, Helen Bysshe, most of the time. At any rate, his eldest son John was master of Field Place in 1752, when he married Mary White, of Horsham, aunt

to that Elizabeth Pilfold who became the mother of the poet. In the same year his brother Bysshe married Mary Catharine Michell (no relation, it would seem, to the Warnham Michells), heiress of Stamerham Old House, in Horsham parish, now destroyed.

I have dwelt on these intricacies of Shelley and Michell because it is generally stated that Field Place came into the family through Bysshe's marriage with Katharine Michell. The Rape of Bramble is at the bottom of this error. But Sir Timothy Shelley's pedigree (surely a final authority) states that Edward Shelley bought the estate of one set of step-relatives, and left it to another, at least six years before Bysshe's marriage. The latter duly inherited Field Place *in his own right* on the death of his brother John in 1790. A trifling matter, but weighty to the archæologist!

John rebuilt the Field Place stables in 1785, as a stone thereon testifies, and possibly planted those fine rhododendron bushes, which are the pride of the American garden. He ended a quiet life in 1790, having been more than once magistrate for the county. Meanwhile, Bysshe Shelley had married again, taking to wife Elizabeth Sidney Perry, heiress of Penshurst, by whom he had a long family of Shelley-Sidneys. Having the Michell estate of Stamerham, and the Sidney estate of Penshurst at his disposal, Bysshe did not care to reside at Field Place, and his eldest son, Timothy, settled there. Later on, Bysshe acquired another estate, Castle Goring (no longer in the family) and became a personage of much wealth and importance, being rewarded for his services to the Whigs by a baronetcy in 1806. He lived till 1815, leading a somewhat eccentric life at Arun Cottage, a small house in Horsham. He does not seem to have shown the pret any special favour, and stories of his violence and peculiarity are still told in the neighbourhood. In 1791 his son Timothy married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Pilfold, of Effingham (Surrey), formerly of Warnham. Their eldest son, Percy Bysshe Shelley, was born at Field Place on August 4, 1792. The other children were: Elizabeth (born in 1794), Hellen (died in

infancy). Mary, another Hellen, Margaret, and John, born in 1806. (The peculiar spelling of "Hellen" perhaps comes from the Bysshes of Fen Place.)

Bysshe Shelley's cleverness, individuality, and American experiences probably kept the family a little more in touch with the world of thought than their Sussex neighbours; certainly, Mr. Timothy Shelley passed for an intelligent and even progressive mind. He was a sound Whig (for many years M.P. for New Shoreham); he had "a semi-illiterate regard for letters, and a mundane aspect of religion"; he was diplomatic in trifles, kindly, irritable, and despotic. He reminds one a little of Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch"; quite hospitable to ideas as chance visitors, but wholly unequal to the responsibility of them as inmates.

Mrs. Shelley was a local beauty, "mild, tolerant, yet narrow-minded," according to her son; not bookish, but a good letter-writer. Her chief grievance against Percy in his early boyhood was that he had no love of field-sports; "when sent out in search of game he would sit poring over a book, while the gamekeeper was engaged in slaying his fellow-creatures."

Shelley lived entirely at Field Place until his ninth year, when he was sent to Sion House Academy. It is possible to describe the general appearance and internal arrangement of his home very much as he knew it.

The west front, with its imposing array of large windows, had then no portico between the north and south wings, and the main entrance certainly stood in the centre of the front, not, as now, towards the north wing. The stone of 1678, with the Michell arms, was then placed in the triangle over the middle of the first storey. Above the front door is a curious carving with a face resembling Henry VIII., that was not new in Sir Timothy's time, and may have been much older. (In the place where the front door formerly stood there is now a plaster relief of the nine Muses, a thing of no great beauty or antiquity. While the present writer was tenant, this work of art was known as "Shelley's ladies," and well-read visitors were invited to identify Harriet Grove, Elizabeth Hitchener, and

all the other objects of the poet's passing adoration.)

The inner front doors, two fine pieces of unpolished mahogany were certainly there in Shelley's youth, but the central hall was then wider, drawing-room and dining-room having been since enlarged at its expense. The drawing-room of to-day, a rather ungainly room, looking west and north, was in his day the dining-room, and vice versâ. Margaret Shelley remembered sitting at their drawing room window (looking due west across the lawn at the forest trees), and Shelley, a boy of fourteen, pressing his face against the pane to give her a kiss through the glass.

What stormy discussions those drawing room walls must have heard when Shelley's heterodoxy was angrily denounced by the elders, and warmly defended by himself! Let us hope the room had peace from such discussion until the present writer's tenancy, for then, indeed, the late war in South Africa roused controversy that waked the echoes of Shelleyan dispute.

There was a smaller room off the drawing-room called "Confusion Hall," which probably included the present panelled boudoir, and the adjoining room. The carved and moulded doors of these chief rooms, the rich carvings above them, and the various beautiful mantelboards about the house

must all have been familiar to Shelley. He and his sisters have run up and down and played upon the splendid oak staircase, which goes on, in undiminished decoration, to the attics of the top storey. He would also have known the great overmantels in the north bedroom, and in the original drawing-room. The former is probably as old as the "new front"; the latter, with its beautiful and elaborate

carving, together with the doors and the moulding along the walls, is of a later period.

Up stairs, and just over "Confusion Hall," is the room where Shelley was born. It is in the south wing, and has three windows looking south and west. Over the fireplace there is now a brass tablet, put up by Sir Percy Florence Shelley, inscribed with the date of the poet's birth, and a quatrain by Dr. Richard Garnett:

"Shrine of the dawning speech and thought
Of Shelley! Sacred be
To all who bow where Time has brought
Gifts to Eternity."

This ("the Shelley room") is a particularly quiet and pleasant chamber, whose windows, overlooking the south meadow, and also the lawn and the great trees, give delightful views by sunlight or moonlight. It was formerly only reached through the large west bed-room, or by the backstairs, but a passage giving more convenient access has since been built.



THE SOUTH WEST CORNER SHOWING
(ABOVE) THE ROOM IN WHICH SHELLEY
WAS BORN AND (GROUND FLOOR) CON-
FUSION HALL.

There was everything about Field Place to delight an imaginative boy. Tradition says that a secret staircase was hidden in the wall of the little chamber adjoining the Shelley room; certainly, ghostly sounds were long heard there. There is still "a low passage, above which must lurk some secret cell . . . and a long-closed garret, undoubtedly the habitation of some alchemist old and grey." The passage to the back-door, along which Shelley "as the great devil, bore a fire-stove, flaming with infernal liquids, attended by the little sisters as fiends," must be much as it appeared in the days of Richard Michell. An elusive local tradition says that Shelley further attempted "to raise the devil" in a small panelled room between the offices and Confusion Hall, since known as the Oak Parlour.

How far the grounds of Field Place may have changed since Shelley and his sisters played there, it is most difficult to tell. The great elms opposite the west front must have stood there in smaller form. There was certainly a summer-house in his time, and the present one, on the edge of the elm-grove, seems to hold the only convenient site. The tall spruce firs, where jackdaws build, were probably then saplings, but a fine oak in the meadow near at hand, a very old one on the edge of the grove, and the rhododendrons and some curious old ivy bushes in the American garden are probably not much altered since Shelley's time. The strawberry bed, where he upset his baby brother from a little handcart, is possibly the same. But the fishponds, unfortunately, are quite gone. There Shelley (who always loved fire and water) set light to a toy-boat, and let it drift out like a burning ship at sea. There lived the "Great Tortoise" and the "Great old Snake," hard to see, but subjects of endless romance for the younger sisters and little brother, to whom Shelley was such a gay, kind, delightful companion. Still, in spite of the lost ponds, the aspect of the south meadow and the view beyond has not yet changed greatly since Shelley used to slip out there for a lonely walk in twilight or beneath the stars. His family, who judged this love of "the gentle time" uncanny, would sometimes send the old butler out to follow

him, and bring in the report that "Master Eysshe only took a walk, and came back again."

I have often tried to call up a vision of Shelley as a lad in that old garden. The elm-grove and the lawn are full of curious echoes, and elusive lights in the gloaming, and the American garden is shadowy and strange under the moon, but I could never see the bright-haired boy with the great blue eyes. One would rather have beheld him as a child, before he knew any of the miseries of school, but, child or youth, the gentle phantom did not care to come.

Shelley's school-days, though spent in uncongenial and troubled surroundings, had their happy hours. He delighted in long rambles about Eton, amid lovely prospects of river and wood, and particularly enjoyed the boating, for his home scenery lacked the spell of moving water. The Arun at Horsham is a poor little stream, scarcely navigable for a canoe, and the main branch, where it crosses the Billingshurst Road, a mile from Field Place, to flow between Itchingfield Woods and the Christ's Hospital neighbourhood, is often muddy and shallow.

II.

"From early days, Shelley, with no literary surroundings or traditions, aspired to authorship." Yet there must have been some encouragement at home, for his ample pocket-money and the countenance of his elders allowed him to publish certain ventures during his school-days. And the well-meaning Mr. Timothy Shelley introduced the poet to a printing and publishing firm on his arrival at Oxford, saying, "My son here has a literary turn, he is already an author; do pray indulge him in his printing freaks."

Shelley's earliest verse seems to have been an unpublished poem, "To St. Irvyne," dated February, 1805, and copied out in the handwriting of his cousin, Harriet Grove. "St. Irvyne" may be formed from the name of the proprietor of a neighbouring estate, Lady Irvyne. Her property, Hills Place, was a fine Elizabethan mansion between Field Place and Horsham, with grounds sloping to the Arun; it has since entirely disappeared. The poem contains a reference to Strood



THE SIDE ENTRANCE OF FIELD PLACE AND PORTION OF THE OLD STRUCTURE.

Park, and is dedicated to Harriet Grove. She collaborated in "Zastrozzi," a headlong romance, written at Field Place before May, 1809, and actually accepted by a London publisher. In the winter of 1809-10, Shelley and his cousin, Medwin, together wrote seven or eight cantos of "The Wandering Jew," part of which came out in an early number of "Fraser's Magazine." Ahasuerus, the Jew, and perhaps some of the original verses appear in "Queen Mab." The recently-discovered "Poems by Victor and Cazire" were printed at Horsham in the summer of 1810, and Stockdale, a well-known London publisher, was induced to take the 1,480 copies from the local printer, to bind them, and offer them for sale. One really suspects that Shelley's personal charm must have brought this about, for the "Victor and Cazire" poems seem to have nothing in common with the Shelleyan poetry that we know, and indeed the disappearance of all that he wrote before "Queen Mab" would be a small loss to literature.

The spring and summer of 1810 seem to have been a happy time for Shelley. The accounts of him at this period suggest a most lovable and admirable character; audacity of intellect, devotion to study and enthusiasm for lofty ideals joined in him with the utmost purity, generosity, and domestic affection. For these qualities perhaps, his family forbore to interfere with his peculiarities of dress and manner, his impetuosity, fantastic clumsiness, and disorder, his dissonant voice, and the long, bushy hair, particularly startling in that well-cropped age. But, peculiarities included, he must have been a noticeable, handsome lad, and a most entrancing companion. His cousins seem to have delighted in his society. Charming Harriet Grove, with her sister and brother (possibly "Cazire" of the poems), spent a long time at Field Place, and many were the moonlight walks of the young people about Strood Park and its neighbourhood. A meadow path, south-west from Field Place, leads to a highwood in Strood grounds, where there are now, and may

have been then, two strange and overgrown pools, fit objects for a stroll under the summer moon. Strood Lane itself, a leafy road with occasional northward views, the long wooded hill up to Rowhook, and the Roman Road, were all suited to young lovers. For Shelley's growing attachment to Harriet Grove was looked favourably upon by the elders, and their voluminous correspondence, in which they discussed all things heavenly and earthly, was not checked.

Shelley entered University College, Oxford, for the Michaelmas term of 1810. He lived happily enough there, and made one great friend, Hogg, but when he returned to Field Place for the Christmas vacation the bright prospects of the summer had all turned to gloom. In the first place, neither "Zastrozzi," the "Victor and Cazire" poems (soon withdrawn on the suspicion of the plagiarism of Shelley's collaborator), nor "St. Irvyne," his second romance, just brought out by Stockdale, attracted favourable notice. Then, his correspondence with Harriet Grove in its daring enthusiasm and eager philosophising, strayed further and further from orthodox belief, and drove Harriet and her elders from bewilderment to doubt and dismay. On his return, he found her and all the home circle estranged. Mr. Timothy Shelley took alarm at a condemnatory review of "Zastrozzi," and the complaints of Stockdale, who professed to be very uneasy concerning Shelley's religious, or rather irreligious, sentiments. We can well imagine how overwhelmingly Shelley replied to his father's letters from London, and his arguments, and how completely unable Mr. Timothy and his son were to understand one another.

Shelley's unhappiness was deepened by

the news that Harriet Grove was engaged "to a clod of earth," early in January, 1811. In a very despondent letter to Hogg he encloses a poem "On an Icicle that clung to the grass of a grave." At this time his sister Elizabeth was his close companion, and he kept her "as much as possible engaged in poetry." Her verses, which limply and incoherently express sentiments like Shelley's own, were duly despatched to Hogg, with whom Shelley hoped to see his sister one day united.

Returning to Oxford, Shelley and Hogg both busied themselves with literary projects. The "Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things" was advertised at intervals between March and April, 1811.

No trace of it remains, but it perhaps formed the nucleus of those stanzas of "Queen Mab," in which the Fairy reveals to Ianthe the Present with all its evils, since Shelley stated before the Lord Chancellor in 1817, that "Queen Mab" was actually written and published in his eighteenth year. Now "Queen Mab" was in fact privately

printed in 1813, but the author's statement is clear enough, if the "Poetical Essay" is meant. Part of it at least was written at Field Place, and, with the best will in the world, I can get no nearer to showing that any buds of the lovely flower of Shelleyan poetry were put forth at Field Place.

At the end of March, 1811, came Shelley's abrupt departure from Oxford (accompanied by Hogg), in consequence of his pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." We are told that it was on sale in the astounded City of Oxford for at least twenty minutes, since Shelley strewed the counter of Messrs. Munday and Slatter with copies, instructing their shopman to sell them as fast as possible for 6d. each.

Shelley and Hogg settled awhile in



FIREPLACE IN THE SHELLEY ROOM.

London together, where they visited the Grove family, and made other friends. But they were soon disturbed by letters, troubled, threatening, or imploring from their respective fathers. Mr. Timothy Shelley was indeed greatly distressed, and appealed to Mr. Hogg, senior, to use all his influence to separate these youngsters, who encouraged each other in such monstrous opinions. He hastily left Field Place for London, armed with what aids to orthodoxy he could collect from his library at such short notice, and recommends the elder Hogg to read "Paley's Natural Theology" with his "young man"; "it is extremely applicable." Mr. Timothy received the lads at his hotel, and appears to have demonstrated the existence of a Deity to them, over a bottle of port, on a short and easy method derived from "Paley's book." What a pity Shelley had not sense of humour enough to enjoy the situation! But he always lacked that critical self-consciousness, which (with many drawbacks), will sometimes flash upon us the fine absurdity of ourselves and our surroundings, and almost makes us realise how we look to others.

Divided by a fog of personal misunderstanding, made denser with all the smoke of theological controversy, one hardly knows whether to pity Shelley or his father the more. The poor country gentleman, at a loss what to do with his son, who only desired to be left alone to study medicine with Hogg, next considered a plan for bringing him in as member for Horsham,

under the Duke of Norfolk's interest. The Duke, a leading Whig, who then and afterwards showed Shelley some kindness, tried to arrange matters. But certainly the poet's humanitarian interests, his sense of the misery of the "existing state of things," and aspirations toward large measures of reform, could not be satisfied with the convictions of a Whig aristocrat, nor could the student of Godwin's "Political Justice" enter public life as a mere follower of the Duke. So this plan failed, and Mr. Timothy was fairly puzzled. Is there anyone less able to understand the

vast seriousness of reforming youth than the middle-aged, satisfied Whig?

By the end of April, Hogg returned to York, and Shelley, tiring of the Grove cousins and Medwin, found himself lonely. He had sometimes visited his sisters at their Clapham school, and made acquaintance with their school fellows; he was now glad to frequent the

home of one of these, Harriet Westbrook. With this pretty, silly, emotional girl of sixteen he now began another of his female friendships, a friendship leading finally to the most disastrous end.

In May, Shelley's uncle, genial Captain Pilfold, invited him to Cuckfield, and opened a way for his return to Field Place, a return which was becoming imperative since Mr. Timothy had cut off his son's supplies. At Cuckfield Shelley began his friendship with Elizabeth Hitchener, the schoolmistress of Hurstpierpoint. For some time this gentle philosopher of twenty-nine was a:—



THE STAIRCASE.

"Sweet Benediction in the Eternal curse!
Veiled glory of this lustrous Universe!"

Poor lady, she became upon nearer view the "Brown Demon" of eighteen months later!

Once more at home, Shelley seems to have dropped into the troubled gloom and loneliness of the previous Christmas. "I am a perfect hermit," he writes to Hogg, "not a being to speak with! I sometimes exchange a word with my mother about the weather, on which she is irresistibly eloquent, otherwise all is deep silence! I wander about this place, walking all over the grounds with no particular object in view." He was attracted by thoughts of death. "Is there a future life?" he writes. "Shall we set off? I was thinking last night, when from the summerhouse I saw the moon just behind one of the chimneys, if she alone were to witness our departure?" (Do we middle-aged ones, who have got into the habit of living, remember moments in our youth when we were altogether ready to "set off" for death, out of sheer, intense curiosity about the Unknown?)

But in brighter moments Shelley's chief desire was to bring about a union between his sister Elizabeth and Hogg. With this in view, he invited Hogg to a secret and honourable imprisonment at Field Place, in his own study, whence, looking out upon the lawn, he might behold Elizabeth, as Palamon and Arcite, in Chaucer's tale, beheld Emilia. "Come then, my dear friend," he wrote (June 23, 1811); "happy, most happy, shall I be if you will share my little study." . . . "There are two rooms in the house which I have taken exclusively to myself; my sister *will* not enter them, and no one else shall; these you shall inhabit with me. You must content yourself to sleep upon a mattress, and you will be like a state prisoner. You must only walk with me at midnight for fear of discovery. My window commands a view of the lawn, where you will frequently see an object that will repay your journey—the object of my fond affections. . . . I will meet you at midnight" (at Horsham) "whence you shall be conveyed to your apartment. Come then, I entreat you."

Which were these two rooms? The

Shelley room, and the adjoining chamber of the traditional secret staircase, command a view of the west lawn and offer easy means of approach for a secret visitor. But Miss Hellen Shelley, speaking to an intimate friend long afterwards, mentioned that Mr. Timothy Shelley had kept the poet confined to the north dressing room for some days at this time. The prisoner was supposed to have no communication with the family, but Hellen and Margaret Shelley, who pitied and admired him greatly, often managed to speak a few words with their brother, on their way to the roof-chamber overhead, which they then occupied. Did Shelley take the north bed-room and dressing-room for his exclusive use? These certainly commanded the flower-garden and lawn, yet the large north bed-room could hardly have been described as a little study. In the oldest part of the house, on the north side, there are two quaint and remote rooms, adjoining each other, which also command the flower-garden and north lawn.

Whichever the rooms chosen for his secret visit may have been, Hogg did not travel from York to Horsham to inhabit them, and Shelley's intercourse with his sister Elizabeth was checked, or at least discouraged, by his father. Shelley continued to spend himself in letters to Hogg, to Miss Hitchener, to Harriet Westbrook and her elder sister; then in July came an invitation to Wales from the Grove cousins. He intended to go round by York and visit Hogg, but Mr. Timothy's opposition (the more forcible since he held the purse-strings) decided Shelley to go direct to the Groves at Cwm Elan. Soon after, at Harriet Westbrook's most urgent summons, he left Wales for London, and on August 28, 1811, followed the marriage of "Percy Bysshe Shelley, farmer, of Sussex," to "Miss Harriet Westbrook, of London," as it runs in the looks of the Register House, Edinburgh.

In June, 1813, when Shelley was settled with Harriet at Bracknell, tidings reached him that his mother wished to see him at Field Place, in his father's absence. He walked some thirty miles, across the most lovely districts of Surrey and Sussex, and arrived at his birthplace in the twilight of

a long summer's day. His friend, Captain Kennedy, then quartered at Horsham, went to Field Place on the morning after Shelley's arrival, and found him sitting with his mother and two elder sisters in Confusion Hall. Since Shelley's visit was to be kept secret, it was arranged that he should wear Kennedy's uniform when walking out, and should be spoken of as Captain Jones. This was done, and Shelley delighted in the travesty, but, with all precautions, Captain Jones's identity leaked out.

journal, and told him that his father was very angry with him. His half-uncle, Shelley Sidney, also addressed him, but the rest of the mourning friends and relatives found it better to ignore this most curious son and heir of the worthy country squire.

Shelley never set eyes on Field Place again. It is not recorded that he ever spoke of his early home with much affection or regret, but the following lines were discovered by Dr. Garnett, and have since been published in the Complete Works.



THE OLDEST PART OF FIELD PLACE.

It was the last time that Shelley stayed beneath the roof of Field Place, but he returned once more to the neighbourhood. His grandfather, old Sir Bysshe, died on January 16th, 1815. A few days after, Shelley, accompanied by Jane Clairmont, Mary Godwin's stepsister and evil genius, travelled down to Sussex, and having left the coach, and "Claire," at Slinfold, walked the intervening three miles to Field Place. By Sir Timothy's order he was not admitted, "but who could forbid him to sit outside by the door, filling his inward ear with the melody of *Comus* from Mary Godwin's pocket copy of *Milton*?" A certain Dr. Blocksome came out, according to Mary's

"Dear home, the scene of earliest hopes and joys!
The least of which wronged memory ever makes
Bitterer than all thine unremembered tears."

It does not appear that Ianthe and Charles Shelley (Harriet's children) spent any considerable time at Field Place, but Charles, Shelley's first-born son, was buried in the Field Place Chapel at Warnham on September 16th, 1826, aged 11 years. He is described simply as the "grandson of Sir Timothy Shelley."

Sir Timothy himself long survived his eldest son, dying in 1844, at the age of 91. He was buried in Horsham Parish Church, and the estate passed to Sir Percy

Florence Shelley, son of the poet and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. When her son had succeeded to the property, Mary Shelley frequently visited Field Place. After Sir Percy's marriage, she lived chiefly with her son and daughter-in-law, and, though life at Field Place was finally abandoned, she spent six months there with them in 1849. Jane Clairmont also visited there more than once. Sir Percy and Lady Shelley preferring to live at

mysterious sympathy, nay even of approval or condemnation, which **we feel in** walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity." Or the sense of attraction may have a more close and personal source in the association of **this** peaceful homestead with the earliest years of that "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." However derived, the **charm is** such that the dweller takes leave of **Field**



PART OF THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Boscombe Manor, the poet's birthplace passed into the hands of various tenants. On Lady Shelley's death, Field Place went to the descendants of John Shelley, the poet's brother, with the understanding that the house should become an heirloom to the family. The present owner is Shelley's great-nephew.

Field Place exercises over the inhabitant a peculiar intimate charm, most difficult to describe. It may consist in "that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of

Place with infinite regret, and pleasant memories of the poet's birthplace give a tender, almost personal, character to one's regard for Shelley.

"Music, when sweet voices die,
Vibrates in the memory :
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."





BEECHES OLD AND YOUNG

THE QUEEN OF THE FOREST

By PERCY COLLINS

THE beech—to quote old Gilbert White—is “the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage or graceful pendulous boughs.” The words represent the mature criticism of one who passed his life among the trees of which he wrote, watching them through all their varying stages of beauty, from the vivid greenness of spring-time to the golden wealth of autumn. For “The Wakes”—the vicarage at Selborne—nestles at the foot of that “vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village . . . called the hanger.” And to-day, as in White’s time, “the covert of this eminence is altogether beech.” One can picture the old naturalist clambering down the steep hillside among the grey, pillar-like trunks, in search of some of the rare plants enumerated in his forty-first letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington; or glancing from his study window to note the daily increase of foliage in the spring of

the year. We may be sure that his thoughts turned constantly to the beeches, for to those who love them, trees are a never-failing source of mystery and delight. A the days of our years multiply, we are inclined to marvel at the mere growth and life of a tree. We knew it as a sapling when boys; thirty years or so later it has grown into a fine young tree; and when we are old men, a little weary of the world and its vagaries, the tree will still be in its place, having added a few inches to its girth, but with the freshness and vigour of its youth unimpaired. For trees live slowly, and their term of years overlaps many hurrying generations of mankind.

The queen of the forest—a well-grown beech tree in the first bloom of its summer loveliness, is an object of no common beauty. The huge bole, securely anchored to the ground by its wide-spread roots, stands solid and erect. The dark green moss has crept up the bark to a height of

several feet from the ground. Beyond, the smooth grey trunk allures the glance upwards to the spot whence the great main branches spring. Following these with the eye, the network of innumerable twigs is seen; and the mind realises, as by a sudden inspiration, the vastness of the framework which the tree has spread for the support of its leaves. These are arranged with such nicety that they fill every gap between the twigs; and so perfect is the shelter thus afforded that—beneath the tree—it were easy to imagine

into the air and sunlight. This happened on the outskirts of the forest, where the trees stood far apart, and where the ground was carpeted with soft, mossy turf. It was in the springtime, when the air had lost its winter chill, and the baby beech found itself among pale primroses and large dog violets nodding kindly welcome. It was a fairy world into which the beech was born—all dew drops and flowers, tall grass blades, and green mosses. But ere long the infant spread out several real leaves, counterparts of those on



THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

oneself within a huge booth or tent. The fierce rays of the noonday sun are powerless to penetrate the dense canopy of foliage; but a soft green light filters downward, and a kindly breeze kisses the cheek of the resting wayfarer. Meditating in the shadow of the flickering leaves, the mind dwells upon the early history of the great tree. The beginnings were very small, but they were also very wonderful. Many years ago—in the days of the Georges, maybe, or even earlier—the brown, three-sided nut of an ancient beech germinated and pushed its two green seed leaves up

the full-grown beeches above. Then the two seed-leaves—signs of extreme babyhood—withered away. And from that day onward the young tree forgot the dew drops and the violets and commenced its long upward journey towards the skies. Disaster threatened it on every side. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of its fellow-venturers perished in the first few weeks of their existence. Rabbits—invisible ghosts in the twilight—cropped the dainty leaves of some. Snails with mottled shells, leaving shining tracks upon the moss where they passed, destroyed others. Then

there were squirrels and mice, insects and birds—all ready to pull tiny plants to pieces, sometimes in search of food, often out of sheer wantonness. So that the young

by year, spreading its ever-thickening branches, sending its roots into the ground in all directions, thus setting at defiance both summer droughts and winter gales.



THE QUEEN OF THE FOREST.

beeches, even when able to combat successfully the crowding of vegetable neighbours, were exposed to the assaults of a whole army of foes.

But time and chance fell propitiously for our seedling. It grew and flourished year

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And so, at last, it came unto its own, and for many a long year there has been no fairer picture in all England than this stately forest queen. True, the tree ages a little. But the shattered bough—the storm-forced tend of the great trunk link

W.A.

fit more closely to the great heart of nature.

The life of a full-grown beech tree is ordered with a precision almost machine-like. Years of experience and labour have rendered it well nigh independent of the weather. Nursing vast resources within itself, it is ready with the rise of the sap

most exquisite green, shining as if with varnish; its texture is so delicate as to be semi-transparent. Round the edge of the leaf is a fringe of silky grey hairs—a garnishment which the first sharp shower, or gale of wind, will destroy; yet one which is distinctive, in that no other British forest tree possesses fringed leaves. At



A VETERAN.

in springtime to commence its yearly task, albeit the inclemency of the season may retard the growth of annual or herbaceous vegetation. With the middle of April, the claw-like buds burst open, and shake out their leaves to spread and stiffen in the sunlight. This toil accomplished, the world may see, if it will, the beauty of the newly-expanded beech leaf. Its colour is the

the base of the leaf stalk is the shrivelled protective envelope—the brown blanket which covered the leaves during the winter season. It will retain its hold upon the tree, in calm weather, for several days after its office is accomplished.

Once its foliage is expanded, the beech begins to put forth its flowers. These, not depending upon insect aid for fertilization,

possess no gaudy advertisement petals, but are small and inconspicuous. They are of two kinds—the male blossoms, which take the form of little catkins, the female, which are small hairy knobs, with tufted extremities. It is the soft, dry wind of springtime which wafts the pollen of the beech from bloom to bloom, and sets the seed

dreds of columns and festooned with delicately-tinted hangings of green silk. Every hollow in the ground is filled with the dead leaves of departed summers, and these crisp and rustle underfoot with a sound pleasant to the ear. At every step dry twigs snap with sharp reports, and in some places the wanderer sinks knee deep into the dead



HILLTOP BEECHES.

which ultimately becomes the three-sided brown nuts which we call "masts," contained in their prickly pod.

A beech wood is at its best, perhaps, in the early days of summer. The smooth upright trunks justify the fancy of those who have compared them to Gothic pillars. It is as though one wandered in an immense edifice, the roof supported by hun-

drills. But where the ground is higher, the wind has long since swept them away, and their place is taken by a carpet of dark moss, spangled with the fresh growth of springtime. Low growing vegetation fares badly beneath the trees, which shut out much of the life-giving sunlight and air. Only the woodsorrel, with shamrock leaves and delicately-pencilled flowers, is flourish-

ing in the shadow; but on the borders of the wood, the pale faces of some late primroses peer inquisitively among the grass blades.

The final glory of the beech comes to it with the soft days of autumn. The tree decks itself with gold—a rich, glowing colour, which seems to reflect the sunshine with an added warmth and lustre. On the moss, beneath the branches, lie the ripe brown fruit. Children gather some, peeling off the outer husk to eat the oily kernel within. Wood pigeon strut beneath the trees, filling their crops with the nutritious food. Nuthatches—those pretty, wood-pecker-like birds—take the mast one by one to some crevice in a beech trunk, or even to a distant oak or elm, whose rugged bark offers more cracks and crannies than that of the beech. Here, after carefully adjusting the nut, the bird splits open the husk with its powerful beak, and feasts upon the contents. Some of the masts—those which are appropriated by squirrels and dormice, for instance—are hidden away in holes under the ground, and because of the death or forgetfulness of their owners are left to sprout and grow at the approach of spring. But, for the most part, the fruit of the beech is consumed by the furred and feathered forest dwellers, and perhaps not more than one in a thousand masts germinates. This fact doubtless supplies a reason for the vastness of the crop which each tree produces.

Compared with the vast multitude of living creatures which find board and lodging amongst the boughs of the oak, the tenants of the beech are few. As a nesting site, the tree is by no means a favourite among birds; although in localities where other trees are scarce, rooks will construct their aerial cities among the branches of the beech. On the Oxford road, between Pangbourne and Goring, there is—or used to be—a rookery with several score of nests, all built in beech trees. Again, no British butterfly is associated, either as a caterpillar or as a perfect insect, with the beech; but, on turning to the moths, we find that a score or more of species

feed upon the leaves of *Fagus sylvaticus*. Of these, the lobster moth is one of the most interesting. At one time it was thought to be a very rare insect, but of late years it has been found by thousands in beech woods in the Upper Thames Valley. The moth itself has soft grey wings, and it is difficult to discover when at rest upon a tree trunk. The caterpillar is a most weird looking object. Indeed, its aspect is thought to be sufficiently terrifying to scare away insect-eating birds intent upon making a meal. Some have traced a resemblance between this caterpillar and a lobster—hence the name of the moth. But, to be perfectly frank, the creature resembles nothing in the wide world save its own brother. It is simply a huddled mass of absurdly-twisted brown legs.

Beech woods abound in fungi of all kinds. Some of these are strange, others are beautiful, while still others—both in appearance and odour—are extremely repulsive. The esculent truffle, which grows a few inches below the surface of the ground, is said to occur in beech woods, although it undoubtedly favours those of oak and chestnut; whilst the *Hydnum coralloides*, which is perhaps the most lovely of all fungi, being “like a tuft of white, feathery coral,” is found growing about the trunks of beeches. One curious little land snail which occurs in beech woods is interesting on account of the remarkable resemblance of its shell to the claw-like buds of the tree. In size, colour, and form it is a perfect mimic, often deceiving the eyes of naturalists.

Green beech timber is exceedingly heavy, but when thoroughly seasoned it becomes light, very hard, and close grained. The wood is easily worked, and is put to a variety of uses, such as the manufacture of cheap furniture, tool handles, etc. It will moreover, burn well; but for this use the green timber is preferable to the perfectly dry, as the percentage of heat obtained is far greater. For toughness and endurance the timber of the oak is immeasurably superior to that of the beech, which is comparatively brittle, and apt to decay.

(Mr. Edward Bennett's usual contribution on “The Passing Hour” is unavoidably omitted this month.)



Drawing by G. H. Edwards.

HARVEST TIME.

THE English Illustrated Magazine

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THE ECCENTRIC IN ART

THE WIERTZ MUSEUM AND ITS ORIGINATOR.

By MARK PERUGINI

THE Wiertz Museum of Brussels at once confirms and asserts its reputation for eccentricity by existing not in the Rue Wiertz as one might reasonably expect, but in another—the Rue Vautier. True, the Rue Vautier is but an offshoot from the former; but this fact does not make it much less puzzling for a stranger to Brussels when he goes on a pilgrimage to this vatican of eccentricity.

The museum was built in 1850 by and at the cost of the Belgian Government, by whom it was presented to the artist on the condition that he should thenceforth, as the catalogue tells us, "give his works for ever to Belgium, to remain on the walls of the building where they are now, on free exhibition to the end of time." This catalogue—an English one by Ouida, Wirt Sikes, and many other hands—is interesting. There will be occasion to refer to it again.

With the outside of the museum we have not now to do. It is an ivy-covered building of somewhat austere but peaceful aspect; an incongruity in brick—designed by Wiertz in imitation of a ruined temple of Paestum. It was one result of the furore aroused by Wiertz's painting of "The Triumph of Christ"—decidedly one of his strongest and, for him, most beautiful pictures. He had been offered for this some twelve thousand pounds, but refused the offer that he might retain a lien on his

work; for, as he said with eccentric modesty: "I cannot sell my picture, because to-morrow I may find something to correct in it." In this remark we have a sign of the man's humility towards the ideal he set before him, which is all the more bewildering by contrast with his arrogance of opinion in every other direction. But then, in a manner, though he was humble before his ideal, that ideal itself was partly, if not entirely, afflicted with the disease of arrogance.

Whichever way considered, Wiertz was a living paradox; a curiously well-balanced blend of opposites: yet a more unbalanced mind would be hard to find in the whole gallery of perversity. He was certainly "made up of mean and great, of foul and fair"; but this is not uncommon in the making of genius. Amid all his wildness, however, in one thing he was consistently sane. It was the life-long creed of Wiertz that an artist cannot serve two masters: and he repudiated Mammon. For this is he most to be admired; not because he would not sell his work, but because he would not work solely for money: appropriately to which the catalogue attributes to him a saying over which it gloats a little. The dominant tone of this catalogue, by the way, is unrestrained and indiscreet adoration; but in this instance it is comparatively temperate, and says of the artist: "Tempting offers were

made to him to paint for money, but he would not. To one connoisseur, who offered him a large sum for one of his studies, Wiertz made a reply worthy to live among the celebrated speeches of genius. 'Keep your gold,' he said, 'it is the mur-

tion. To reject honourable tribute with scorn is hardly the action expected from one who strives after any beautiful ideal; courtesy is more usual. And to discourage such practical admiration, too, is to have an ill effect upon the ardour of other



ANTOINE WIERTZ.

Painted by Himself.

derer of art." One hardly knows at which to marvel the more—the kindly rashness of the connoisseur in offering a large sum, or the queer taste Wiertz showed in making such a remark to one who sought to show his admiration in the kindest way, if not, indeed, the sole way possible for any wealthy person, artistic only in apprecia-

would-be patrons. Appreciation of such sort has ever been too rare in this world, and should rather be encouraged than denied. But denial was Wiertz's own peculiar custom—denial either of himself in the cause of his art, or of the opinions of everyone else who offered him any opposition. He was not above the painting



INTERIOR OF THE WIERTZ MUSEUM.

of occasional "pot-boilers" for the bare necessities of life; but—he gloried in poverty. And though, undoubtedly, it was well within his power to have attained considerable fortune by his efforts he preferred a proud, heroic independance, and refused to sell his pictures: a practice which might, with obvious advantages be encouraged among certain of our academicians.

The actual birth-place of men of genius is often enough a matter for dispute. The greater the genius, the greater the discussion amongst covetous peoples of posterity.

"Seven ancient cities strove for Homer's birth": and Dante and Camoëns in some degree have given rise to kindred faction. After all is said, it matters little from which of many lands or nations a genius has arisen. For a while he was manifest to men; and that is all we need study—save his work.

In the case of Antoine Wiertz, however, there is no question of dispute. He was born at Dinant on the Meuse, on February 22nd, 1806. The only other dates which

are strongly lit and clear within the focus of biography are the following: In 1832—after good instruction and infinite hardship in Antwerp—he went to Rome, and while there began and finished his colossal work "Patroclus." In 1838 the "Patroclus," having achieved success in Belgium, was exhibited in Paris and, large as it is, passed almost unnoticed. In 1840 he competed for and won a prize offered by the City of Antwerp for the best eulogium of Reubens. He wrote as well as painted: and his writing was strong, assertive, vindictive, and denunciatory. In 1848, having suffered the grievous loss of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, he settled at Brussels, and in 1850, as aforesaid, was installed in his huge studio under Government patronage. He died, with the record of fifty-nine energetic years, on June 18th, 1865—the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He never married, but committed, perhaps, a worse folly in evolving, after laborious chemical research, his method of *peinture mate*.

Antoine Wiertz was the son of a tailor

whose ambitious, but unrealised, dreams of martial glory fired the artist with an overwhelming desire to outshine all hitherto existing splendours of the firmament of art. It was not ambition which determined Antoine's career, but it was almost entirely by force of ambition that he won a position of any distinction in art. He was not a genius of the highest type, and hardly rivalled, if he ever approached, the masters whom he sought to vanquish—Michael Angelo, Raphael, or even Rubens. Genius he had to some extent, but the arrogance of the man's ambition defeated the perfect blossoming of his art, and for each triumphant effort he also had to pay heavily in trivial failure. As a man he was a being to marvel at for his force of character and heroic self-sacrifice; but as an artist, his desire to astound simply ruined most of his art, and it is almost throughout tainted by aggressive self-assertion.

In considering the paintings in the Wiertz Museum it strikes one forcibly that the main reason for the artist's existence—apart of course, from parental responsibility—was that he should stand as model of a paradox, to wit—the triviality of the colossal; for much of his work defeats itself by its very size. Nature always contrives to find space for her largest effects and to show their glories to the best advantage. But there is a point, hard if not actually impossible to define, when human effort, in seeking to convey the idea of vastness by working over a large surface, fails not merely to convey that sense of vastness, but actually produces only an anticlimax, and either wearies or induces contempt and laughter. In painting, this is peculiarly so; one always in such cases sees the frame. However it may be with others, those pictures please me most which make me forget the frame. And surely the artist's purpose is to attune a human soul to the infinite, rather than to force it to recognise limits. But with the work of Wiertz, except in a few instances, the case is quite otherwise; and, for the most part his pictures are colossal, or eccentric, or merely trivial; or yet a subtle compound of all three irritating qualities.

As you enter the gallery the picture of "Patroclus" confronts you. The canvas

measures some 30 by 20 feet. It shows the Greeks and Trojans fighting furiously for the pallid body of the fallen hero—fighting as they have fought all one day; and if the painting were nothing else, it is interesting as a study of all tones of flesh, from the deep ones of hot and lusty life, to the purer, paler ones of flaccid, death. The colour is over hot in places, but the dramatic feeling is immense, and you seem to hear the clash of strife, and the hoarse cries, and the slipping limbs, and the quick breathing of the group of men, all struggling, all living—save one. The contrast is not aggressive or too sudden, and it is effective. There is in this, as in the "Revolt of Hell" and the "Triumph of Christ," something gigantically orchestral; and one turns again and again from the many instances of maudlin pathetic, would-be humorous, sickly poetic, and downright morbid—with all of which the walls abound—back to these three pictures as to things full of infectious fire and strength.

Now there is but one way of considering a great artist—and Wiertz is reputed such—namely, as an artist. His life as a man matters not in the least. Simply by his efforts to be so he announces to the world his intention of showing that he is, or intends to become—an artist; and so his achievements are to be judged, and applauded or condemned, solely as art—not as biography. But Wiertz reeks of biography—just as Antwerp reeks of Rubens. Not, mark you, biography of exterior incident, but of what may be called intellectual incident, of the man's own assertive opinions. Somewhere in his writings he says: "En dépit des passions haineuses, parlez; en dépit des nullités, des impuissants, parlez, parlez. Dites ce que vous ont appris vos études, ce que vous inspirent vos convictions." And this he did. He spoke violently any and every conviction by which he was possessed; and under the erroneous impression that mere force and extent of utterance would prove his greatness as an artist, he spoke only too often "des nullités, des impuissants." His convictions were strong enough to have made him in some former time an exemplary religious martyr. But in the very conviction that all inspiration was equally worthy, he foiled his aim of impressing and descended

time after time to paltry expressions of trivial themes.

The curious catalogue classifies his work into "Antique Subjects," "Biblical Subjects," "Modern Subjects: Dramatic and Satirical," and "Genre Subjects." Under the first head

comes, of course, the "Patroclus" already mentioned. But "Un Grand de la Terre"—otherwise Polyphemus—is a work of merit very different from that of the "Patroclus." It is painted in Wiertz's own peculiar method of "*peinture mate*," and seen closely, has the appearance of coarse tapestry, incoherent in design. Seen from a little distance it does not look more beautiful; and one can only wonder why was all this canvas necessary to convey an artist's idea of a giant. Why paint a natural grotesque—life

size? Blake was able within small limits to give such impression of huge strength and fierce emotion as to hold one enthralled and even awed. Wiertz, however, only bores. Had he lived long enough to realise his later ambition and fill a studio three times the size of that he habitually worked in, with

paintings which, for giant conception and execution, should outdo all the greatest of his previous efforts, he would likely enough have ended his days in a madhouse, raging or sighing because he had not got the sky itself for a canvas. For his mania was

in the direction of expansion-megalomania.

Of another antique subject, "The Forge of Vulcan," the catalogue remarks: "We are struck with the superior beauty of this supremely graceful picture," and finishes a short description with, "But words are useless here. Before such a picture one can but look, and think, and enjoy it!" This is misleading. There is, perhaps, a little grace in the drawing, but the spirit of antiquity is certainly not real—it is vulgarised, artificial, and in some unaccountable way suggests the Early Victorian Era. The



ONE SECOND AFTER DEATH.

After the Painting by Antoine Wiertz.

flesh lacks texture, and the colour is frequently false; but not quite so bad as in the horror which follows it—"Baigneuses et Satyrs." The chaste bathers at the water's brink are busily trying, in a slovenly and hasty way, to wrap their clothes about them. One old satyr half out of water endeavours to draw some

lawnly drapery from some fair maid who seems coyly to say: "Go away, bad man." But the flesh of the young lady is the colour of bright salmon, and that of the satyr is scarlet as a lobster. The tone of the thing is vicious, and the whole is a colour discord without hope of resolution into harmony. Of this the catalogue incontinently says, "This is a very poem of the flesh; more need not be said." If a feverish colour, never seen on any healthy flesh, be poetry, such it may be; but more need not be said.

Among the Biblical subjects the "Revel of Hell" 50 by 30 feet - is really terrific. The fierce movement of the angels warring in mid space, and the force with which the rebels fall is almost exciting—one feels, too, that they might fall for ever without striking solid substance. But "Happy Times," oh, Happy Times! and the "Education of the Virgin"—the feebleness of both is pitiable in one who painted the "Patro-

clus." They had no need of like strength: it is true, but they utterly lack poetry. "The Beacon of Golgotha," in the detestable "*peinture mate*" is madness incoherently expressed. Orderly expression of madness is genius, or akin to it; but this is neither. "The Entombment," a triptych, is amazingly like Blake. The left wing shows "the Angel of Darkness"; the right—Eve. The curve of scorn upon the lips of the angel and the malevolence of the eyes are admirable; and curious, too, the expression of new born, timid sensuality on the face of Eve. This Eve might have been drawn from one of Blake's chief types, such as "Vala." She is no sumptuous, full-blooded Rubens' type, but is slim, graceful, suggestive, unearthly; a purely imaginative Eve; as most paintings of the same subject must unfortunately be, since contemporary records by realists are wondrous few.

As high as the "Patroclus" is above all



A CORNER OF HELL.

From the Painting by Antoine Wiertz.

his other efforts among antique subjects, so is the "Triumph of Christ" above all the religious paintings both in conception and merit. This is no colossal triviality. One gets a sudden glimpse of the vast world of vision shown forth by the artist with a superb force, a loftiness and grandeur of design and execution that conquer the unreality of vision and draw one out to the majestic infinite as to a thing of whose reality and beauty we are assured. But of the "Modern Subjects—Dramatic and Satirical," the Dramatic are for the most part revolting and vulgarised melodrama;

overwrought, never having in life witnessed such a situation; but it nevertheless conveys a feeling of falsity. It is horrible: it is what some might, unthinkingly, call realistic; but too evidently there is a vulgar, wanton horror about the work that robs it of effect; and you shrug your shoulders, and smile rather than weep. The latter picture, "Hunger, Madness, Crime," is described thus: "A mother driven to insanity by hunger has destroyed her child with a view to actual cannibalism. The artist has shrunk from no circumstance of terror." This is not art. Mary, daugh-



THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

After the Painting by Antoine Wiertz.

while the Satiric are either coarse or feeble parodies of satire. Satire demands or implies the existence of a very fine sense of subtle humour; but of humour, in its true sense, Wiertz was absolutely deficient. He took himself too seriously.

"The Burnt Child," and "Hunger, Madness, Crime," are classed as dramatic. The former is open to the general gaze, and shows the frenzy of mingled grief and horror of a poor mother who returns to her home to find her child, which she had left in a cradle by the fireside, burnt to death. "She is seen just having snatched the little body from the flames, and examining with stupor its dreadful injuries." One cannot well declare that the thing is impossible or

ter of Eleazar, when Jerusalem was besieged, went mad in the same way. But here the case is different; there is no evidence of dire need: and in any case such a subject is too repulsive, too ignoble for any artist to paint and not thereby degrade himself and his art. This, together with one or two others, is shut off from the rest of the gallery by wooden screens, "and can only be seen through a small aperture, a contrivance intended by the artist to give greater vividness to his productions, and which leaves the visitors at liberty to see them or leave them, as he thinks fit"—as the guide book says with reckless pleonasm. The device is childish in the extreme, and gives no particular vividness to pro-

ductions which the visitor usually wishes he had left rather than been at liberty to see.

Another cheerful little work which

hands, are seen protruding from an aperture forced in the miserable parish coffin, and around are all the sombre paraphernalia of the charnel-house.



HUMAN POWER HAS NO LIMIT.

After Antoine Wiertz.

strives to heighten its "vividness" by this strange device is "L'inhumation précipitée," and depicts the joy of a man who discovers that he has been buried alive. He is supposed to have died from cholera. The horror-struck face, the attenuated

Wiertz preached against the horrors of "literature" in paint; against paintings that seek to tell a tale or point a moral. In this, also, he was not always consistent, though it is so good a creed. "The Romance Reader" is a picture of a

nude girl lying on a couch and reading spiced romances, while at her bedside stands, invisible, a horned satan "whose influence has created these romances, and whom their influence has drawn near." This, of course, is intended as a chaste warning against the wickedness of immoral literature. The feebleness of style, the unpleasant suggestiveness, and the absurd peep-hole device all offer a perfect foil to any moral intended, and are testimony as to the depths of banality to which this artist could descend.

"Thoughts and Visions of a Severed Head," a triptych, is another charming little pleasantry representing a human being's sensations for the first three minutes after decapitation. Wiertz was not drawing upon personal experiences when he painted this. It is simply meant for an attack upon the system of capital punishment, and is an ill-written pamphlet in paint. "The Suicide," "The Orphans," and a "Scene in Hell" are all equally cheerful. In the last, Napoleon, as the Genius of War, stands outwardly impassive amid writhing flame, while a grief-mad, raging mob presses on him, shrieking curses and brandishing limbs and various portions of the bodies of relatives slain on the field of battle. Napoleon looks bored.

The so-called "Genre Pictures" have for the most part nothing about them in

character which could justify such a classification. The greater number are sentimental studies of children, and of unintelligent looking girls in various stages of dress and undress; feeble in execution and queer in colour. Of Sculpture the Musée contains practically nothing that is finished. There are two groups in clay, "The Birth of the Passions" and "Strife," which Wiertz intended ultimately to work out in gigantic dimensions. But they are distinctly pleasing as they are, and have a freedom and grace which would probably have lost in effect if worked out on some grotesque scale.

It were almost needless to observe that Wiertz has followers—even many followers, perhaps. Copies of his works are made—and, it is to be imagined, sold—by fervent students. But much of his work has just that kind of vicious influence which infallibly attracts the soul of Mediocrity, so that Mediocrity becomes a reckless and whole-hearted devotee having no worship for the nobler works of far greater men. It has that specious power which inspires vain students with the unhallowed doctrine of egotistic force, and arouses within them the demon of jealous partisanship. To some this in itself would appear to be a proof of the genius of the artist; but should it not rather be taken as one more proof of the occasional indiscretion of fevered and uncritical disciples?



PHIL TREVOR'S RIDE



By A. O. VAUGHAN

Illustrated by Bertram Gilbert

[Phil Trevor, a Captain of Horse in the Royal Army during the Civil Wars, being ordered to capture a message from the Parliament to Lord Fairfax, relates his adventures therein. In the two preceding episodes he has told how two fair ladies played a trick upon him, and how, by a clever ruse, he got possession of the message.]

III.

"A POINT OF HONOUR."

"COME, Phil, be not so long i' the lighting o' that pipe," spoke Red Ned impatiently, as Crompton held the glowing slow-match to Trevor's pipe till the face of the latter disappeared in the cloud of the first few vigorous pulls. "Or art thou hovering at having to tell the tale of some new jest played on thee by Mistress Isabel? Faith! she shall be my toast for the next nine days if thou art."

"Then thou'lt find some other toast or be without one, this time," retorted Trevor, chucklingly. "It's on no trick but on a point of honour that I'm hovering, if hovering I am indeed. But ye shall hear the tale on't, and then, egad! we'll sit on't in court-martial and try the point of honour out. I have not asked Prince Rupert what he thought on't. He might ha' said it was well done, or he might ha' damned and doomed both it and me together. Safest was to say naught, so naught I said. But hearken ye."

"Think o' me yonder then, striding out over the threshold of that upper room, the captured message safe stowed in my cuff, the naked messenger very grateful to me in the room behind the door I was pulling to, and no more for me to do now but get

safely out of the town, and there would be another good service rendered to His Majesty. I make small doubt there was a shine in my eye as I thought what a rare servant the King had in me.

"Then there must ha' flashed a twinkle thro' the shine, for it came to me all in the next stride that there was no need to wait till the lad should ride out and then to follow him. Why should I not just mount again, and in all quietness ride back the way I had come? The corporal on the chains, who let us in, would make no bones of letting me out. He would easily believe I was but starting on the return before the rest of the troop, so that I could let my tired horse go easy, and not have to spur him to the pace of the better horses. Faith! the thing was as good as done.

"But ever at the top of certainty comes the snare of accident, and, presto! a man's nose is rubbed i' the dirt. I was but half-way down that stair when, in through the doorway below, stepped what one half a glance saw for a young gentlewoman and the other half proclaimed for Mistress Isabel. - Woe me now if she should prove not truly gentle blood!

"For she saw me as quick as I saw her, and all in a gasp she knew me. Now was the moment for her to cry my name and

call the street upon me for a spy. But, na, instead she went half white with a catch of fear—for me, an' it please ye, no less. 'Sdeath! I could see it in the quick glance of fright that went right and left and over her shoulder, dreading lest anyone should see me; for, good heart, she never thought but that everyone else must know me for a cavalier, even as she did. Gad! gentlemen, it troubled me to the marrow to see her put to such distress.

"I shook my head with a smile and I nodded it with a smile too; anything to ease her mind till I could get down near enough to whisper that all was well if she said nothing. And at my voice and my smile—yea, doubtless, too, at my ruffling strut—she got her blood back again, and, loo' you! the demurest twinkle that ever lit a mischief's eye stole into her's as she gave me a little grave courtesy; all the merry roguery of last night's jest stirring her veins, till at last she had a deal of ado to keep her smile from breaking into open laughter. Bones o' me! it was all that I could do to keep from entering siege to her then and there.

"For full a minute we stood so, I wanting to say something with wit in it, she from top to toe all one sly enjoyment of remembrance, and then a door opened somewhere, or a foot sounded behind her, or something else there was that roused her again, and at that she lifted her head and swept on past me, up the stair to some room to call for some refreshment, doubtless. Marry! I felt sore tempted to tarry and refresh myself likewise. It would ha' been a rare refreshment to me to sit and chuckle with her on my blood-an'-wounds attack last night, and my great chase of her pretended sweetheart.

"Then came a truer temptation, for half-way up the stair she flashed a swift glance back at me, and I saw, to my wonder, her face all strained with fear again. I' faith! I lifted a foot to follow and comfort her, so sweet she looked and so pitiful in that distress. It was all I could do to remember my duty. That's the worst o' duty; it always comes up stiffest to be

done just when the very wine o' the world is at your hand had ye but time to taste it. Misery me! my work would not wait; I must begone.

"But this life is so short that Fortune must crowd her hazards one on top



"I stretched him flat with the savagest blow."

o' the other, to get them all in on some of us that she can never leave alone. Faith! I did but turn from watching sweet Isabel go up the stair and, loo' you! there into my face ran the goggling face of the knave serving-man that Wharton had scruffed up last night, to show us the messenger's room.

"He had his helmet in his hand, for he was hurrying in to overtake his mistress with some question about the horses, and so she did not know he was behind her. But he had been as far i' the joke last night as she; he should ha' been as ready now to grin and to pass on. But that is ever the fault of servants like him, they have no wit at a pinch. This one was as dunce as any. He knew me instantly; pat as a beadle on a parish brat; and all in a breath he burst out on me for a spy. 'This is him! Here's the captain that rummaged Landon last night. A spy! A spy!' roared his great frog's mouth. 'Sblood! I could ha' run him through with a relish, for his silliness, had he not been her servant.

"I stretched him flat with the savagest blow I ever landed on the ear of any man, laying him out cold as a wedge for the minute. But all the common room had heard, and out it flocked, and all the kitchen, too. 'A spy! Where? Where?' they shouted.

"Down the street!" shouted I, as if I, too, was alight with excitement. 'After him, while I run and tell my master,' and as they flew out o' the door in front, I flew out o' the one i' the back, and into the yard behind. Swift was my one word and the message my one thought. A plan came to my head as I ran. By the stable was a shed full of horse gear of all sorts, and on the far wall, behind all else, hidden by a lumber of wains and carts, hung wrecks of outworn harness, stuff that would never be used again. Snatching out the paper I read it once, twice, and again, to make sure, and then, reaching up to a dusty old horse collar on a peg, slit a hole with my sword between the leather facing and the pad of it, and into the crack I stuffed the paper. It would be a queer cast of fortune that should ever bring that to light again.

"Next, to slip through the yard door and into a back street was enough. Though I were captured now I could not be connected with that message. Neither would that message ever be found. Parliament might sit twirling its thumbs, but there would be three full days spent before the loss of that message could be made good, and Fairfax would then be too late to stay the King from relieving Hereford of the besieging Scots. Even if I were caught that much was done at least; even if I were shot as a spy that would not be undone.

"Yet all that was but half the work I had to do, and naught was done while aught remained undone, thought I. An' it were any way possible I must still get away and take the words I had read to Rupert, Rupert who sent me and who waited for the message. The town was too small and too openly built for me to cherish any great hope of hiding in it till night, and then escaping in the dark, but I might still try the trick on the corporal at the chains if I were swift before the din broadened. Alack! I was no sooner come to my horse than--Zwounds! there

he stood, shining with lazy happiness; done for all present use. Two young imps, that wished themselves big enough for soldiers, had seen one horse standing with the saddle on him still, whereas the horses of the strange troop had been unsaddled now some little while. To do a good turn to the absent soldier they had unsaddled his horse—mine—and completed the kindness by watering him. Beelzebub! the old joskin was just lifting a dripping muzzle from the trough, out of which he had filled himself full as a tick. To gallop him now would founder him in a dozen strides, even if I could ha' saddled him in time.

"For even while I stood looking at my useless horse, men were spurring every way to warn the guards on every post, all round the town, to be vigilant and let none pass till the spy was found. Yet had I but had a horse I might ha' ridden wildly to warn the sentries, too, and in my excitement ha' somehow got outside them and chased a spy in every bush till I were clean escaped. But, na, I was afoot, and naught remained but to join the crowd and hunt for the spy with them, keeping an eye open to be out o' sight of the pestilent rascal that had betrayed me, till the hubbub was done, or till I could come across some good hiding-place.

"But the dice seemed loaded against me now, for all the roaring street came dashing this way, and who in the lead of all but this very villain I thought I had quietus'd for a while. And—no hope—he marked me a street away, belling on me like a bloodhound. I looked about. I must make some sort of play for it. There was a narrow back street at my elbow, and into that I flew as if headlong. Yet, na; at the third stride I stopped and turned, blade out and up; and here, as I expected, all but tumbling over me in his eagerness, headlong came the serving knave, still well ahead o' the rest.

"He had snatched his headpiece on and that saved him, for in my haste I used the edge instead o' the point, bringing it down in so mighty a stroke that it drove that pot down over his head till it all but tore his ears off and made him another Prynne. He came down on his knees and groaned; he came down on his nose and made no sound. He was ended for a while; a

thing that comforted the old Adam in me mightily.

"Then the rest fell on me. Bones o' me! but we had the handplay there. Luckily no man had a pike with him, but only swords, and so I set my back to the wall, and for a minute or two was doing ding-dong, like a bull broke loose at a baiting, till, nay, comrades I might ha' come at some escape yet had I but had the luck to ha' chosen a different wall to back me at first. For this one, an' it please ye, proved to be that of a cow-yard, and while I made such mighty swashings and such furious ado in front, loo' you! a grinning lout inside climbed up on the midden heap to see what all the fluster was, and there, seeing me, down he reached with his vile midden rake, and first he caught the neck-eaves of my helmet behind and jerked it forward over my face, and next, with his unhandsome tool, he caught me under the chin and jerked me back, flat to the wall, like an owl nailed spread on a barn-end. Pest! that's the thing that Fortune owed

me amends for—to be mocked by a midden rake, just when I was out-championing all the seven champions of Christendom rolled into one.

"Gad! but they rubbed my nose i' the dirt for me rarely, before they set me o' my legs again and haled me off to the Governor for judgment, though they themselves judged and sentenced me afresh at each fresh stride. 'Thou shalt be shot, malignant! Thou shalt be hanged, spy!' clamoured they as they thronged about my going, and only them that had been stiffest before me with the sword now kept the curs o' the pack off, or it might ha' gone ill with me, as I smiled round at the blather.

"When we came before the Governor I judged him for the very one that would send a kindly, comely youth like young Hardacre, the messenger, away to the inn, or anywhere out of his house, to dine. Codfish-eyed and fiddle-faced, he droned and snuffled over me as if I were a text for a four-hour sermon, for he was none o' the good, grim, fighting Roundhead,



"I set my back to the wall."

but one o' them that come to note by reason of a long face, and a whine i' the nose that would put the devil himself to his wings to get away from them.

"But whine as he would I would ha' none of his sermoning, and less than none of his first and biggest word, to wit, that I was a spy. *Imprimis*, I retorted upon him that I was wearing the common dress of His Majesty's soldiers in this buff coat, and that if knaves who rebelled against him wore it too, then it was they who were at fault, not I. *Item*, too, I had ridden into this Barlington in bold daylight and broad noon, offering no password nor using any false tale. And as to why, it was a something that he would hardly understand, since it was the failing of a gentleman had moved me to it, for a certain gentlewoman had left me no choice but to ride in and out of Barlington in broad day, before I could stand in her sight as I would choose to stand. So I had e'en tried and now failed, and, being a prisoner, would be glad of a quiet corner on the straw, to give me a chance to sort my limbs and bones into shape again, after the mauling they had just come through.

"Od's Body! There was a deal of cracking about hanging or shooting me, but i' the end they had to hearken to sense, for I reminded them how Rupert had made their officers, his prisoners, throw dice upon a drum, which of them should be shot, in justice for the royalist officers they had tied up and shot at the taking of Bartlemy Church in Cheshire. That quieted these talkers, and i' the end it was agreed to leave my case to the decision of Parliament itself in London, and meanwhile to clap me up i' the roundhouse here to wait the word. Ten minutes after that and I was safe inside the clink, stretched on clean straw, sore and damaged, but still half-way content, for, as I was marched out from the Governor's to the jail, I had seen, down the street, the messenger and his fresh troop merrily pricking away for the west. That meant that the loss of the paper would not be discovered till night, at Briarslow. I was not here in vain, loo' you!

"All being done that could be done, and regret being but mere waste of time and heart, I fell to thinking of what pleasant things my mind could conjure up.

And first and readiest of all, belike since 'twas the newest, up came the picture of Mistress Isabel, there on the stair, all in a fright for me. Faith! I found my fingers putting fresh shape on my moustache, and I was all but beginning to plume myself on the memory, when like a flash my mind went still further back and left me stranded like a landed fish. Was that fright for me, or f'r the messenger? For that messenger was her lover, was he not?

"Ay, that part of my trumpeter's tale must ha' been true then, as the words of the Lady Margaret also made surer, for why else had Isabel ridden into the town and gone straight to the inn, save to steal a meeting with her lover in passing? And coming to the inn, and being within a step of his arms, suddenly to meet me coming down the stair; me of all men i' the wide world; might well stop her heart for a gasp or two, and wash all colour from her face. For though her lover was there i' the midst of all the security of a strong garrison and broad daylight, yet there i' the midst of that garrison and daylight was I too, with my mission against his errand; and to a woman the least danger at all about her lover is enough; her heart will not be still till it be stamped out.

"Well, there i' the straw as I lay I was sorry for her, that such a downfall should befall her lover, as that he should lose his charge and come to such grievous disgrace. And it would be the worse for her when she came to know all, since, but for that jest in which she had done her part last night, her lover would never have been despoiled of his trust, save in open fight, wherein the bravest and the truest may come to loss without dishonour. Yea, I was right grieved for poor Mistress Isabel as I thought on it all there in quiet.

"But, that Fortune might waste no time on this, her busy day, I had scarce made myself comfortable, and got my thoughts to flowing quietly when, loo' you! open swung the prison door and in to me entered—? Nay, ye'll never guess; for it was Mistress Isabel, none other i' this rare world of God. And I was trying to gather my aching bones and get upon my feet to make obeisance i' my best manner, when—na, na—she flung herself to her knees beside me in the straw and stayed me rising, her hand upon my hand to hold me still,

and I holding still for the sweetness of having her hold me. Gad! gentlemen, prison might ha' been worse, thought I.

"But then over her head I was aware that she had not come alone. Nay, she had come accompanied by that villain serving knave, no less; the rascal I had once stricken under the ear, and once smitten downright through the scone, save for his headpiece, a murrain on it! His coming took the edge off my welcome for his mistress for a breath, by my thinking he was here to leer in triumph at me, till in a second glance I saw that, though I had failed to disable his thick head, do what I would, yet he had since fallen foul of one that had managed it—John Barleycorn, good man. There he stood, drunk as a lord and grinning like a clown at a fair to think again of what great things he had done in capturing me. But there as he stood, too, I saw that in another minute or two he would be sound asleep as a log, and even while I yet looked he began to stretch himself i' the other corner.

"She saw me looking at him, and her face pleaded with me to excuse her of that company. 'Nay, indeed,' she whispered, 'he is very needful for the plan I am here upon, and it is still more needful he should be in that state.'

"Plan, hark ye! I smelt escape i' the very mention of the word. Yet never a word I said, but only smiled openly upon her, so that she went on. 'It was seeing the knave in that condition in the inn-yard that put the plan in my head. I had him roused, gave him another cup, and brought him here. In five minutes he will be so dead-fast asleep that you will be able to change clothes with him without disturbing him one snore. I shall be gone out meanwhile, to a mercer's near by, and as soon as I have bought me a thing or two of which I have no need, then I will come to the door and call him—"Giles! Giles!" Then out you will lurch, as if you were he, and I will rate you and bid you follow me to the inn. There we will get to horse, I pretending that I have to get home at once.

"But once outside you must promise me that you will make no more attempt on Captain Hardacre, for I shall have set you

free, and I, too, am of the Parliament side, even as he is.'

"Sirs! her face took on a grave, sweet look as she said those last words, so that, though I thought Captain Hardacre a goodly lad, yet I thought him lucky, too, to be able to cause that look.

"I looked my thanks to her, but I spoke another thing. 'Will you tell me why you do this thing, and take this risk to save me from what is but the consequence to be reckoned on by a soldier in his duty?'

"Because I have been sitting in such horror of hearing you shot for a spy, when I know well that, but for our foolish jest last night, you would never have ventured into this town as you did, but would have beset the road openly and tried the shock of war. Believe me, when I agreed to that jest I believed you were only some coxcomb, as my cousin truly thought you. But when I met you at the foot of that stair in the inn, oh, my heart bounded with dread of what I had done. I knew that Captain Hardacre was in the inn somewhere with the real message, and there were you, making such utter mock of all security to him, and of all danger to yourself; yea, my heart shook for a minute in dread of such a man—'

"I broke in upon her words by standing to my feet to do her obeisance. But she stood up too, and finished in spite of me. 'So now that Captain Hardacre is safely gone on his way, I have had time to think, and it went to my heart to see what we had been playing with last night, when we made sport of you in so grim a business as this. Nay, I had it shown to me in all its ugliness as this rascal serving knave of mine got worse and worse in the inn door in his glory, telling his great exploit, and drinking from every stretched cup of them that wanted to hear his tale of last night and to-day.'

"Nay, madam,' urged I, 'never take it to heart so. Trust me it was nothing after all. If it were not one play of Fortune it would be another. These things are never done like clockwork, plan we never so well; nor by the wave of a wand, like a conjuror's trick. I am alive, Captain Hardacre is alive; the world is wide and time is long make no sorrow then, but smile upon it all. It is the only way, I swear you.'

"Ah, you do but make me grieve the more. You are so brave, so forgiving, so—"

"Noble' she would have said, but I stopped her there with the bald truth. Captains, I told her the plain truth, just as we know it. 'Nay, madam, that is just the place where all women for ever make a mistake on us fighting men. It is not bravery in us, but only habit, that takes us into danger and out again. Neither is it forgivingness that makes us bid you say no more of mistakes, but only that we see so much of such strange turns of life and fortune that we reckon only the intent of them that hurt us and not the effect.'

"It she was like all true, sweet women. Of their nobleness they picture us as being nearer to gods than such poor, true earth can ever come, and a man shall re than do what manliness demands, to, lo! they cry in their hearts that he proved their dream to be no dream, daily user, and straight they set him a pedestal, proving, an' they tested it, they hold him no common mortal but I, or else, if they be thorough, that hold this world for a temple where should be gods to be enshrined. That I could say was as naught. 'You but show yourself the nobler, in what say,' she answered me with earnest-

"Then I'll say no more, madam, for I am a deal less than noble, as you will find or e'er this play be played," said I, thinking on the message I had hidden, and knowing that she could not have brought herself to help me had she known of that. "We will leave talking, then, till I am clear of the town. Once I am there, riding free beside you, I will soon prove to you how little of nobleness doth ever trouble men."

"She smiled a sweet, stubborn little smile, and so departed, telling the jailer, who was but an old town watchman, that her serving knave might better lie there till she was finished her buying, than to be following her in that state. She would come again for him when she should be ready to go. And the jailer nodded and agreed. Truly I blessed the fact that there was no great prison in Barlington, but only this simple clink, as pat to the

plot of Mistress Isabel as if it had been made for it.

"A-well, in short time I had changed what was needed with the piggyish knave i' the corner. Jack-boots there was no need to touch, and his barred helmet I must take without exchange, for mine had gone over the wall on the scurvy midden-rake. But buff-coats, yes, for mine had been slashed most grievously i' the fight; and sashes too, since his was plain red woollen and mine o' the golden silk. The last thing I changed with him was places, laying him face down on my straw, his hands under his forehead as a tired man does sleep, and then I was ready for the opening door. Egad! the thing was fine!

"The rusty hinges screeched. I never stirred. The voice of Mistress Isabel called on me to come. 'Giles! Giles!' I did but snore. In came the jailer to rouse me with his boot, but I lay so, face down and head to wall, that when his kick stirred me I rose up drunkenly with my face to the wall, and thus stepped out, he, being behind, having to follow me out and shut the door, by which means he missed seeing my face. And if he looked me over from behind, why, my lurch was as like the lurch of the drunken knave he thought me as any jury could expect.

"Behold the two of us then, Mistress Isabel and I, returning through the street, I keeping as close behind her as I could, and hanging my head i' the foolish drunken fashion that also served to hide my face. Straight we kept for the inn, and straight I went through to the horses in the yard behind, she coming too, as if to see that I saddled the right horses—which in truth was what she did come for. Then, while she for a moment returned to the inn, belike to settle the bill, I seized the chance to dart into the shed and get the message again from the horse collar.

"Never a lighter heart rode out of Barlington than mine, as I followed my sweet deliverer, she with her dainty nose half-wrinkled in disgust of such a bestial knave as I, and I with a silly leer and a bend o' the back that well justified her nose. The corporal on the chains at the west end o' the town let us out, with a civil salute to my mistress and a sly grin at me, and away we went at a quiet gallop for the first half-mile, till we turned into the side road that

led to Landon House. Then she checked to let me come beside her, and there she spoke at last. 'Sir, that horse is one of my father's own, for my father hath been away in London this week past, sitting in his place as a member of Parliament—or else we dared not have used the house for our folly last night—and so I bade Giles ride it to-day for exercise. You will let my cousin, then, send it back to me from Slain-ingham before my father returns.'

"'I will,' said I simply, just that, for a breath. Then in the next breath I began to take order to save her from the consequences of what she had done in freeing me—to save her, in fact, from the blame of her party. 'What shall you say when it is discovered in Barlington that your servant it is in the jail and the Malignant it was that followed you out as your servant?'

"'What can they ask of me? It was their own jailer who went in and drove you out. And if I say—which is the truth—that I never looked on you, but kept my back on you all the way to the inn, and that you never spoke or faced me till we were well clear of the town, why, what can they answer then? Besides, it is only a prisoner lost, for they do not know that you were there to capture that message. My father himself will understand and will approve. Since it was my folly that brought you into prison it was my duty to set you free again. He will be content, since no harm has been done, you having failed to get the message.'

"Believe me, comrades, at that moment I felt the prick of her words. This was the time when I should have justified the words I had spoken to her in the round-house, and proved to her that nobleness



"She checked to let me come beside her."

troubleth a man's mind little. But it stuck i' my throat; the words would not come. Then I fell on another thought, and spoke again. 'What pity 'tis you are not on our side. Are you not, in your secret heart, a King's woman, but for your father?' asked I, for if she were, then I thought I could work on that.

"But na; she spoke out with her former sweet gravity. 'Sir, I am on the side of Parliament, to save England from the harm the King would do it, as wholly and as truly as you are on the side of the King to save England from the harm that Parliament would do it.' 'Ifaith! she left me no room for hope of convincing her, since she stated my chief argument i' the same breath and the same words as her own.

"And now, ye two bold captains," broke off Trevor, "there is the case. I had let her set me free under false colours, for it was my duty as a soldier to get free at all costs, that I might bring the news I had captured to Rupert that sent me. Yet I stood under the honour of a gentleman to this gentlewoman who had risked

much for me, maugre the easy way she spoke of what must follow. Above all, it was her sweetheart I had brought to disgrace. What then was the thing for me to do? Was I to ride away and leave her to find out for herself what harm she had done to her own side, and to her lover, in releasing me? Or was I to tell her, and try to excuse myself before I rode away—Or what was I to do?"

The two listeners looked across at each other in slow doubt. "I fear me I know what the King would say," spoke Crompton. "Since the Roundheads printed his letters that they captured at Naseby there is small room to doubt."

"Hold awhile," broke out Red Ned. "Thou hast not told us all. Thou hadst read the message and knew what weight hung upon it. Tell us, if it be no secret now, and then we shall be better fit to judge."

"The message was this. Parliament got word that the King intended ching out of Wales to drive the be- Scots from Hereford, and so it Fairfax, its General in the West, all else and march at once on Thus either the King must march Bristol instead, and so leave or fall to the Scots, or, if he still on Hereford, he must leave Bris- a) and easy prize to Fairfax. r way, Parliament would win one

"Faith!" answered Pugh roundly, "I'm was Phil Trevor, and not Red Ned

Pugh, had that point to settle. For there was only one thing to do—to ride away and let her set thee down for ever as a villain."

Trevor turned his gaze on Crompton. Crompton smiled and shook his head. "There was no other way, I fear."

Trevor nodded. "So I have thought myself ever since. But, then, looking at her, listening to her, watching the sweetness of her lips; nay, it was not so easy. For a full five minutes I sat considering, and then——"

"Then what?" demanded Crompton eagerly, as the tale broke off again.

"Then took out the message and handed it across to her," said Trevor deliberately.

Down on the board came Red Ned's fist with a bang. "Stout heart! Bold man! Since thou hast done it, and I have not to judge. Zwounds! my thanks to thee, Phil."

Crompton spoke slower. "But how didst thou justify that, Phil? Or how didst thou dare return?"

"That's another tale," retorted Trevor, his easy smile coming again. "Another tale; the tale of the Knave of Spades."

"The Knave of Spades," broke out Pugh in fresh astonishment. "Gad! we'll have that tale as quick as tongue can tell it. On with it, now. For the thing thou hadst done is a thing that by all law and right thou shouldst have been shot for. A graver breach of duty a soldier could not well make."

Trevor nodded. "So think I—*now*."

To be continued.



OLD ENGLISH SHOPS

By J. HUTCHINGS

OUR idea of the old shop is inseparably associated with small panes of glass, and windows jutting out over the pavement, or gracefully curving forward on each side of the door. We think instinctively of Birches and the scarcely less celebrated Chelsea bun-shop. The theme awakens visions of erratic building lines, narrow tortuous streets paved with cobbles, houses almost meeting overhead, and between them slung signs, bearing quaint legends and devices, supported upon iron-work of fantastic design.

Such reminiscences at least afford some relaxation from the depressing monotony of modern trade emporiums, those endless vistas of gigantic panels of plate glass, framed by slender ribs of wood of alarmingly attenuated proportions, divided by iron stanchions concealed within a veneer of masonry, faience, or woodwork, the false covering obviously incapable of bearing the super-structure.

Far be it from us to deny the utility or inevitability of the plate-glass front; still, the question may reasonably be asked whether the best results are obtained with the materials in vogue and the object in view, and whether the antiquated notions of our forefathers may not contain some

lessons which may assist us in realising a higher type of civic architecture. Revolutionary methods are apt to produce grotesque and uncouth shapes, to beget reaction and decadence; the gradual organic growth is the true path; the progress step by step, from past to present, present to future, a gradual unfolding, expanding and developing is the only sure and certain course to the higher levels of aesthetic attainment.

We must confess, therefore, to a hankering after the past, and a desire at times to ruminate amongst those survivals of ancient art which have escaped the iconoclastic tendencies of the day, conjuring up ghostly visions of antiquity; the while, not earning the reproach due to a modern student of the Canterbury Tales, of whom it is said, that when asked some question relating to

everyday concerns, he would reply: "I don't know what the present opinion is, but in the days of Chaucer, people would have done so-and-so"; but rather gleaning from the past those lessons which testify to ever-changing forms in art as well as in nature, the result of the effort to meet new circumstances and new developments in a direct and appropriate manner.

In the days of the Norman Conquest, and still later, in



IN BUTCHER ROW, SHREWSBURY,
TUDOR PERIOD.

the provinces, the trades were practically limited to the crafts, the small town and village settlements being self-governing communities, almost exclusively agricultural and having little dealings with their neighbours. The local smith, and the shoemaker, the bell-man, the hayward, and other functionaries of archaic society often shared in the common lands belonging to the inhabitants, in exchange for their services, a condition of affairs indicated by survivals in nomenclature existing at the present time.

The wool from the backs of the flocks was spun and woven into yarn and broad-cloth, which thrifty wives and daughters manufactured into garments; the brewing and baking took place on the homestead, the beast was slaughtered by its owner, and bartered in kind, or salted and preserved for future use. The merchant, the trader, other than an occasional pedlar or huckster, were unknown in this primitive society—and their ultimate appearance provoked an outburst of ill-feeling and opposition on the part of the ignorant,

non-progressive peasant community. The trader appeared to them as a panderer to the rich landed proprietor; one who introduced luxuries which could only be gratified at the expense of the tillers of the soil. Yet this very trader inaugurated a period which has culminated in the vast commercial enterprise of to-day; he made possible the infinitely more precious blessings of freedom, education, and civilisation, that, following in the wake of commerce, are now the heritage of the masses of the people. The agriculturist had proceeded in the social scale, as far as he could unaided by some outside influence or incentive. He provided the bare necessities of existence by constant application, but being at the mercy of the elements, if his crop failed, starvation stared him in the face. Without resource, he was probably at feud with the neighbouring villagers, and had never penetrated beyond the hills and forests that surrounded his home and isolated him from the outer world. The



IN WHITCHURCH, 1670.

presence of a builder must, from very early stages, have been needed in places of any importance, although the rough frames of wattle and dab could not have called for any high degree of talent. Such technical skill as sufficed for the hut

tary strongholds and the stately churches springing up on every hand.

The growth of commerce, however, introduced into this simple state of communism complex conditions, having the most far-reaching effects. The division of



IN MUCH WENLOCK, 1682.

of the peasant, and the collection of magnified huts constituting the farm and manor, cannot account for the splendid work we see in the remains of fortress and church; these must have been fashioned by a far superior class of itinerant mason and joiner, men who would find constant employment on the large monastic establishments, as well as upon the numerous mili-

a portion of the population into trades and crafts created a distinct and rapidly increasing class, divorced from the soil and dependent upon the agriculturalist for support. The middleman now made his appearance and the retail shop became a necessity, alike for the sale of imported goods and articles of home manufacture, as well as for the supply of food to the

townspeople, no longer living in scattered groups of cottages, divided by arable and pasture lands, but crowded closely together in streets and alleys.

The "merciers" are regarded as one of the oldest associations of tradesmen in this

present constitutes the stock of a general country shopkeeper."

With the increase and establishment of custom, it became convenient and less complicated to restrict the multiplicity of articles. Owing to this specialising process, we obtained from the parent mercer the silk mercer, the linen and woollen drapers, and many others. The Haberdashers and Merchant Adventurers are off-shoots from the London Mercers' Company.

It is curious to refer to Harrison's perfunctory and brief description of national trade in the reign of Elizabeth. Clearly he did not foresee the time when England should be known by her foreign rivals as "a nation of shopkeepers," or how that very commerce which he condemns as luxury should be the means of raising this country — already embarked upon her imperial quest — to the forefront among the progressive nations of the world. Trade to him is synonymous with dishonesty, is another name for all that is mercenary and self-seeking; to quote his own



EARLY EXAMPLE OF THE USE OF GLAZING BARS, LUDLOW.

country. Mr. Norman in "London Signs and Inscriptions," referring to this subject, says: "It is probable that those who were called mercers dealt at first in most commodities, except food and the precious metals. Herbert, however, considers that in ancient times 'mercier' was the name of a man who dealt in small wares; and that 'merceries' then comprehended all things sold by retail by the little balance, in contradistinction to things sold by the beam or in the gross, and included not only toys, together with haberdashery and various other articles connected with dress, but also spices and drugs; in short, what at

words: "It is a world also to see how most places of the realm are pestered with purveyors, who take up eggs, butter, cheese, pigs, capons, hens, chickens, hogs, bacon, etc., in one market and under pretence of their commissions, and suffer their wives to sell the same to another, or to poulterers of London." He stigmatises the whole system as a scheme for raising prices and impoverishing the artificer, the labourer, and the poor. His notion—perhaps derived from Sir Thomas More's "Utopia"—perhaps founded upon ancient custom, appears to have been that all produce of the land should be retailed to the



SHOP FRONT IN HIGH STREET, OXFORD, END OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,
SUPERSTRUCTURE OLDER.

consumer in open market, or a direct exchange between farmer and consumer.

By Addison's day thought had made considerable strides; trade was then reckoned an important source of revenue, as well as one of the principal causes of prosperity. This enlightened writer quaintly depicts a phase of the old feud (not

how to improve upon this primitive plan.

Referring to the Butchers Row shop at Shrewsbury, a late Tudor example, we are forced to infer that the development in the direction of light and space was extremely slow, for this structure varies but little from a purely domestic building of

the same era. Whitchurch, in the same county, preserves an old shop of the most curious and antiquated description, of the kind that prevailed later. Note the awkward flight of steps forming the approach to the door, and the stall-boards projecting over the footway. Shrewsbury contributes a specimen of about the same age, and Much-Wenlock yet another, dated 1682, and from a comparison of these, it is evident that a considerable amount of individuality existed. The Much-Wenlock shop is below the footway, and is reached through a little side door under a balcony, but customers usually stand, whilst being served, on the narrow pavement, and their purchases are handed to them through the open window.

The limited dimensions of the old shop

contrast strikingly with the spaciousness and elevation of their modern representatives. But the former flourished in an age anterior to that of colossal combines and cut-throat competition. Small profits and quick returns was a phrase undreamt of in the jog-trot days of our forefathers. Their stock was small if varied, their profits obviously ample measured by the present standard, and there was no need for the pushing, aggressive tactics adopted



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SHOP FRONT, NEWCASTLE, STAFFS.

yet extinct), in an altercation between Sir Roger de Coverley, the Country Squire of the old Tory School, and the enterprising merchant, Sir Andrew Freeport, in which the latter triumphantly and conclusively vindicates the dignity and usefulness of commerce.

The pioneer would commence business in an ordinary dwelling and display his wares in the principal window of the ground floor, until experience taught him

by our American kinsmen and already permanently adopted by English commercial custom.

It was in such restricted premises as these, the shop proper forming but one small section of the building, of which the remainder was devoted to domestic uses, the surplus goods housed in the loft or basement, where the apprentice of old worked at the counter, plied his master's craft, learned the rudiments of his business, how to make himself agreeable to customers, to pass the time o' day, and indulge in all the little civilities, chit-chat, and gossip that supplied the absence of newspapers and rendered his place of business a popular resort. It was in similar apartments to these that the London apprentice served his time, garbed in the sprightly dress of the period, a youth supremely jealous of the privileges of his guild, and ready at a moment's call to spring through the unglazed window into the street, ever ready to draw his sword in any quarrel that offered excitement, or that involved any member of his order.

The introduction of glass into general domestic use and the improvements wrought in its manufacture led to conspicuous modifications in the treatment of shop fronts. For trade purposes leaded lights in tiny squares would be readily discarded for the obvious advantages of larger panes. To ac-

commodate these, lead lacked the required rigidity and, being therefore unsuitable, was replaced by glazing bars of wood.

These bars at their introduction early in the seventeenth century (see Mill Street, Ludlow, page 524), heavy and close to-



SHOP FRONTS AT WELLINGTON, SALOP, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

gether, were gradually whittled down to the slender proportions that are familiar to us in eighteenth century work, and the interstices were gradually enlarged, as bigger sheets were procurable. With experience and knowledge, greater freedom of expression was indulged in, and from strict angularity the designers launched forth

into curved forms of beautiful and graceful contour.

The Tudor period inaugurated a new era in more senses than one. Not only was the old tyranny of the Church broken and the new light of learning allowed to permeate the land, but the prevalence of peace, combined with these and other causes, led to a rapid development of intercourse with other nations, resulting in a phenomenal increase of trade.

The demand for more space and increased height, synchronising with the cheapening and popularising of glass, placed the Renaissance Architect face to face with a new problem. For the shops erected by his fathers were judged insufficient and unworthy of his successors. We can see for ourselves by many delightful specimens that survive, that in bracing himself to tackle the changed requirements

in a broad spirit, untrammelled and unbiassed by past traditions, how, giving reins to his fancy, he indulged in pleasing conceits of curving windows and jutting bays. Windows, no longer narrow openings in the wall, further obstructed by numerous posts to support the superstructure, became a bold breaking away from established custom, until the shop, now the *raison d'être*, practically monopolises the lower portion of the front, and in place of the heavy supporting posts, a strong lintel bridges the entire opening, reaching

from pier to pier. And all this is accomplished with such masterful completeness, such wonderful dexterity, that the result looks the most natural in the world, almost as though it were the only thing to be done under the circumstances.

Plate glass is quite a modern invention, and the perfection of this material inaugurated the most violent innovations, which in the eyes of some portended the total degradation of the shop front.

Already between the bow-windowed shops of the eighteenth century and the plate-glass erections of to-day there is a vast gulf. One of the greatest architectural problems of the present time, and one generally recognised and admitted, is how to design a shop-front providing the maximum of plate-glass for the display of wares, and at the same time to so dispose the supporting piers and the

superstructure that the result shall be satisfactory structurally and aesthetically. Usually it is admitted the problem is not adequately solved, and the result is that four or five stories of brick or stone work appear to rest upon attenuated frames and enormous sheets of plate-glass, a most unstructural, painful, and inartistic result.

But reverting to the eighteenth century examples, nothing seems easier than to have designed a fitting and elegant shop front in those days; yet it was, when we



TWO-STOREY SHOP AT BRIDGNORTH.



AT NORTHAMPTON, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

entials what is required, that the alteration of apparently unimportant details would seem to detract from the perfection of the work as it stands. All ostentation, the effort to produce an exaggerated effect, to magnify the humble shop into a state emporium—all this is absent, and the result is correspondingly natural and pleasing.

Here we have another instance of the success of the Renaissance movement in the development of objects of everyday art, whilst it failed in more pretentious and ambitious schemes.

The vigour and variety that distinguished design up to the middle of the eighteenth century, waned towards its close, and at the advent of the nineteenth century, though still elegant and well-proportioned, a more fixed and tamer standard of treatment prevailed. The bow window so tastefully applied formerly is now replaced by curved and reeded end-pilasters, which though inoffensive enough in a few instances, become wearisome when repeated with ever recurring sameness. The square and cant bays were also gradually abandoned and some form of large flat window held the field almost alone.

reflect, a far cry from the small windows and the low narrow openings of the late Gothic era.

The very fact that the difference between the types is so totally distinct, is conclusive testimony to the ingenuity and wit that accomplished the change so completely and so successfully. Those old shops look simple, natural, unaffected, for precisely the same reason that everything in nature occupying its proper place looks in absolute harmony with its surroundings; for precisely the same reason that a masterpiece of decoration appears exactly what is required in the particular conditions, maintaining so absolutely and in all es-



OLD SHOP IN SHREWSBURY.

Soon local bye-laws stepped in to prevent encroachments over the pavement, a change as inevitable as it was desirable, yet one cannot regard without a sigh the irregular building line, so characteristic in the past, and a feature that certainly added quaintness and charm to our streets, being gradually straightened into universal uniformity by the operations of these acts.

All that was now necessary was to reduce the supporting piers, to enlarge the panels of glass, and the modern window was achieved in all its poverty of invention and gauntness of proportion.

And what of the race who inhabited these old trading establishments, and gradually enlarged and built up our commercial system? The beginnings were small, as indicated already, and as is ever the case with great and lasting enterprises. For the sake of mutual protection and advantage in an age of insecurity and perpetual unrest, they formed themselves into associations or guilds. These guilds formulated rules for the conduct of business, for the safe-guarding of trade privileges, for resistance to encroachments on the part of the feudal powers, and for the maintenance of the aged, the weak, and

defenceless. As time progressed they grew into important and powerful corporations and wielded a political influence as great as, if different from, that exercised by the vast labour unions so familiar to ourselves, and which may be looked upon as their modern counterparts.

While society was in a comparatively archaic state, and life and property were at the mercy of lawless bands of robbers, or of the unscrupulous lord of the manor and his retainers, the trader laid the foundation of fair dealing and local self-government. Quietly and unostentatiously he fought his way, forming larger combinations, eventually obtaining state recognition in the shape of royal charters which insured a certain legal status. Too prudent to rest contented with these paper rights, the new corporations pro-



OLD SHOPS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

(The frames on the right are modern.)

ceeded to entrench their position with solid stone walls, further strengthened by bastions, and pierced by strongly guarded gateways.

The trade guilds formed of necessity the heart and soul of municipal life. From their ranks the town guard was recruited, they erected halls for the sale of their wares, and in these they also schooled themselves in debate, levied taxes for the

construction and maintenance of bridges, roads, and other aids to commerce; and at the same time exercised judicial functions. It was this substantial and sturdy class, together with the yeoman and artisan, who bore the main stress of battle which culminated in victory for religious liberty at the Reformation. And when the

question arose whether a headstrong sovereign should be allowed to impose upon the country his own tyrannous methods in place of government by Parliament, and force his own unpopular religion upon the community, the same party again espoused the cause of progress, and once for all established the principle that even the divine right of kings must be exercised with justice and moderation and in accordance with the laws of the Constitution. This reputation for independence and good sense has been again

and again vindicated at succeeding critical epochs, till we have come to regard it as no insult to be called "a nation of shopkeepers."

And as with the class, so is it with the units constituting the class.

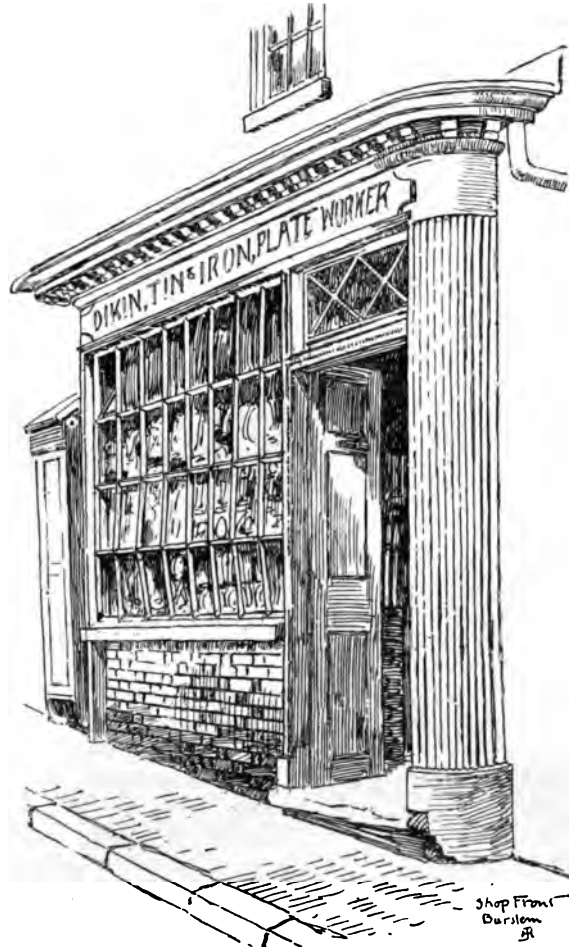
The thriving centres of modern municipal activity are not rich in records of the

past; progress or change has there been sweeping and complete. It is in the by-ways and slums where antiquity lingers, but perhaps the richest legacy of the past is to be found in our sleepy old country market towns, which have remained comparatively stationary and but little influenced by the restless bustle prevailing else-

where. Ancient Shrewsbury, for instance, the sometime metropolis of the west, and still a great trading centre, abounds in relics dating back to Tudor times.

Happily, there are still many trades that have no need of large and unobstructed window space. The chemist frequently exposes his drugs in the quaintest of windows, and his row of coloured bottles look far more effective seen through small panes of dinted glass than they appear behind a screen of perfectly transparent and flawless plate.

In the country town a trade is frequently hereditary, the son succeeding to the father's business and place of business generation after generation. Another calling that frequently prides itself upon the antiquity of its establishment is that of the bookseller. Members of this order are often seen in the most curious premises,



AT BURSLEM, BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

harbouring all sorts of dark corners and unsuspected nooks and crannies in their inmost recesses. The windows, whether bulging out over the street, recognising the line of frontage, or modestly retiring into the background, are small and reminiscent of age. Such a hole-and-corner shop would have befitted Kingsley's Sandy Mackaye. "He read at least twelve hours every day of his life and that exclusively old history and politics, though his favourite books were Thomas Carlyle's works." His quaint, homely description of the old bookseller and his den suggests that extraordinary conglomeration of wood and plaster known as Book-seller's Row; in short, the now extinct Holywell Street, and the varied stock as portrayed in the description might have been almost as aptly applied to them. The seeming confusion was to the proprietors no obstacle, they appearing to know the whereabouts as they were familiar with the contents of every volume of their heterogeneous collection.

The barber, one of the few tradesmen who retains the sign of his craft, accommodates himself to premises of the most erratic shape and diminutive size. Indeed, in the provinces he attaches himself for preference to the most antiquated and crazy building in the locality, and should on this account be esteemed as a pattern and example by all true antiquarians. Perhaps his sympathy with the past may be accounted for by the fact that his order formerly occupied a position of more importance than he now enjoys, the barber-surgeon being regarded as a quasi-physician, quite indispensable in the days when blood-letting was considered the panacea for most human ailments.

The pawnbroker and curio-dealer rise superior to considerations of hygiene and convention, and as they thrive best on the borders of the slums, their varied stock of old clothes, brass candlesticks, antique furniture and miscellaneous jewellery are more often than not displayed in a window as quaint and interesting as themselves.

These establishments are still distinguished by the sign of the three golden balls.

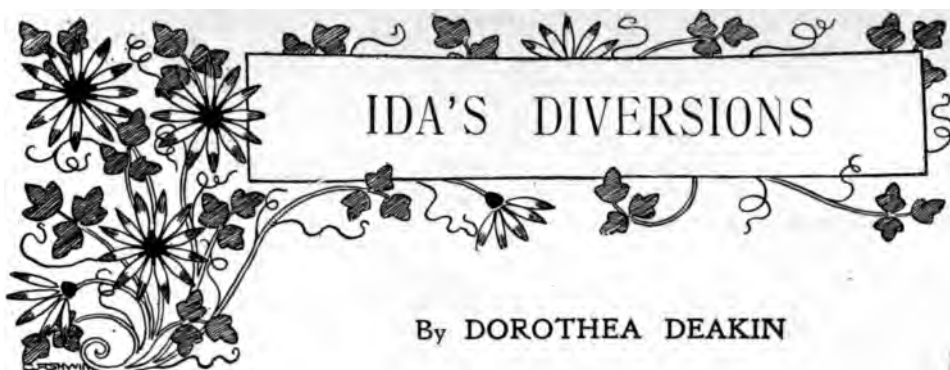
In treating of the old shop, it must always be remembered that the proprietor lived upon the premises, and though far from commodious, viewed in the light of modern standards, those of the better kind compare very favourably with the houses of the professional classes and smaller gentry of the same era. Sometimes they were finished and decorated with great elaboration, and through the half-open door leading into the parlour, one may catch a glimpse of dark oak panelling and a massive fireplace, and beyond, perchance, a heavily moulded hand-rail and richly ornamented balustrade that evidently belong to a handsome staircase; enough at least to show that the original owner was a man of substance, and also a lover of elegance and refinement.

A feature frequently recurring in the older business premises, and one which we should now consider an insuperable objection, is a straight flight of steps, leading from the street to the door. Awkward, unnecessary, and out of place as these appendages undeniably are, we should regret to see them swept away. Wellington furnishes a characteristic example of these sprawling flights of steps, and the Bridgenorth specimen illustrates a two-storey shop, one a little below and one considerably above the pavement level.

Some of the charm of old shops is due to alterations that have taken place from time to time in hap-hazard fashion. It is only on this theory that the existence of the remarkable specimen from Northampton can be accounted for. The Wolverhampton contribution illustrates the same characteristic, but the result in this case has been to mar the original.

Examples might be multiplied a hundredfold to prove that variety and interest invest the old trade premises, but enough has been shown and said to vindicate the author in his attempt to interest the public in the old shops that compose so largely the street architecture of our ancient towns.





IDA'S DIVERSIONS

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN

"**E**VERYTHING," she said with disgust, "is hot and hateful and horrid."

The Quai de Mont Blanc, and even the pleasant, shady Boulevards were deserted.

All the pretty ladies, in cool organ-dies and silks, with bright parasols, had disappeared. Ida felt sure that they were sleeping away the hot hours in cool, luxurious bedrooms with the blinds down. It was only silly little school girls like herself who came out on such a day as this without a sunshade.

She leant her elbows on the stone parapet of the Pont du Mont Blanc and stared at the blue waters and the swaying, inviting boats beneath her.

It certainly was cool to look at just down there in the shadow of the bridge, before the water caught the glaring sun, and it was the first time she had been able to open her eyes since she had left her tram at Place Neuve.

"My head aches with all this blue and white; it is whizzing round like wheels—blue sky, white houses! Blue water, white pavement! All blue and white and glaring!"

She sighed and moved her elbows. She would be late for her appointment. She would be late home for tea—she would—She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, what's the odds if I am," she cried recklessly, "and why should I be home for horrid tea?"

"Come out in a boat for half an hour—I can see you are dying to."

Ida stood up in amazement, too confused for the moment to turn away with the silent contempt proper to the occasion, and I am afraid she noticed how attractively clean and cool he looked in his

light grey flannels, before she remembered that this was an insult she must resent at once.

"Come out with me," he went on with a charming smile. "You are a stranger here; so am I. Why shouldn't we improve the shining hours together?"

By the time he had finished, she was ready with a suitable answer.

"I think you are making a mistake," she answered icily, walking away with her head in the air. "But, oh," she thought as she hurried along, forgetting how hot she was, "What a pity! What a pity! He *is* nice, and I know he didn't mean to be horrid. I suppose I oughtn't to dawdle about when I'm alone. I wish I could have gone. I wish I knew him."

"I ought to have known that she'd only be angry," said the man in grey flannels with a sigh. "She's English, and much too well brought up to be civil to strangers."

Then "Oh," cried Ida, when her lesson was over. "what a silly I was! He was an American, and Americans are always so very nice to girls. He only meant to be kind. I know he did. And I *should* like to go on the lake. Perhaps——"

She gave English lessons to a French girl over at Grand Pré. The French girl repaid them in kind, and it was for this that Ida crossed the noisy, busy town twice a week in the mid-day heat. The next lesson was on Friday. She put on a fresh muslin, which was quite unnecessary, and when she reached the Pont du Mont Blanc she stopped to rest, and once more gazed wistfully down at the tempting little boats. She stayed there, indeed, nearly half an hour, and it was not a cool place to choose. There was no shelter at all, and the sun

beating on her back through her thin dress made her feel sick and headachy.

She went on to her lesson in a bad temper.

"It was very nice of him," she told herself, "to understand at once that I wasn't *that* sort of girl. But he might have come again——"

On Tuesday she did not stop to look at the boats, but she walked very, very slowly across the bridge.

"Will you allow me to make you an apology?"

Ida felt a sudden throb of pleasure; but she didn't speak. She was only eighteen, you see, and didn't know what to say. He looked quickly and apprehensively at the blushing face under the shady hat.

"Please don't be angry with me," he went on earnestly. "I know you must think me horribly rude, but what was I to do?"

"I don't understand," said Ida in a voice which she hoped conveyed icy indifference. I don't think it did. Neither, I imagine, did the young man.

"I have seen you regularly every Tuesday and Friday for three weeks," he said. "and every time I saw you I wanted to know you more and more."

Ida's heart beat faster and faster. It was very nice of him, she thought, to want to know her so much, but she couldn't think why he did. She had been brought up with half-a-dozen sisters, you see! At the age of eighteen, and under such circumstances, it was natural, perhaps, that she should under-value her power to interest and charm.

"I went to the English Church," he said, "on purpose to get an introduction to you through the parson. And then I found he didn't even know you by sight."

"I don't go to church," Ida said quickly, forgetting to be chilly. "We are chapel people at home."

The stranger laughed.

"Will you accept my apology?" he said.

"Yes, of course." Ida liked him better than ever when she saw him laugh.

"Will you consider me as introduced to you by a clergyman of the English Church?"

"Yes"—with some hesitation, "If—

if you like—I—" with a rush—"I really don't see why I shouldn't."

"Neither do I," said the stranger pleasantly. "I really am quite respectable, you know. I am sure I carry honesty and truth written on my brow." Ida gave a quick glance at his thin, sunburnt face, and smiled in spite of herself.

"You see," he went on in his slow, dry voice, "as I was saying to you when you froze me up last week, I am a stranger here—from Massachusetts. You are a stranger—from England. Why not be friendly? I guess we should agree all right."

Ida was silent. It was all very, very wrong, she felt sure, but how was it, she wondered, that wrong things were so pleasant?

"I should *like* to be friends," she said, dropping her Anglo-French dictionary in the confusion of the moment.

The man from Massachusetts picked it up.

"Good," he said. "Are you going to school?"

Ida found her tongue then, and told him about Renée Coquillon and the exchange lesson. She went on from that to talk about the little village of Carouge, where she lived—Carouge which had once belonged to Corsica or Sardinia—she didn't quite remember which, and which was still full of strange names and alien descendants, and the stranger listened to her childish chatter, and to the odds and ends of more or less inaccurate information brought out entirely for his benefit, with much apparent interest. He walked with her to Grand Pré; to the door of Madame Coquillon's house, and when he held out his hand to her to say good-bye, he studied her face with some return of his old apprehension.

"When will you come out on the lake?" he said.

She looked down. Could she—dare she? Oh, if she only might—and yet—if Miss Linaker found out.

"Courage," said he. "Why shouldn't you? What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of anyone," cried Ida childishly, and I *will* come if you like."

"I do like," said he, smiling; "very

much indeed. But when can you come? To-morrow?"

Ida shuddered at her own audacity.

"Yes!" she said, "I will come to-morrow."

"At three o'clock? It will be hot, but there is always a breeze on the lake."

"At three o'clock," said naughtily Ida. "And thank you very much."

That was the beginning of the deceit.

Ida pretended—she didn't exactly say so, I believe, but, still, she led Miss Linaker to believe that she spent the next afternoon with Mdlle. Coquillon. Instead of which she let the stranger, whose name was Clay, take her on the water for two hours, and their friendship increased in leaps and bounds! Ida told herself that he was the nicest person she had ever known, and no doubt she was right, for her experience of nice young men had been small.

On Friday he walked up the Grand Pré with her again, and waited till she came out, to take her back to the Rond Point and the Carouge tram; and she told herself that she walked to the Rond Point to save expense, not at all for the pleasure of his society. She had explained to Renée with all the French she could muster, that in any questions regarding her English friend's movements she must be discreet and admit nothing—deny nothing. Renée (who was older than Ida, and quite as pretty), understood perfectly, in spite of the broken French, and promised discretion. If the lake was so pleasant on Wednesday, why not try it again on Saturday—and Monday—and Wednesday again? Ida's conscience was lulled to rest quite successfully for the moment, and she was having a good time. It was on Wednesday that they had tea together at a little crémérie in Place Neuve, and Ida explained to the stranger, who was hardly a stranger by that time, that the pale green pistachio cream cakes, crescent shaped, and only five centimes each, were in every way superior to the round pink ones, or the small hot brown things soaked with rum which cost ten, and which he affected.

"Look here," Clay said presently, ab-

sently dropping the flat squares of sugar into his already sweetened cup. "Don't you think I might get to know your people somehow? Couldn't you introduce me? Say I was a friend, you know. You needn't say how long our friendship had existed."

Ida opened her eyes wide at him; and a Frenchman at another table stared at her with insolent admiration.

"Quels beaux yeux," he cried to his companion.

Clay heard and scowled for a minute. Then looked at Ida again, and his face cleared.

"That's so," he drawled. "Eyes like the darkest kind of purple pansy—almost black."

Ida dropped her lids and blushed. "Les yeux noirs au purgatorie," she said, smiling. "But what do you mean, Mr. Clay? Of course, I can't introduce you to Miss Linaker. She would be dreadfully angry, and I should never be allowed out again."

Clay's eyes grew thoughtful.

"It doesn't seem quite square," he said.

"What doesn't seem quite square?"

He hesitated.

"Why this—this sort of thing. You're so young, you see—only a kiddie, after all, and I'm beginning to feel ashamed of myself."

Ida was silent. She was so young that she didn't altogether understand him. There was no harm in it that she could see.

"Of course," he went on, leaning his elbows on the little marble table, and tracing a spilt tea pattern with his forefinger, "I know that I am straight, and I know that I respect you as much as if you were my own sister, and like you a good deal more, but—" Here he stopped, and Ida looked frightened.

"Other folks don't know all this, and I'm afraid it will be nasty for you when Miss Linaker learns that you've been going about with me. I guess she'll find it all out sooner or later."

Ida rose from her seat. "Miss Linaker must never know," she whispered, looking round the room with frightened eyes. "Why should she? She stays in all the afternoon when I am away; because it is

too hot to go out, and she has no friend in Geneva who could tell tales to her."

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "if I can't be friends with you in a straight, conventional, decorous kind of way, I must take what I can get. I can't give you up."

"Why?" asked Ida, with apparent innocence.

Clay laughed.

"I guess you know why," he said. "I won't tell you to-day, anyhow."

After that Ida met him every day. Sometimes she cycled with him; sometimes he rowed her on the lake, and once he took the train to Annemasse on the Voiron and from there walked up the hill to the tiny old Savoyard Chateau d'Etambrieres with its two towers, and its little gray church to match. From every point of view the excursion was a success. Clay grew reckless.

"Look here," he said slowly, as they climbed down the hill again. "This has been a glorious afternoon, but it has been too short. Could you get away for the whole day, do you think?"

Ida drew a deep breath at this daring suggestion.

"I'll try," she said; "only——"

"Only what?"

"I'll have to tell a lie if I do."

Clay's eyes grew grave suddenly. She was beginning to look for that sudden clouding over when she alluded to the ways and means she used to escape Miss Linaker's vigilance, and she smiled cheerfully and reassuringly.

"Don't look so solemn," she said. "It won't be the first time, you know. I learnt how to fib long before I ever knew you. I can easily pretend that I'm going to spend the day with Renée Coquillon. She won't mind backing me up a bit, if I take her some pralines next time I go."

"Can't you get away by any other means?" Clay asked hastily. "Without lying about it, I mean."

Ida looked at him in surprise. "You are funny," she said slowly. "How is it you have grown so particular all at once? And, anyhow, it *must* be just as bad to act a lie as to speak one, don't you think?"

Clay didn't answer. All the way home in the tram he sat and looked at Ida's

childish profile; at the heavy fall of soft black hair over her little ears, shadowing her delicate, colourless cheeks. He looked at the full, red lips and slender, long neck, the thin, girlish figure and brown hands; and his eyes were filled with something that was half pity, half sorrow. Ida felt that she had a right to feel aggrieved by his behaviour.

"It's all very well for him to be depressed," she said to herself. "If we are found out, it's me that will be blamed. I shall get into a regular royal row, and he will escape scot free. Who is there to row him, I should like to know?"

Presently, however, he shook off his gloom, and spoke to her with a smile.

"We'll have a real good time on Thursday," he said. "A steamer leaves the Quai de Mont Blanc every morning for a dear little place called Hermance, where nobody ever goes. We'll go there and picnic by the stream. I shall have you to myself a whole long day. I guess we shall both remember that day."

Ida laughed.

"I shall remember all these days," she said softly.

So they went to Hermance on Thursday. They took the little steamer, and were on the water so early that all the wonderful mountain pictures round them, the purple Juras, and the Voiron and Grand Salève, with the dim shadow of the Alps behind, were veiled at first by delicate opal haze, then gloriously-reflected in the blue waters of the lake. Ida was in ecstasies. Miss Linaker had never taken her on the water; Miss Linaker had never shown her anything half so beautiful as this. And then when they landed on the wooded shore; Hermance itself!

Clay took her to the sunny hillside meadow where the vineyards are, and they sat down in the shade of the little wood where the stream lives; that stream whose wonderful waters of iron and magnesia are some day to turn the paradise into an inferno of a spa and a health resort.

Ida had brought her poetry books. She thought she was fond of Browning and Matthew Arnold; she also thought that she understood them, I believe. Since then she has learned her own limitations, and knows I think, that she never will.

Clay lay at her feet and listened to her pretty voice as she read to him, and watched her pretty face and moving lips. If he knew the verses she read to him off by heart already, and if his brain was busied with other thoughts as he lay there, who was the wiser? Ida thought she was edifying and impressing him; perhaps even improving his mind. Why shouldn't she think so?

At one o'clock they lunched, and Clay found that he had left the fruit behind. Ida jumped up with a laugh, and ran away with the empty basket. Presently she came back to him laden with big plums and peaches.

"I saw a man in an orchard," she said gaily. "But I find now that it is only the angel of the Paradise. He gave me all these, and wouldn't let me pay a sou for them. Look!"

"I don't wonder," the young man said gravely. "How could he take payment from you?"

How could he? Her pale cheeks glowed a faint pink with excitement and pleasure; she wore a white cotton frock with a pink flower on it, and had taken off the big hat which hid her pretty hair. The magic of her wonderful dark eyes bewitched him.

"Why shouldn't he take the money from me?" she said laughing. "I am not too poor to pay for a few plums."

She didn't want him to think her poor, little goose that she was. Anything rather than that he should think her poor—and common.

"Ida," he said presently, looking up into her eyes with earnest enquiry, "You've never told me anything about your people at home in England. We know very little about each other. I guess we'd better confess like good children. Suppose you begin."

Her pink cheeks deepened to scarlet, but she did not answer at first. How could she tell him? Oh, how could she? How he would despise her! No; anything, anything but that now. Perhaps afterwards when—he had spoken to her properly—when everything was settled between them; when she went home and had told her people about her engagement, he would be so fond of her by

that time that he would forgive anything. But not now—not yet. She couldn't spoil this beautiful, beautiful day. He would go away without telling her that he loved her, and she couldn't bear that. She must be worthy of him to-day; she *must*.

"What are your people?" he asked curiously. "Manchester's all cotton, isn't it? Are your people in cotton?"

"No," said Ida emphatically. This, at least, was true. Then she hesitated. Poor, silly little girl! She had put her conscience to sleep lately, you see, and there was nothing else to tell her that, at this moment, truth was not only right, but expedient.

"My people live in Lancashire," she said quickly. "We are the Delameres, of Delamere Hall, you know. My father doesn't have anything to do with the cotton, of course."

Clay sighed.

"It sounds very grand," he said. "Is the ancestral mansion very old?"

It was easy now for Ida to draw upon her imagination.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Hundreds and hundreds of years old. My—my great grandfather fought at Waterloo," she went on madly, "and one of the Delameres fought the Spanish Armada and another at Agincourt."

Clay was silent.

"The house is an old Manor house," Ida went on shamelessly. "A long, low black and white Manor house with lots of gables and dormers and mullions and lattices and things."

"With such a home as that," Clay said gravely, "I don't know how you could bear to come away. Why did you?"

Again the girl hesitated. The opportunity for romance was irresistible, and why should she tell him that she had merely come to Geneva to study French?

"They wanted me to marry someone," she said, hanging her head. "He was very rich, and—and titled, and I couldn't bear him. So they sent me away from home in disgrace—to make me see reason."

Clay rose. Ida was sitting on a fallen tree, and he sat down beside her.

"Ida," he said, in a low voice, "Did

you care for anyone else—over there in England?"

"No," said Ida, glad that she was able to reply truthfully. It was more difficult somehow to make up things while he watched her face so keenly.

"Do you care for anybody now?"

She was silent. Her cheeks burned and her heart was thumping away so loudly that she was afraid he would hear it. Of course, she did—oh, of course she did. He knew she did. Why didn't he tell her what she was longing to hear—now, now—the time was slipping.

But he didn't say anything, and when she turned to look at him, surprised at his silence, she saw that he looked anxious and troubled. She couldn't think why he looked like that. Surely, he understood. He did understand, and still he was silent.

"Why do you ask?" said Ida. No answer. She felt chilled. The sun was still shining on the pretty hillside pasture before them, but she felt somehow exactly as if it had gone in. What did he mean? Perhaps he didn't care, after all. Perhaps—oh, how unkind he was—how very, very unkind!

When Clay looked round at last, she was crying; big tears were welling out of her dark eyes and falling on to her frock, and she was struggling in her sleeve to find an inadequate handkerchief. What could he do? He had gone so far, he told himself recklessly, and to-day, at least, he must play the game he had begun.

He took her into his arms and kissed her without a word, and Ida laid her head on his shoulder and finished her cry there. And still he was silent.

"I—I thought you didn't care," she said at last.

"I wish to God I had let you go on thinking so," said Clay.

Ida drew herself away from him in surprise.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Clay kissed her again. "Mean," he said; "I don't know yet what I mean. I only know that I love you. And I guess I'm behaving like a mean hound in telling you so."

Ida laughed.

"Nonsense," she said. "Why shouldn't we be happy while we worry so about the people who don't matter a bit? What does anything matter if only—we—if we—"

Clay smiled rather miserably.

"If we what?" said he.

"If we love each other," said Ida. He was silent again, and presently he took his arm away and got up to pack the things into the picnic basket. Ida didn't understand why he was behaving so strangely, but he certainly loved her, and that was all she cared about.

He hardly spoke to her at all in the hour on the steamer going home, and when he said good-bye to her in Place Neuve he held her hand a long time; then recklessly kissed her in face of all Geneva.

"Good-bye, little girl," he said.

"Good-bye," said Ida, "till to-morrow."

There was a letter next morning for Ida, directed in a fine business hand.

"What is it?" Miss Linaker was properly inquisitive. But Ida put it in her pocket.

"From the dentist," she said hurriedly. "It's only the hateful dentist's hateful bill."

After breakfast she ran upstairs. It didn't take a second to tear open the envelope. Why had he written when he was to see her that very day?

No address headed the letter.

"Dear little girl.—

When I fell in love with you I hadn't reckoned on the fighting ancestors and the ancient Manor house, and it seems to me that for a square man I've been playing it pretty low down on your aristocratic parents.

I guess those ancestral halls are a cut above the junior partner in a hardware store, and before you get my letter I shall have started for home again. I should advise you to forget all this as soon as possible, and think twice before you reject that titled aristocrat for the second time.

Believe me,
Always your respectful friend,
ISRAEL P. CLAY."

Ida was stunned for a moment. She did not realise all at once what the stupid letter meant. Then quite suddenly everything came to her in a flash, bringing with it a horrible, aching pain at her heart, and a blinding storm of tears. She saw at last, too, very clearly how wrong she had been. What a wreck she had made of her life with her silly, romantic lies; her stupid deceit.

Down on the pillow went the poor little head in utter despair, to soak it with tears from the eyes he had called purple pansies.

It was too late now—too late for anything. He was gone, and she should never see him again as long as she lived.

But was it too late—was it? She looked at her watch. If—if he went by the nine o'clock train to Paris there was still time to catch him; only just time. If he went last night—

"If he went last night," she cried, as she hastily pinned on her sailor hat, "I shall drown myself in the lake."

Luck favoured her so far that she slipped out of the house without attracting notice—that her tyres were plump and the bicycle house unlocked.

Once on her machine, she was safe. Down the hill to Carouge and on to Geneva as she had never ridden in her life before. What a long way it was to the station. The roads had been watered—her bicycle skidded once, and she fell, covering herself with mud; but she did not even wait to wipe it off her hands. If she could reach the station in time nothing else in the whole world mattered.

Clay was having his luggage weighed when he saw her, and his grave face grew graver still as he went to meet her.

He saw at once that she had been crying—that there were still tears in her eyes,

and he wished that she had not come to make things harder for him at the last moment.

He took her little muddy hands in his, and gazed wistfully into her face.

"It is good of you," he said slowly, "to come and see me off—to say good-bye."

But Ida had found her breath at last. "Oh," she cried, "you musn't go! You shan't go! I have come to—to tell you what a hateful, hateful girl I am—I came because I couldn't, couldn't let you go—I came to tell you that it is all lies!"

Clay stared at her in amazement.

"My father," cried Ida recklessly, "keeps an ironmonger's shop, and always has. There are no ancestors—no black and white Manor house—no anything. I am the wickedest girl in the world."

Clay caught her hands in his.

"Is it true?" he asked, "true?"

"Yes," said Ida in a low voice. "I am speaking the truth for once. It was all made up, every bit of it."

"And the titled aristocrat who wanted to marry you?" Clay asked eagerly. "Was he a myth, too?"

Ida's poor little face grew crimson.

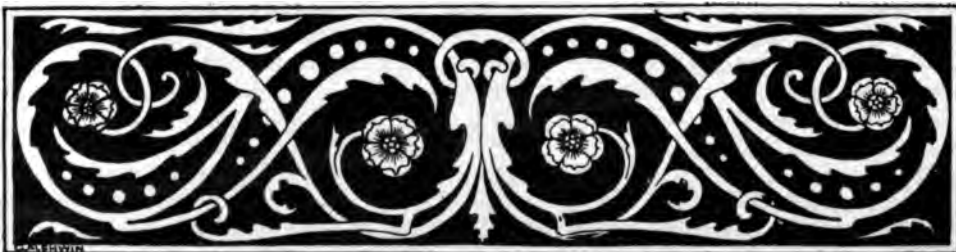
"No one ever wanted to marry me but you," she said. "And I don't suppose *you* do now—now you know what I really am."

Clay laughed out loud. "It's a good thing," he said, "that I have not taken my ticket yet."

Ida's eyes fell before his. "Then," she whispered, "you—you are not going?"

Clay laughed again. "Well, I guess I'm not going to Paris. I am going to take you straight home and have things out with your precious Miss Linaker, whether you like it or not."

Ida's tone was very humble now. "I don't care what happens," she said, "if only you don't go away."



COUNT D'ORSAY

By CHARLES WILKINS

Illustrations from the Rischgitz Collection

ALFRÉD Guillaume Gabriel, Count D'Orsay, was born in Paris on the 4th of September, 1801. His father was Alberte, Count D'Orsay, a noble of the *ancien régime* who was familiarly known as Le Beau D'Orsay, being one of the handsomest men in the Court of the first Napoleon, who had been heard to remark "that he would make an admirable model for Jupiter." He had early entered the grand army of the Empire, and he had served with great distinction under Napoleon: who was wont to say of him, that he was "aussi brave que beau." His mother, a beautiful woman, was a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg by a marriage that was good in religion but not in law, and which was afterwards set aside by the King's union with a royal personage; she was no less remarkable for her wit and noble disposition than for her beauty. The eldest son having died in infancy, their family consisted of Alfred, and a daughter Ida, subsequently Duchesse de Grammont. By the transmission of intellectual power on the maternal line, and of striking traits of physical conformation from the sire, the force of heredity was exemplified in the children of the brilliant Countess and Beau D'Orsay.

From his earliest childhood, Alfred was remarkable not only for comeliness, but for quickness of apprehension; as a boy his superior strength and agility in exercise and bright spirits, combined with frankness of nature and chivalrous generosity of disposition, made him the favourite of his companions.

While yet in the nursery he was set apart to be a page to the Emperor, and at a very early age he entered the army, and somewhat later and reluctantly, the *garde du corps* of the restored Bourbon sovereign. He retained imperialist sympathies during the whole of his life, as well as an ardent enthusiasm for Napoleon, whose page he was to have been. He was greatly beloved by the soldiers, whose comfort and welfare he carefully looked after,

and their worship was deepened by the feats of strength he performed, as well as by the leadership he took in all manly exercises.

Some of the traits of his garrison life are too characteristic to be left unnoticed. His various attractions had made him an object of admiration at the provincial balls; at the dance it was his custom to single out the plainest girls present for his partners, and to pay attention to those who seemed most neglected and unnoticed. The officers jeered at him for this, yet there was no affectation in it, for it was done simply from natural kindliness of heart.

Count Alfred D'Orsay's first visit to England was in 1821, on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. He came in company with his sister and her husband, the Duc de Guiche, son of the Duc de Grammont, then Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. The Duc de Guiches had been reared and educated in England, and he had served in an English regiment of Dragoons; his sister had married Viscount Ossulton, afterwards Earl of Tankerville; consequently he held a position calculated to ensure the best reception for his brother-in-law in the first circles of English society, which advantage was strengthened by the favourable impression the young Count created by his graceful bearing and charm of manner at the entertainment given by the Duc de Grammont at Almack's to the King and Royal Family, on the 27th of July, 1821, and he was at once placed amongst the leaders of fashion.

It was during this first visit to London that D'Orsay was introduced to Lord and Lady Blessington, and not in the garrison in France, as has been stated. It is equally incorrect that to accompany them to Italy he abandoned his intention of joining the expedition to Spain.

Lady Blessington was now twenty-eight. She had contrived to set one-half of London raving about her beauty, and the other half frantic about the magnificence of her establishment. Margaret Power,



COUNT D'ORSAY.

the daughter of "Shiver the Frills," a ruined Tipperary buck, had suddenly become a queen of English society. Royal dukes, Cabinet Ministers, wits, painters, authors, poets, and actors thronged to pay homage to her gorgeous charms. Count Alfred D'Orsay was amongst the foreign noblemen who sought her acquaintance, and nowhere did he create so deep and lasting an impression as in the breast of Lady Blessington; and he was the favoured guest of this charming hostess at the magnificent conversaziones, soirees, dinners, balls, breakfasts, and suppers, which followed each other with such rapidity in her brilliant mansion in St. James Square.

The young Count then formed that hasty judgment of English Society which he entered in the *Journal* eulogised by Byron after he had perused it carefully. This praise would be very pleasing to the writer, who formed other opinions subsequently nevertheless.

Count D'Orsay's first visit was brief, and he returned to Paris with his relatives. A very short time elapsed and Lord and Lady Blessington found themselves at the French Metropolis under circumstances that greatly added to the enjoyment of the latter. Her sway over her extravagant lord being absolute, she prevailed on him to commence a lengthened tour in Italy, in company with the handsome young Frenchman, and it was immediately so arranged. Count D'Orsay joined the Blessingtons at Avignon—they having started from Paris for Italy via Marseilles, having with them her ladyship's sister, Mary Anne Power, a younger daughter of "Buck" Power.

Charles Matthews, the comedian, was another member of that party, a host in himself in contributing to their amusement, until this was spoilt by a quarrel between himself and D'Orsay. A duel would have been the result, had not judicious friends interfered and made peace between them.

The extravagance of the Blessington mode of living abroad exceeded their extravagance at home. They travelled with a retinue of cooks headed by a *maitre de cuisine*, who had been *chef* to an Emperor.

They arrived at Genoa in March, 1823. Here they met Lord Byron, who then sat

to D'Orsay for his last portrait. Byron announces their arrival thus, in a letter to Moore, dated April 2nd, 1823:—

"Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington and épouse, travelling with a very handsome companion in the shape of a young French Count, who has all the air of a *Cupidon déchainé*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman before the Revolution. Miladi seems highly literary. Mountjoy seems very good-natured, but is much tamed since I recollect him in all the glories of gems and snuff boxes, and uniforms and theatricals, and speeches in the House—I mean the peers (I must refer you to Pope), and sitting to Stroelling, the painter, to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt."

Three days later, in a letter to Lord Blessington, he returns to him the Count's *Journal*, and writes:—

"The Count's *Journal*, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England; I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes, and after reading his remarks have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. The most extraordinary thing is how he should have penetrated not the fact, but the mystery, of the English *ennui* at two and twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles, but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français* to effect this. Altogether your friend's *Journal* is a very remarkable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired and not that they are tiresome. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say pleasure, at least, I won't say so, whatever I may think. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady Blessington and her sister."

In subsequent letters Byron repeatedly returns to the subject of the Count's *English Journal*:—

"I beg my compliments to Lady Blessington, Miss Power, and your *Alfred*. I think since his Majesty of the same name there has not been such a learned surveyor of the Saxon Society."

To D'Orsay himself Byron gives his approbation, as follows:—

April 22, 1823.

"My dear Count D'Orsay.

(If you will permit me to address you so familiarly) you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has since the days of Charles II and the records of Antonio Hamilton, without devia-

ting into our barbarous language—which you understand and write, however, much better than it deserves. ‘My approbation,’ as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for tho’ I love my country, I do not love my countrymen—at least such as they are now. And besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there was the attraction of vengeance; I have *seen* and *felt* much of what you describe so well; I have known the persons and *réunions* described—(many of them that is to say), and the portraits are so like, that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance. But I am very sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated?

Believe me,

Your very obliged and faithful,

BYRON.”

The world will be interested to learn whether this satirical view of English high life two generations ago still exists, which was pronounced by such competent authority to be equal to anything the Comte de Grammont has left, and even to surpass his *Memoirs* in genuine wit and humour. Byron may have praised it unduly for the very reason that he has stated “that I do not love my countrymen—at least such as they are now, though I love my country.” After D’Orsay’s decease the Duchesse de Grammont took possession of his papers, but the *Journal* had been destroyed by himself years previously, after he had formed different ideas from those of his first visit, “lest at any time the ideas there expressed should be put forth as my matured opinion.” During the latter years of Count D’Orsay’s residence in England, when his debts were pressing hard upon him, he might again and again have coined money on the pages of a MS. (reputed on no less authority than Byron’s) to be so piquant, but he had been heard repeatedly to declare that he never would “sell the people at whose houses he had dined”; and he burnt the *Journal* to render all temptation impossible.

When Byron went to Greece to die there, he made a parting present to Alfred of a ring, which he desired him to keep: “It is too large to wear, but it is formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character.”

In his “*Pencilings by the Way*” N. P. Willis says that the Count was the most

splendid specimen of a man, and of a well dressed man, as he had ever seen. The portraits confirm that opinion. He was six feet in height, broad chested, with small hands and feet, hazel eyes, and chestnut hair. Sidney, in his “*Book of the Horse*,” mentions him as the first of a triad of dandies, the two others being the Earl of Sefton and the Earl of Chesterfield. A characteristic engraving taken from an oil sketch by Sir Francis Grant, in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, shows D’Orsay on his park hack in Rotten Row.

D’Orsay so endeared himself to his English friends, that a union was at length proposed by Lord Blessington between him and the younger of his two daughters by his first wife, Mrs. Browne. This proposition meeting the approval of the Count’s family, it was decided that Lady Harriette should become his wife; she was accordingly sent for, and the marriage was celebrated at Rome. That this unhappy marriage was forced on Count D’Orsay there can be no doubt; yet he had then reached the age of twenty-seven, when he married a beautiful woman whom he could not love, while loving a beautiful woman whom he could not marry, which resulted in his separation from his wife almost at the church door. The grievous wrong done to one almost a child in years, experience, and understanding, may rather be laid to the charge of those who promoted the marriage.

After a lengthened tour and a sojourn of some years in Italy, Lord and Lady Blessington, with the Count and Countess D’Orsay came to reside in Paris, where their joint careers received a check by the death of Lord Blessington from apoplexy in 1829.

It was very remarkable to observe the affection which D’Orsay inspired in children, whom he seemed to attract by an influence which the most reserved and shy could no more resist than the most confiding. Children who usually held aloof from strangers would steal to his side, take his hand, and be quite happy and at ease.

In society no one was too humble, too little *au fait* in the mode of living, to be beneath his notice or beyond his power of finding out any peculiar talent the person

might possess, on which he could converse with him. Men of all classes, opinions, and positions found themselves at home with him on some particular question or other, from his natural facility of adapting himself to those around him. His active mind declared itself in conversational exercise. He often said that "he had never known the meaning of the word *ennui*." To the last he retained this happy frame of mind when he had lost his fortune and nearly all he loved best on earth.

He was severe on arrogance and affectation, and satirical on the purse-proud; on these he let play his keen wit and powers of raillery. He had made a study of the wit of Talleyrand, and he had become a proficient in that species of refined conventional *esprit*, combining terseness of language, neatness of expression, and certitude of aim with the polish and sharpness of an intellectual weapon of rare excellence:—

"His social wit, which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small, sweet courtesies of life,
Those little sapphires round the diamond shone,
Lending soft radiance to the richer stone."

It became evident on Lord Blessington's death that the splendours of the Hotel Ney must be abandoned. Early in 1831 D'Orsay and Lady Blessington had drifted back to London. Thenceforth, for nearly twenty years they wielded a sort of supremacy over a considerable circle of the artistic and fashionable world of London. They gathered around them in their drawing-rooms for five years in Mayfair, for nearly fifteen at Kensington, all the social and literary celebrities of their time. They lived scrupulously apart for the greater part of the time, though within easy distance. While the Countess had her home at Gore House, the Count occupied a villa next door. During his career in London D'Orsay was recognised universally as the "arbiter elegantiarum" and beau *par excellence* of his age, and was very much more deserving of that distinction than any other of the oracles of dress and deportment who had given the law to a particular set. D'Orsay was anything but a mere fop and adventurer; he was a gallant gentleman of refined taste and of aristocratic birth. His pure classical features, his accomplishments, and irreproachable get-

up made him everywhere the centre of attraction.

He possessed great strength and dauntless courage. He was one of the best shots, the best fencers and the best boxers of his day. He rode well to hounds, but the hunting men at Melton thought his style rather that of the riding school than of the hunting field. In dress he was decidedly to the front, his name being attached by the tailors to any kind of raiment, till Vestris made him a subject of ridicule by an application to his tailor for a coat made after the Count's pattern; the tailor received the Count's permission, who, no doubt thought it was some admirer's way of testifying his admiration; but on going to the Olympic Theatre to see a new piece, he had the pleasure of seeing his coat on the back of Liston as a burlesque of himself.

The *New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1845, remarks on D'Orsay as follows:—

"Whatever Count D'Orsay undertakes seems invariably to be well done. As the 'arbiter elegantiarum' he has reigned supreme in dress and fashion. To emulate him was once the ambition of the youth of England, who then discovered in this model no higher attributes. But if time, 'who steals away our years, steals also our pleasures, he replaces them with others or substitutes a better thing; and thus it has befallen Count D'Orsay."

D'Orsay was both a sculptor and a painter. Most of his works of art are well known. His portrait of Wellington, who had so great a regard for him that it was sufficient to mention D'Orsay's name to ensure his attention and interest even when otherwise occupied, was, we believe, the last the Duke ever sat for. At its completion his Grace warmly shook hands with the noble artist, exclaiming "At last I have been painted like a gentleman! I'll never sit to anyone else."

Count D'Orsay's statuettes of Napoleon and of the Duke of Wellington, and of his portraits of Dwarkanauth Tagore and of Lord Lyndhurst, exhibited capabilities of the first order. Additional proof of his powers has been given by the publication of the engraving of his portrait of Lord Byron, wherein that noble bard is repre-



GORE HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF COUNTESS BLESSINGTON.

sented where he most loved to be, on the deck of his own vessel.

Haydon in his Diary, 31st of June, 1838, makes this mention of D'Orsay :—

"About seven, D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looked the glass of fashion and the mould of form; really a complete Adonis not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions and grand. He bounded into his cab and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him, I like to see such specimens."

Again in his Diary, 10th July, 1839, Haydon observes :—

"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger), verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism of Sunday last. I did them, and he took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hindquarters by bringing over a bit of sky. Such a dress—white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curl-

ing, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau de Cologne or eau de jasmine, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hogtoot, and immortalised Copenhagen (the charger), by touching the sky."

The *Globe* newspaper truly observed after his death :—

"Unquestionably one of the celebrities of our day, the deceased man of fashion, claims more than the usual curt obituary: It were unjust to class him with the mere Brummells, Mildmay's, Alvanleys, or Pierreponts of the Regency, with whom in his early life he associated, much less the modern men about town who have succeeded them. Equally idle were the attempt to rank him with a Prince de Ligne, an admirable Crichton, or an Alcibiades; yet was he a singularly gifted and accomplished personage."

In Dickens's *Household Words* occurs this passage :—

"At Number 5 lived Count D'Orsay, whose name is synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplish-

ments; and who, by those who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoiled.

And Mr. Sergeant Ballantine says in his *Experiences*:—

"Count D'Orsay was courteous to everyone, and kindly. He put the companions of his own sex perfectly at their ease, and delighted them with his varied conversation, and I never saw anyone whose manner to ladies was more pleasing and deferential; and I am not ashamed to record the fact that when, as occurred occasionally, he stopped and spoke to me in the park or elsewhere, I used to hope that some of my ordinary companions might witness me in converse with this 'glorious creature.'"

It is very evident that this man was something more than a mere fop and man of fashion, or "a compound even of Hercules and Adonis," who could enumerate amongst his friends the Duke of Wellington, Lords Brougham, Ellenborough, Lyndhurst, and Byron; as well as such men as Landor, Campbell, Forster, the D'Israelis, and the Bulwers.

Count D'Orsay's mother was strongly attached to Lady Blessington, and frequently before her death she spoke to her with great earnestness of her anxieties for her son, chiefly on account of his tendency to extravagance, and she entreated Lady Blessington to watch over him and to use all her influence to check these propensities. Lady Blessington often alluded to the promise she had given to the dying Countess D'Orsay; as also the Count did after Lady Blessington's death.

We have already said Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay returned to London in 1830, and about the end of the following year, she had fitted up a residence in Seamore Place, Mayfair. Here she gathered around her as many distinguished people as she could entertain, and queened it amongst them with a magnificence only a little less regal than she had shown in Italian and French palaces.

In the year 1836 Gore House became the headquarters of the *demi-monde*, with the Countess of Blessington as their queen.

D'Orsay was almost invariably present at these receptions. Latterly he became domiciled at Gore House, to avoid the danger of being arrested for debt. He there carried on his profile sketches of people of fashion of that day, which numbered one hundred and twenty-five in all, and were published by Mitchell, of Bond Street.

Amongst the visitors welcomed at Gore House were Walter Savage Landor, who praised the hostess in verse and prose; the elder D'Israeli, who, even in his eightieth year, sought the same inspiration; the younger D'Israeli, who sketched D'Orsay to life under the name of Count Mirabel, in his love tale of Henrietta Temple; Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was the only man she came in contact with who remained insensible to her fascinations, which she tried on him in vain—the canny Scot shied from her hand like a Highland sheltie; Bulwer Lytton, who inscribed to D'Orsay his political romance of "Godolphin," referring to him "as the most accomplished gentleman of our time"; two great Lord Chancellors, Lyndhurst and Ellenborough, with the accomplished Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Brougham were pleased to relax in that pleasant circle. Lord Normanby, a novelist, as well as an ambassador, Lord Durham, and Lord Chesterfield assisted in giving a tone of fashion as well as of gaiety to the agreeable conversaziones.

Prince Louis Napoleon occupies a distinct place apart from the general crowd of the habitués of Gore House. He was then looked upon as a harmless refugee without influence or resources, and as a dreamer of the vainest dreams. At that time he had published "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*"; and in the course of a few years the same quiet and observant author had written another book, which was sold by hundreds of thousands throughout the world. The relations which had existed between Count D'Orsay and the prescribed Prince Louis Napoleon, the twice defeated conspirator and still conspiring *émigré* were of the most confiding and intimate nature. To the Prince, D'Orsay was something more than a mere oracle of fashion—for he possessed the intimate friendship of statesmen of all parties, foreign Ministers at the Court of St. James, secretaries of several

Legations, and his powerful influence with the editors of newspapers was widely exerted in the cause of the exile of Ham.

To these influences the prescribed conspirator was indebted for his position in society, for opportunities of acquiring influence, and of early and timely knowledge of passing events in foreign Courts. He said with truth when the news of Count D'Orsay's death reached him that he had "lost his best friend."

During his residence at Gore House D'Orsay was a most generous benefactor to his countrymen in need of assistance. From Louis Napoleon down to the poorest exile, he afforded relief with a considerate delicacy and sympathy which increased the value of his bounty. He founded the Société de Bienfaisance, still existing in London, for the benefit of his distressed countrymen.

When D'Orsay fell into pecuniary embarrassments, his debts had reached the enormous total of £120,000, and he was obliged to remain in close concealment, to avoid the bailiffs, within the walls of Gore House, where he amused himself by painting, sculpture, and by "stalking sparrows," as he called it, shooting them with a pea rifle in the garden. He relinquished all interest in the Blessington estates in consideration of certain annuities being redeemed and of a stipulated sum being handed over to himself. The result of this arrangement was that with the annuities the aggregate sum paid to his creditors by 1851 amounted to upwards of £103,500. During the period of his twenty years' residence in London he himself had an allowance from the Court of Chancery in Ireland of £550 a year. Lady Blessington's liabilities had long been desperate, even with the assistance of her literary productions. The final crash came in the April of 1849, when D'Orsay started for Paris, taking with him his valet and a single portmanteau. Lady Blessington followed him soon afterwards, accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Power. Their old friend, Louis Napoleon, was then President of the Republic. On the 4th of June of that year, Lady Blessington was carried off by a sudden fit of apoplexy, as her lord had been twenty years before. Her death pro-

foundly affected D'Orsay, who busied himself in designing and erecting a fitting monument to her memory, in which he took a deep and mournful interest.

In the following year he hired an immense studio attached to the house of M. Gerdin, the celebrated marine painter, to which he removed all his belongings, including his own works and implements of art. His talents were now developed in the extraordinary taste shown in the arrangement and transformation of a large waste room, with naked lofts, into one of the most elegantly fitted up and admirably disposed studios in Paris, and a habitable *salon* of great beauty, combining requisites for a museum *en miniature*. In this *salon* he lived, here he daily received the visits of some of the greatest celebrities of Europe; statesmen, politicians, diplomats, men of letters and artists were his constant visitors and frequent guests.

The ex-roi Jerome, one of his most faithful and attached friends, desired to see him elevated to a post worthy of his acceptance, but this hope was destined to be defeated. Meanwhile he executed a bust of Lamartine, of Emile de Gerardin, and of Napoleon, the son of Jerome; shortly before his death, he had completed the small model of a full-sized statue of the ex-roi Jerome, ordered by the Government for the Salle des Marechaux de France. The three works of art on which D'Orsay most prided himself were the statuettes of the Emperor of Russia, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington.

Charles Greville states in his *Journal* of the Reign of Queen Victoria that Louis Napoleon wished to give D'Orsay a diplomatic mission, and he certainly was very near being made Minister at Hanover, but that the French Ministry would not consent to it. The poor Count pined away, expecting in vain. The President of the Republic had nothing in common with the exile of Ham. D'Orsay was struck to the heart by the ingratitude of Louis Napoleon. Though his generous nature was incapable of bitterness, he suffered deeply and long in silence. He had separated himself from general society since Lady Blessington's death, but he still received in his studio-salon morning visits from his family and a small circle of intimate friends. The Duchess de Grammont with the Misses Power were his de-

voted attendants in sickness and sorrow. The ex-roi Jerome and his son, Emile de Gerardin, and the well-known M. Ouvrard were amongst the last in whose constant society he found repose and happiness, when that of others had lost its charm.

On the 9th of April, 1849, the Duke of Wellington had written a letter to Count D'Orsay, in which the following passage occurs:—

"Je me rejouis de la prospérité de la France et du succès de M. le Président de la République. Tout tend vers la permanence de la paix de l'Europe qui est nécessaire pour le bonheur de chacun.

Votre ami très dévoué,

WELLINGTON."

This singular letter of one of the most clear-sighted, far-seeing men of modern times was written after the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic, not after the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, which, effected, as it was, at the loss of personal honour and the cost of perjury and blood, put an end to the friendship between D'Orsay and Louis Napoleon. The former, with his chivalrous notions as to solemn promises and sacred oaths, believed the President of the Republic had violated these obligations, and unwisely expressed his opinion thereof in these words: "It is the greatest political swindle that has ever been practised in the world." Such sentiments were very unwelcome to the new *régime*. Lady Blessington had been equally unwise. "Are you going to stay long in France?" inquired the head of the Republic, as their carriages stopped a few minutes side by side in a crowded thoroughfare. "I don't know," answered the fugitive lady, saucily; "are you?" Indiscreet remarks of this nature would naturally tend to block the road to fortune.

It must be remembered that just then D'Orsay was wholly dependent on the favour of the Prince for his future fortunes in his native land; and that he had returned to France reckoning on the gratitude of his former friend, now head of the French Republic, to whose establishment he had so largely helped. He was at first well received, but after the *coup d'état* the amity of the Prince and Count cooled down from blood heat to the freezing point. The man with the heavy eyelids, pressed down by the leaden hand of care and calculation,

having imposed upon himself the weight of Empire, could not see his former friends without looking down on them; and D'Orsay would not be looked down on even by an Emperor.

At last, however, when a representation was made to the Prince-President (for he was not elevated to the Imperial rank till the following December) of D'Orsay's urgent necessity, he deigned to recognise his claim, and he appointed his old friend Director of Fine Arts, of which appointment it cannot be truly said, "better late than never." The Prince thought by this tardy favour, which came too late, to screen himself from just reproach.

Directly afterwards, in the spring of 1852, the spinal affection, which ultimately proved fatal, declared itself unmistakably, to which was added disease of the lungs, causing intense suffering, and which, according to his devoted attendants, was borne with great fortitude. At Dieppe he was visited by Dr. Madden, who witnessed a pathetic scene. D'Orsay was so overcome with emotion, that for a long time he could not speak. Gradually he became more composed, and talked of Lady Blessington's death, while all the time the tears poured down his wan, death-stricken face. He said with marked stress: "*In losing her I lost everything in the world—she was to me a mother, a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!*" While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. Again he said, "You understand me." Dr. Madden received his words as those of a dying man speaking from the heart, expressing nothing to encourage the belief that he sought to deceive his hearer or himself.

In the dying man's chamber was a crucifix, placed over the head of his bed; to divert his mind to that source of consolation which alone could bring peace at the last, the same friend remarked on its presence, finally observing that "men living so much in the world as he had done were likely to forget the calls of religion." D'Orsay seemed hurt by this remark, he arose and stood upright at a great effort, and said, "Do you see those two swords?" (pointing to two small swords hung over the crucifix crosswise) "do you see that sword to the right? With it I fought for my religion with an officer at the mess-table, for

using impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin ; I threw a dish of spinach in his face ; we fought that evening on the ramparts of the town, and I have kept the sword ever since."

During his illness he had more than once been visited by the excellent Archbishop of Paris, who, though comparatively a late acquaintance, entertained for him a warm regard. Two days before his decease the Archbishop had a long conversation with him, and at parting embraced him, assuring him of his friendship and affectionate regard. "J'ai pour vous plus que l'amitié, j'ai de l'affection," were the Archbishop's words. The following day, the last of his existence, he received the consolations of religion from the curé of Chambourcy. He had done much to adorn the church of this good priest, and had painted and given the original picture of the *Mater Dolorosa* expressly for the church, the lithograph of which is well known, and is sold under the title of the Magdalen ; though why thus styled it would be difficult to say.

Count D'Orsay died on the 4th of August, 1852, in the house of his sister, the Duchesse de Grammont. He had prepared his last resting-place by the side of

Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, whom he had survived three years and two months. On a green eminence in the village of Chambourcy, near St. Germainson-Laye, where the rustic churchyard joins the estates of the Grammont family, rises a marble pyramid. In the sepulchral chamber there is a stone sarcophagus on either side, each surmounted by a white marble tablet ; that to the left encloses the remains of Lady Blessington ; that to the right now received the body of Count D'Orsay. The funeral took place on the 7th of August. The Duc de Grammont being confined to his bed, two nephews acted as chief mourners, Count Alfred de Grammont and the Duc de Lesparre, and the sadness of the scene was deepened by the presence of the Duchesse de Grammont, his beloved sister, who, with the Misses Power had cheered his last illness by their tender solicitude. Amongst the crowd of notabilities, the Prince-President was conspicuous. No funeral oration was pronounced over the body.

Thus terminated at the age of fifty-one years the existence of this highly-gifted man, when hardly beyond the prime of life.

DAWN

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE world drew near adventurous to dare
 My soul, and set its harmonies astray,
 So that my feet, treading earth's winding way,
 Might falter, and my songs be hushed with care.
 Life's noblest visions passed me unaware ;
 And when Night lowered the banners of the fray
 My wistful eyes implored the loitering day,
 Yet found with dawn no blessing anywhere.

But when, a fugitive, I came to thee,
 Lo, Love stole smiling by to reach my side,
 And Hope made sanctuary for my fears ;
 So, with thy winsome grace my armoury
 I dauntless stood, and all the world defied,
 Secure, elate to face the coming years.



Photo by H. Walter-Barnett.

LORD BROOKE.

Author of "An Eye-Witness in Manchuria."

[Published this Summer.]

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS WORK

By GEORGE A. WADE

TO the ordinary "man in the street," the Lord Chamberlain is one of those personages whose name he often reads in the papers, but of whom he in reality knows very little. Nor is his knowledge much increased by being informed that the present Lord Chamberlain of England is the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, for to the average man the personality of this nobleman is hardly better known than the work of his office. It is because so many errors have appeared in various papers as to the Lord Chamberlain's duties and office that I sought, for the *ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE*, some particulars at first-hand, and was kindly allowed by his lordship to visit his apartments at St. James's Palace, and was furnished officially with much of the information here given.

Let us begin with some account of the office itself. It is situated in that part of the Palace known as Stable Yard, and consists of several very well-furnished rooms for the use of the Lord Chamberlain and his subordinates. His lordship's own work-room has a table so filled with papers and books of reference as to prove that the work done at it is anything but light and some of the most ticklish problems in the Kingdom may be said to be often settled at this table; for what occasions more bickerings and jealousy in the hearts of the aristocracy than the thorny question of precedence and place? Then Sir Arthur Ellis, who acts as Comptroller of the Royal Household, has a finely-furnished work-room, with a pretty ante-room for those waiting to see him on business; and he finds quite enough to do there each day, what with this person and that who "want to know, don't you know!"

There is a large apartment, with three or four large tables, on the ground floor, devoted to the use of the various clerks, whilst other rooms are set apart for gentlemen working under the Lord Chamberlain's

more direct guidance, such as the Assistant-Comptroller and others.

Whilst the various rooms are all very well and comfortably furnished—with carpets, chairs, tables, and pictures that would do no discredit to a fine old mansion—yet there is about the place the easily-recognised air of work. This seems to pervade all the rooms, yet it is not manifest by hurry and scurry, by a display of excessive energy, as in some offices; it is rather borne in upon the casual visitor by the continual interruptions to which his visit is subject owing to the constant coming of this person or that in search of necessary information about something or somebody connected with the wide region wherein the Lord Chamberlain rules.

What is this region; and what has the Lord Chamberlain to do? Let it be made quite clear at the start that the Lord Chamberlain is an altogether distinct person, and his office quite separate, from the Lord *Great* Chamberlain of England. The two are often confounded, and indeed this is scarcely to be wondered at. The Lord *Great* Chamberlain is an officer of State, whose office is hereditary and runs in the families of the Cholmondeleys and Ancasters; the Lord Chamberlain is an officer of the Royal Household, and is dependent upon Parliament for his position, as he is appointed anew by each successive Government.

The Lord Chamberlain, then, has control over a vast number of appointments in the Royal Palaces, from those of the King's physicians down to that of the charwoman who sweeps out the servants' rooms there. He it is who gives to various tradesmen the right of calling themselves "purveyors" to the King and Queen for various kinds of articles supplied, if he is satisfied with the qualities of the goods and deems it wise to appoint such a person as a purveyor to Royalty. He also nominates many of the close attendants upon the

person of the King—of course, subject to his Majesty's private wishes and inclinations, which are always consulted nowadays in these matters. And certain posts of State-officialdom about the monarch are also at the disposal of the Lord Chamberlain, such as those of the Gentlemen-Ushers, the Pages-of-State, the Serjeants-at-Arms, the Yeomen of the Guard, etc.

But perhaps even more important than the foregoing are the duties of the Lord Chamberlain as regards the holding of Courts and levees. The names of ladies and gentlemen wishing to be presented have to be submitted to his lordship, and by him to the King; their various rights and privileges, as well as their precedence, determined upon; they have to be notified of this and that; the actual ceremonies have to be organised and rehearsed

under the Lord Chamberlain's personal directions, and there is such a vast amount of minute detail to watch, that the wonder is it is ever all kept straight and workable, let alone made the success that all such occasions are admitted to be.

Formerly the Lord Chamberlain used to have to undertake all the work and oversight connected with such important events as the Coronation, Royal marriages and funerals, openings of Parliament, and other affairs of similar nature. Of what

this means, only those can form any idea who have once seen it gone through in the office. But nowadays the Earl Marshal has somewhat lightened the Lord Chamberlain's work in these matters, for the coronation and funeral of the Sovereign are under his responsible direction. The Lord Chamberlain still keeps control of the arrangements for Royal marriages. It

is a curious division of work, certainly—and the man in the street may well be forgiven for not clearly comprehending why the official who has charge of wedding arrangements cannot also take charge of funeral matters, when such are unfortunately necessary, and so save the trouble, expense, and extra officialdom! But our English State affairs are often beyond the comprehension of intellects far greater than that of the

average man in the street, and if such men as Burke, Fox, Peel, and Gladstone failed to grasp the why and the wherefore of this or that in our Constitution, the ordinary subject can hardly be expected to understand it.

Another function of the Lord Chamberlain that the ordinary person often hears about is that of a "theatre-licenser," and of a "censor of plays." There are certain theatres over which his lordship, by virtue of his office, has a full and direct control.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF
CLARENDON, LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

He can order them to shut up or open, almost as he pleases, so complete are his powers; he can take away their license or renew it, independently of magistrates or others, if he so desires. The theatres in the old Metropolitan area come under his control, also those in some remoter towns, such as Windsor and Margate. There are various reasons why he has control of these; for instance, Windsor is a Royal borough, and special acts of Parliament of years ago made the Lord Chamberlain the controller of the theatres at Bath, Margate, and other places.

Then again, all plays, before they can be licensed for performance at any British theatre, must be read and passed by his lordship, or by some gentleman specially appointed by him for that duty. The latter functionary — for

the Lord Chamberlain himself never poses as the actual judge of intended theatrical performances—is now Mr. George A. Redford. This gentleman has to read all plays submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for his approval, and to give his verdict upon them as to whether they are fit or not for public representation. Upon that dictum the Lord Chamberlain acts, and acts fearlessly. It is, in my judgment, an excellent way, despite what little objections now and then occur, or what criticism

may be offered by annoyed authors and managers, when the Lord Chamberlain and the censor do not quite regard some question of morality or Biblical representation in the same light as do the interested parties.

The Lord Chamberlain, too, is always a member of the Privy Council, and, being usually in close touch with his Ma-

jesty the King, he has generally to take a more active part in its meetings than many members take. So that his actual duties are much increased thereby, as he is rightly considered a n a u t h o r i t y from whom it is dangerous to differ when certain questions of Court etiquette, custom, or precedence crop up during the debates.

Having, then, dealt with the manifold duties of this important official, let us turn



Photo by Sparrow.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

our attention for a little while to the history of the office itself. The first Lord Chamberlain of whom we have any record was Sir William Stanley, Knight, who was appointed to this office by his Royal master, King Henry VII., for his services at Bosworth field. Stanley was beheaded in 1485, and so did not long adorn the new office, and his successor was another Knight who was subsequently made Earl of Worcester. From that date, all the Lord Chamberlains of England have been

noblemen of high rank. To-day, the office is always looked upon as a most important and desirable one; it is much sought after by noble supporters of the party that comes into power after a General Election. The Prime Minister nominates the nobleman whom he wishes to be Lord Chamberlain, but, of course, he makes sure beforehand that his nominee shall be a gentleman acceptable to the Sovereign, as were any lord not personally liked and respected by the monarch to be appointed to such a post as this, there is no telling what awkward results might ensue.

There have been some notable holders of the office; yet, on the whole, it is far more important that the Lord Chamberlain should be a person well known socially, and thoroughly in touch with the Court circle and frequenters, than that he should be a strong party-man or important debater in the Upper House or anything of that kind. Whilst nominally a supporter of the Ministry, and known to many members of the Houses of Parliament, the Lord Chamberlain's office and personality are more important on the social side of our Constitution, and hence the holder of the office is often a nobleman who has never posed before the

electors as a public speaker or a keen party-man.

This explains why the present Lord Chamberlain, the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, is a nobleman of whom, personally, the "man in the street" has heard so little as compared with what he knows about certain peers of the realm. Edward Hyde Villiers is the fifth earl of Clarendon, and has

held the office of Lord Chamberlain since 1900. He is an A.D.C. to the King, and a Lord-in-waiting to the Queen, and is now fifty-nine years old, having been born in London on February 11th, 1846. He succeeded his father in the earldom in 1870, and is a Liberal-Unionist in politics. He was educated at Harrow School, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge. He joined the House of Commons as M.P. for Bre-



SIR SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE, THE DOYEN OF GENTLEMEN-USHERS OF THE COURT.

con, and continued to represent that constituency until he succeeded to the peerage. He is a fairly large land-owner in the counties of Warwickshire and Hertfordshire, and to him belongs the celebrated Kenilworth Castle, now in ruins. His usual residence out of London is at The Grove, Watford, where he thoroughly enjoys such periods of rest and relief as he can snatch from the busy days of Court life during the trying London season,

or during the periods of official excitement when some great State ceremonies are proceeding for which he is responsible.

His recreations are those of the average country gentleman. He is very fond of hunting and of shooting, whilst his chief indoor relaxation is a game of billiards. As a landlord, he is well-liked, and as a "chief" at the department in Stable Yard everybody speaks of him with the highest respect and loyalty. He commands the confidence and trust of all those working under him, and is ever courteous, ready to help or advise, and desirous of doing all he can in every way to make the great wheels of State work smoothly under the intricate - balanced weight of Court ceremony and red-tape that have centuries of precedence and custom behind them.

One duty is imposed on the Lord Chamberlain that was not mentioned above, and is little known. He has to take charge of the various insignia of most of the Orders of Knighthood; and this in itself is no mean task, either in respect of the responsibility or with regard to the great value of the articles thus committed to his charge.

Yet, with all this, the Lord Chamberlain, though, probably, his duties are the most important of any pertaining to officers of the Royal Household, does not rank as the premier officer of the Household. That distinction belongs to the Lord Steward, of whose work and office most people know even less than they do about the Lord Chamberlain. The latter ranks as the second person of the King's Household,



Photo by Ball.

THE KING'S BARGEMEN ARE APPOINTED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

whilst the Master of the Horse comes third.

Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle in England (and to some extent Holyrood Palace in Scotland) are under the regime of the Lord Chamberlain's department. He has to look after the Poet Laureate, and he has to appoint the King's Bargemaster! He has to superintend the duties of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and he has to see that the Royal swans on the Thames are preserved and attended to! The Lord Chamberlain gives an eye to the King's music, as provided by the Royal band under Sir Walter Parratt; and he also has under his purview the gamekeepers in Windsor Forest!

Such a variety of duties, such a multitude of work; such a range from the pinnacles of State to some very humble responsibilities, are not to be found com-

prised in any other Government appointment in this country. It requires a master-mind of its kind to be a successful Lord Chamberlain, and curiously enough, it is when the holder is most successful that one hears least about him and his work! For when all goes smoothly, when there is no friction in these mixed and wide departments under

his sway the Lord Chamberlain has achieved his great success. But that very fact keeps his personality from looming largely in the public eye, in Parliament or in the Press. And, judged by that standard, the rule of the present Lord Chamberlain can so far be safely pronounced an undoubted and even brilliant achievement.



I HEAR the song of the river
Trickling from ancient glaciers;
Ice-cold and milky,
Child of the dancing sunbeam
And the brooding Ice-Maiden:
Nursling of cold and silence,
Ever embosomed
In time-furrowed mountains,
Whose whiteness for ages
Has flushed in the morning,
Whilst far from the lowlands
Man, ever changing
Like mist-wraiths and passing,
Has seen them immovable,
Heaven-set, majestic.

I hear the falling of waters.
The murmur, the song of the river
Sweeping through desolate valleys
With verdureless icy faces;
Lonely, untenanted
Save by hollow-voiced monsters,

The children of Tane
And Hine, Maid of the Mountains.

I hear the world-wearing torrent
Grinding the rocks down-fallen
From cloud-mantled summits;—
I hear the mountain tempests
Rousing to battle,
Shrieking through cloven cliff
And sheer ravine,
Whilst the brawl of the torrent
Ruder rages,
And clouds invade
The desolate valley,
Huddling confusedly
In deathly mirk.—
The clouds disperse,
And sharp from the gorges
The scream of the kea
Sounds like a soul in torment;
Whilst meek in the desolation
Edelweiss tenderly nestles.

I hear, I hear the voices
Of foaming torrents
Leaping the mountain bastion:
Broken and seething,
Down, down they hurtle;
Torn by the wind and the crags
The fall spray-veiled
Thunders tumultuously
Into the tree-lipped chasm.

I hear the cry of the robin,
The call of the tui,
From close-leaved verdure
Of fuchsia and maire:
I hear, I hear the screaming
Of kakas tearing the rata
For tree-borne honey:—
And under them all, insistently,
The murmur of waters,
Fern-loved and darkling,
Now white in cascades,
Now dark as night
In shadowy pools.

I hear the sighing of winds,
The rustling of foliaged oceans;
And deep mid the ferns
In doubtful day
The winds quest, love-lorn
In secret recesses
For Paoro,
Whose voice calls weirdly
Along the valley;
Calls for Arohi
Dancing in sunshine;
Calls to Mariko,
The woman, her daughter.

I hear the rustling ti-tree,
Shaking its lances,
As in mimic great preparation

For fairy warfare
Of the multitudes,
The hosts of the Hakuturi,
Spirits and children of Tane
Hid in the leafage.

I hear the sigh of the valleys,
Flax-flowered, sun-kissed,
Where Tane by purling stream
Found Haere sleeping,—
Begot the plumed toi-toi,
And covered a barren hill-side
With manuka white-starred.

I hear the sigh of the tussock
Blent with the croon of the waters,
Rippling on shingly beds;
The weka cries, and the plover,
Breaking the changeless silence;
Or the Nor'-wester swoops
From the crags and the gorges,
Leashing the river, that madly
Follows with turbid foaming,
Mile wide spreading;
And a hawk hovers lonely
Over the plains unbounded,
Like a wandering soul
Lost in its sorrowful flight
From laughing Earth to Reinga.

I hear, I hear a moaning
Answer the murmur.
The croon of the gliding waters;
A world-old sound
Of world-old moaning;
The thousand-voiced, calling sea,
Hoar-waved, impetuous as youth,
God-bearing, goddess-giving,
Sun-kissed, moon-loved,
Radiantly bitter,—
Thalatta, Thalatta!

Tane.—God of the forests.

Kea.—The mountain-parrot: originally a vegetable feeder, it now attacks and kills sheep for their kidney fat.

Tui.—One of the sweetest song-birds of New Zealand.

Kaka.—The brown parrot.

Paoro.—Echo, who, uniting with Arohi, "Quivering sunlight," produced the first woman, Mariko.

Hakuturi.—The wood-fairies.

Weka.—The New Zealand rail.

Reinga.—The Maori Underworld.





A TALE OF THE NORTH ROAD

By CHAS. K. MOORE

THE Edinburgh coach has been stopped on the Great North Road near York, you say? And the highwaymen are caught? Ah, then there will be the short cord and the long drop for them—g-u-r-r! No, nothing is wrong with me; only—only I like to pace up and down the floor after I have been tied to a chair for an hour. Only—gur-r-r!—only. I never hear of the Great North Road without a throbbing under my waistcoat and a creeping up my back. You know something of my past life, my friend, and no doubt you guess more, but you cannot imagine how narrow an escape I once had from that short cord and that long drop. Should you like to hear the story? Try a little of this French brandy; it is none the worse for being smuggled, and it will correct the coldness of the ale.

I had to leave Oxford, as you are aware, because of politics. That was the large name they called it by, though my offence was no more than the indiscretion of a toast about a white rose and a squeezed orange. The expulsion was a small matter, and little harm would have come from it in the end, but a day or two afterwards, and before I had left the town of Oxford, there came an express from London ordering my arrest. Why the Government should have honoured a sizar at a small college with an accusation of high treason I could never make out. There was no plot on foot at the time; I was no conspirator; and my crime was only a boyish

display of Jacobite sentiment. All I know is, that the Ministers were seized with a fit of loyalty, and that I was their convenient victim. Of course, I took to my heels; and equally, of course, my flight was taken as a proof of my guilt. The worst of it was that I dared not take refuge in my native Devonshire, where I had many friends; and had to strike northwards towards Yorkshire, where I was a total stranger.

It would have been ten times better for me if I had actually been concerned in a plot. In that case, I had known where to go for shelter. As it was, I had not the name of a single soul from whom I could claim assistance. I had little money to start with, also, and no way of coming by more, and it was not long before I was in sore straits.

I do not tell you this as an excuse for what I afterwards did; I simply state the bare facts to let you know how I stood. If I were to try to claim your sympathy, I would ask you to remember that I was little more than a boy, that there was a price set on my head, that my heart was burning hotly against the world for its injustice, and that a starving man, if he has any courage in him at all, is proverbially a dangerous man.

I was passing through a little town near Towton when the crisis came to my affairs. For a week I had eaten nothing but coarse bread, washed down with draughts of water; and even that plain

fare now failed me, and hunger gripped me hard and demanded to be satisfied. My few spare clothes had been sold for what they would fetch, and my whole remaining possessions were a pair of pistols. I had kept these to the last, from a foolish idea that they might prove useful if an attempt was made to apprehend me; but now there was nothing for it, they must also be exchanged for food. I think I offered them to every man in the place, from the lawyer to the blacksmith, and from the clergyman to the tavern-keeper, but no one would look at them. The lawyer drew down his lip and the clergyman threatened a constable; the blacksmith sneered in my face, and the tavern-keeper laid his finger against the side of his nose.

I walked out of that town with the feeling in the small of my back that several pairs of eyes were following me. Was I to let myself starve in the midst of plenty, I asked myself, as I strode away in anger; I who was young and strong, and had a higher spirit than these country bumpkins? No, I answered; not while I had two hands and good weapons. And with that I took the pistols out of my pocket and loaded them, and saw to the flints and the priming. Then, as the dusk fell, I took toll on the road from the first likely man that passed me.

When a man begins that trade, there is no laying it down again. If he defies the law, he must remain outside the law till he has paid the penalty. That was the lesson I had to learn and bitterly digest, and for many a day thereafter my life, as well as my food and shelter, depended on a bold front and a well-oiled trigger.

It is fifteen years ago—say nearly sixteen—since all this happened, but it seems to me no further gone than yesterday, and stands out clear and sharp in my mind. It was a chequered experience, with more black than white in it; and it was while I stood on one of the black squares that the adventure came which nearly brought me to my undoing. My headquarters happened to be in York at that time, at the White Lion, a lowly hostelry but convenient, where a gentleman could take his pleasure fully but

quietly, and no questions asked. I liked the City; it was a pleasant centre, and were I to go to the dogs again, which Heaven forbid, I think I should choose York as the place I should run to when I had slipped the collar.

One night I laid my plans to meet a well-to-do grazier. I fixed on a good spot for our interview, a bit of moorland not too far from the White Lion and yet not too near York, and I went there in good time, and lay in wait. When eight o'clock came, however, I knew that Fortune, the jade, was to be unkind. I was not to see my grazier. He was a man of big body but of little soul, and made a rule never to travel late at night. There was only one thing to console me in my disappointment: I should have taken little credit out of the affair; a loud voice and a cocked pistol would have brought him shivering to his knees. Now, I confess I liked to have a risk in my enterprises; perhaps because it salved my conscience in some way when I touched the money; I could never forget, you see, even in my worst days, that I had once been a gentleman.

It was with some discomfort of mind that I made my way back to York. There was a long score standing against me at the White Lion; the landlady had scowled blackly that afternoon; the maid had served my dinner with a clatter, and had not stopped for gossip; and I knew that if I returned with nothing but excuses I should have a northerly welcome.

II.

The night was young, however; a hearty wind hurried the clouds across the sky; a full moon showed bright and then again was hidden; and the struggle with the boisterousness of the half storm soon put me in better spirits. I had been baulked by a beef-fed and beer-soaked grazier, but chance might throw some better quarry in my way.

There was a clump of trees in the middle of the moor and I stepped into it, meaning to get out of the rush of the air for a little. I had scarcely settled my back against a great fir, whose bark was warm after the bite of the blast, when, to my

surprise, I discovered that I was not alone. I did not hear the man; his feet moved noiselessly on the carpet of fir needles; he was no more than a dark figure among the shadows. And he had not heard me, either, for he kept looking away down the road. What was to be my luck, I wondered? Was he of substance, and did he carry a purse; or was he a countryman with a harness-buckle and a couple of tossing buttons in his pouch? I waited till the moon shone clear from the rack of clouds, and then made out that he was young and fashionably attired. So far, this was good, and I hoped he had a substantial part of his fortune upon his person.

I did not hesitate: quick into a venture and quick out of it was my motto. I crept forward at once, therefore, and made my challenge. What followed passed, as you might say, between pulse beats. From my experience, he should have been startled when he turned and found himself looking into the barrel of my pistol; what I did not know was that he was as high strung as myself, and as ready for instant action; that, in fact, he expected to be called in question for his presence in that place. The moment I spoke he swung round and sprang at me, and the next of it was that my head went crash against a tree. It was not he, but I, who was taken unawares.

A minute passed before I gathered my cluttered wits together, and then I found his knee on my chest and his hand on my throat. We were about the same height and weight, as well as I could guess, but he had me on my back, and his fingers played on my windpipe, and I was wholly at his mercy.

"Keep quiet," he whispered, "or—" and he gave me a squeeze that almost sent me back to unconsciousness.

I had scarcely time to be surprised at this order when there came a sound of voices from the road. My gentleman, it was plain, had no desire to let it be known that he was under the fir—and, in the circumstances, neither had I. There were seven or eight of the company, to judge by the noise they made; they were in a merry mood, and when they passed within half a dozen paces of where we lay under the

deep shadow of the trees a woman broke out into this song:—

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking pale can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?"

The verse was Suckling's, of course, and was given with good expression; but what made me prick up my ears was that it was not sung to the proper tune. It was fitted to the old ballad measure of "The Run-away Bride," and the effect was strange, for the words of one line had to be slightly lengthened, and the words of another had to be crushed together in order to fit the notes. My gentleman, too, was greatly flurried with the strain, and his fingers slipped from my neck. All this set me thinking, and thinking quickly, and before the last notes had died out on the air I had built a pretty story of the incident, of a man, a song, a maid, and a message. I shook with silent laughter at the absurdity of the thing; I had been wiser to restrain my amusement, for the long slim hand came quickly back to the right place, and this time I thought I should have been choked beyond recovery.

The party of walkers were well out of the way before the grip was relaxed, and then it was little before my ribs got to their old curve and my neck settled again comfortably within my coat collar. When I had shaken myself, and found that nothing was broken, only that something was bruised, I immediately regained my old self-confidence. After what I had heard I had no fear that I should be brought to the shackles, a barred door, and a grated window for the night's work; besides, I was on my feet, and I should have tried another fall on fairer terms before it had come to that pass. It was in a tone of banter, therefore, that I said—

"And where, may it please your worship, is the nearest look-up? It were well to be jogging, for the night grows chilly."

My gentleman laughed: the song and the message, as one might guess, had been to his liking.

"The joke is all against me," I went on; "To go in search of a purse and to intercept a billet-doux set to music!"

"I'd have you remember——" he began angrily.

"Tut, tut," I interrupted, "why so much heat? I am discreet, and I spoil no man's sport."

He turned away from me with impatience, and looked down the road to where his sweetheart had disappeared. Doubtless, to him the mangled verse was the sweetest ever written by poet—but then the poor boy was in love!

I was forced to remind him of my presence, however.

"I ask your pardon, sir; you turn your back on me, and I have another pistol."

This brought him swiftly out of his dreams, with the crack of a whip, and for a moment I thought he would have sprung at me. But I stood quiet and without motion, and he only demanded—

"Why do you not use it, then?"

"Because," I replied with grievance, "you have been so careless as to knock out the flint."

The young gentleman had humour, and he laughed at my quip. I laughed back at him. And the end of it was that we carried each other onwards in laughter till each had to lean against a tree.

"Whitheraway, my friend?" he asked, when the thing had run its course.

"To York."

"It is a good step."

"It is a long step," I admitted; "and a bruised and weary traveller."

"I used you roughly," he said with apology.

"Believe me, sir, it was absolutely necessary that you should be rough."

"There is an Inn close at hand," he answered with a smile; "and, if I am not mistaken, a supper. I owe you some amends for my usage. What say you—shall we walk to the Inn and the supper?"

The invitation was not one that could be refused, it was given with so much courtesy, and with so clear a desire to make up for bygones. Besides, I had had a long fast and the brisk air had whetted my appetite.

"I think this is yours," he added when I had accepted his offer; and he lifted my first pistol from the ground and handed it to me.

"This one has a flint," I said with suggestion.

And at that we laughed till the wood rang.

III.

A quick step of a mile or so brought us to a little inn on the edge of the moorland, and a girl waited for us at the side door and ushered us into a comfortable parlour.

"Why, Jessie, this is your own room!" cried my gentleman.

"Yes, my lord, we thought it better that you should be private."

I whistled to myself. A lord! Was ever mortal cursed with such preposterous luck! Here was the purse I came in search of; time and again I could have taken it within the last quarter of an hour; and I had refrained simply because I had been treated with civility. Surely, although I was a footpad I was a very incomplete blackguard. But I have often discovered to my loss that it is a weakness to me to remember that I was once a gentleman.

Jessie waited upon us, more as a humble friend of my lord, I could see, than as a servant and it could be guessed, from little hints that passed between them, that she was a confidant in all the sweethearting. My eyes followed her as she went about the service; she was a tall girl, handsome of the brown kind, with a wealth of wavy hair. I tried to attract her attention, but to no purpose, and her indifference ruffled me. Out of bravado (it was foolish of me, but I could not help it), I began to talk openly of my calling, of its risks, and gains and failures, and above all of its romance; and this made her open her eyes and filled them with Simon Surtrees. She looked at me, however, in a way that I did not care to meet. There was no fear in it: that would have pleased me, for a show of fear in a woman is often flattery to a man; rather she exhibited dislike, and, what was harder to bear, disdain.

His lordship, however, treated me as an equal, and made it plain that he liked my companionship, even though I was only a footpad. He was a man, however, and had seen the world.

"I am astonished," he said, after I had

told him some of my adventures, "that you do not have a horse."

"But you must consider," I replied, "that, if I had a horse, it would be necessary that I should consort with ostlers, and post-boys, and all the mixed crew that smell of stables."

His lordship nodded a grave assent.

"I think you will admit," I added, "that that kind of cattle is offensive to a person of breeding, no matter how he may have been mishandled by fortune; and as long as I do my business on foot I can do it alone, and between times choose my own company."

Now, this was true in a measure. I had a dislike to rubbing shoulders with men of low tastes and who were common; but it was absurd to make the boast at that time. My punishment came swiftly on the back of my words! Jessie gave a mocking laugh and flounced out of the room. I grew hot and then cold; the contempt of the girl wounded me deeply; my heart felt as if it were dropping blood. When I lifted my eyes, I caught my lord looking keenly at me between the candles. He said nothing of what he must have seen in my face, however, but harked back with ready tact to something that had been said in our previous talk.

After that we sat together for it might be an hour, talking of this and that and the other, until the landlord came in, a stern, heavy-browed fellow, with the news that the chaise waited for his lordship.

"A ducat to a beggarly denier!" I cried roguishly. "It is an elopement!"

"And what then?" my lord asked, flushing at the temples.

"Why this: I love an adventure; shall I see you through with it?"

The landlord scowled; Jessie, standing in the doorway, gave an exclamation of alarm; but my lord, in honest boyish faith, held out his hand across the table. I grasped it with a lump rising in my throat: it was pleasant to be once more treated as a gentleman.

IV.

My lord and I went out to the yard behind the Inn, and went over the chaise carefully, making certain of the wheels

and the springs, and trying every buckle and strap of the harness of the horses: in the flight a great deal might depend on a very little matter. The lamps were then blown out, and the chaise was led on to the road that crossed the moorland.

"Jessie!" cried my lord in surprise and reproof as a cloaked and hooded figure joined us.

"I go with you," she said.

"But——"

"I shall not be easy till I see you well started."

My lord made no further protest. He knew, as I did, why Jessie was determined to come with us. The girl doubted me.

As we walked forward behind the chaise, my lord took advantage of a moment when he and I were alone to whisper in my ear—

"She is a good girl, Simon Surtrees."

"I know what is in your thoughts," I answered, "and she shall take no harm from me. I have been trying to hate her for her distrust, but, on my honour, I can only find admiration for her courage."

"The gentleman dies hard in you, my friend," he said, and gripped my arm with comradeship. And again the lump rose in my throat.

When we were close to the firwood where we had had our first meeting, the chaise was left behind in a convenient dip of the road and the three of us struck across the moor, a rough bit of country. We stopped when we came to a straggling shrubbery, through which there shone the lighted windows of a large house. This, no doubt, was the Hall of which Jessie spoke to my lord while we were at supper, and the home of my lord's ladylove.

The clouds rolled across the sky, moonlight and shadow chased each other across the moor, and the wind blew strongly from the west: it was the same kind of weather that had braced me up earlier in the evening, but now it only made me cold and miserable. A blank future lay before me; I had not enough in my pockets to buy me a bed; in all likelihood the door of the White Lion would be shut on me, and I should again be a houseless wanderer. Yet I was

honest enough to know that none of these was the real reason for my depression. It was that a girl stood behind me, and a little apart, and watched my every movement with suspicion.

At last, and it seemed in my then mood that we had been standing there the whole night, and that it must now be greying for the dawn, my lord gave a joyful exclamation. A lady ran up to him from a side walk through the shrubbery. I could make out little of her, except that she was young and slender, for her head and shoulders were wrapped up in a white shawl. There was a quick exchange of question and answer; I did not hear all that passed, but I gathered that she was afraid that she had been observed to leave the house. Upon that news we at once began to run towards the place where the chaise was standing. And there was good cause for haste, as we soon discovered. We had not gone half way when the wind carried down the sound of an alarm. There was a cry or two, and then a loud ringing of bells, and shouting of orders. The lady had shown a good spirit so far, but now she was seized with a trembling, and my lord on one side of her and Jessie on the other could scarce keep her on her feet. All might yet have gone well, however, had not one of the men from the Hall caught sight of the white shawl, which shone brightly in the moonlight, and given a loud halloo, and brought all the scattered pursuit in our direction. I think my lord swore; I am certain I did; and everything had been lost but for a thought that happily came into my head. I snatched the shawl from the lady and threw it around Jessie, and cried—

"Carry off your sweetheart, my lord! Come, Jessie, my lass, we will lead this foxhunting crowd off on a false scent!"

A wisp of cloud did us good service; it covered the moon for half a minute or so; and before the sky lightened my lord and the lady were safely under the firwood of our earlier adventure, and Jessie and I were speeding towards another and a higher part of the moor. Of course, the chase was all after the white shawl, and as long as Jessie's strength held out we led the pursuers a pretty dance. She was

cumbered with wraps, however; the men gradually gained on us; and the end came when we both tripped over a bush of heather. I was quickly on my feet, but not in time to prevent the first fellow who came up from making a clutch at the white shawl. His rudeness gave me an excuse to knock him down, and then I drew my pistols on the half-dozen who were close at his heels, to keep them at a distance. Unfortunately, Jessie's face was exposed, and the game was up. There were angry words, and oaths, and threats, and we should have fared badly, notwithstanding my pistols, had not some one in authority ordered the men to give over, and go back to the stables, and get out the horses.

"And the devil go back with you and a sixpence!" I cried after them in the words of the old saying as they ran back to the Hall.

Jessie had risen by this time, and stood breathless and shivering. She had not thought of me while we stumbled onwards at the top of our speed, but now it came to her that she was alone with a footpad in the middle of the moorland. I took a malicious pleasure out of her discomfort, it is feared, but again I remembered that I had once been a gentleman, and I controlled my face and my voice.

"Well, we have done all that is possible," I said in an ordinary tone, "and we may as well be getting back. Which way does the Inn lie?"

"Over there," she said with a gasp.

"Is it far?"

"Two miles, I think."

"Good; there is no use staying here."

I caught the glint of her eye—of surprise, of thanks, of relief, it little matters of what—and then we set our faces towards the Inn. We had gone up this rise in the moorland hand in hand, now we walked down it with a yard of cold air between us. I spoke once or twice, of the weather, and so on, to give her confidence, but she only returned me a "yes" or "no," and I had to let her walk on in silence.

When we came within sight of the Inn, and she could have no fear for her safety, I was tempted to put her on her mettle.

"She is an heiress," I said with conviction.

"And he is a lord," I continued.

"And he will fill his empty title with her wealth," I added.

She said nothing to my first two charges, but to the third one there was a retort.

"You do him wrong," she said. "He has a title, it is true, but he has wealth and enough of his own."

"Then why all this pother?" I naturally asked. "A rich lord is not usually kept at his staff's end."

"She is under a guardian, and he has a rough lout of a son."

"H'm," I replied; "Rough and lout, is he? Perhaps you are prejudiced."

"Perhaps, but at any rate you thought him rough enough and lout enough to knock him down but a minute ago."

"Oho! and that was he? Well, in that case, my lord and my lady, and some one else I shall not name, owe me a day in harvest."

With that I stopped; we were within a score of yards of the Inn door; there did not seem to be anything else to say, and yet we did not bid each other good-bye. Then I recollected that I had the white shawl over my arm, and I held it out to Jessie. She did not take it from me, however.

"The night is cold," she said. "Keep it, it will do for a wrap."

I weighed it in my hands; it was thin and light.

"Well," I said, "I shall take it in memory of to-night, and it will be more kindly round my neck than the hempen cravat I look forward to."

"I hope it will never come to that!" she cried.

She held out her hand as if to ward off the evil; I seized it in mine; she was only an innkeeper's daughter, but I raised it to my lips.

"It is the sweetest thing I have stolen on the Great North Road," I said with gallantry.

V.

I was not far on my way back to York before I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and the whirring of rapid wheels: the

lady's guardian, no doubt, and perhaps that rough lout, his son, were already in hot pursuit. I stepped to the side of the road to be out of the way, and as I climbed up the bank my hand fell upon a loose hedge stake. What followed I did out of impulse, and as much out of ill-temper as anything else: certainly, no two thoughts passed through my mind as to what I meant or wanted. As the chaise galloped past I flung the stake; it caught in one of the wheels and locked it; there was a crash and a trampling of horses; a heavy body struck me, and I was thrown to the ground.

I spent the rest of that night in a stable at the Hall, with a couple of stout men-servants guarding me. There was little need for their vigilance. One of the horses had lashed out at me as it passed, my leg was broken in two places, and there was a big wound on my head.

On my way to York jail the next morning I had one short moment of pleasure, the memory of which was to help me greatly during the long months of suffering. The cart in which I lay stopped at the Inn in the middle of the moor, and while the constables drank mugs of ale and gossiped with the landlord about the events of the night, Jessie came out and bathed my temples with vinegar and gave me a long cooling draught. She dared not say a word, for the cart was surrounded with gaping servants, but her eyes spoke pity, and a tear dropped on my cheek as she put a bundle of straw under my head for a pillow.

VI.

I was tried at York Assizes on some charge as to wrecking the chaise. I was too sick to know exactly how I had been brought within the reach of the law; all I know is that I was sentenced to a twelve-months' imprisonment. Afterwards I was told that I had had a narrow escape from hanging; how that could be I leave others to say; but the gallows would have been my lot had any one known that I was the footpad who had infested the roads round York that winter.

If I escaped death in one way, however, I very nearly met it in another. My leg

was a long time healing, and when I was strong enough to hobble about the cell and creep down into the prison yard with the help of a crutch, it was only to be seized upon by what was then called the black fever. A terrible time followed, and I had never left the jail but for the charities of the girl Jessie; she managed to smuggle in guinea after guinea, and I was thus able to buy a little nursing and a few medicines. Once or twice a letter came with the guineas, and told me that my lord and his lady were travelling abroad—they had been married, it seemed—and that in their absence Jessie felt bound to give me all the help that lay in her power.

I cannot speak of what I endured in that loathsome place; I cannot even think of it after these years without shuddering. But the worst day of all my life, I think—worse even than my most neglected day in my cell—was the one on which I crawled out from under the shadow of the heavy gateway into the sunshine of the streets, and saw myself mirrored in the glass of the windows as I passed. I was horror-struck at the change that had come over me. I was not a man, I looked like a famished wolf. Jessie had written that on my release I was to make my way to the Inn, and that she would have food and clothes, and a little money for me; but I had some of my old pride left, and I would not present myself before her in such a plight.

I wandered away into the country, I do not know where; I travelled for weeks. I cannot remember for how long. I was too weak to do the lightest work had anyone taken pity on my wretchedness; I was too spiritless to rob, even had I met any one feebler than myself; I could only beg—I who had once been a gentleman—and I was thankful for the meanest crust from the hands of the poorest cottier.

A day came when I was so broken with want that I thought I must surely be near the end of my life's journey. The heat was fierce; it was in the dog days of summer; and I stumbled along a white glaring road. But at the same time I was not miserable, as might have been expected; indeed, I was in the highest of spirits. Perhaps the sun had touched me;

certainly I was light-headed; and as I went I sang scraps of old airs that had been familiar to me in the days of my boyhood. At last one set of words came into my head; I could not get rid of it; and I chanted it over and over again.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?"

That was what I sang. And I did not give it the right tune, but tried to fit it to the ballad measure of "The Runaway Bride," and screamed with laughter when I could not force the verse into the notes. If I were not mad on that afternoon, I must have been desperately close to another fever.

In the midst of a wild outburst of merriment, a light touch fell upon my arm. I glanced down, and saw a dainty gloved hand; I looked up and met the gaze of a sweet and gracious lady.

"Why do you sing that?" she asked.

"Because—well, because I cannot help it," I stammered.

"But why do you sing the words to that strange tune?"

"Come away, sweetheart," interposed a strong man's voice. "Give him money, if you will, but do not touch him."

"But did you not hear what he sang?" she said. "It was Suckling's words to the music of the 'Runaway Bride!'"

Some one came in front of me, but my eyes were still for the lady's face.

"Simon Surtrees!"

At that I looked at the man, and gasped in amazement.

"My friend!" he cried again.

"No, my lord, only Simon Surtrees, your footpad!"

The next of it was that I was on a heap of stones by the roadside. My lady was beside me, mourning and comforting by turns. She had heard of Simon Surtrees, and cared little that he was a footpad; and my lord's own arms were now round me.

A chariot came up, a dusty travel-stained chariot, and my lord brought wine from it and food. But I could not eat, and he took the wine and poured it down my throat.

"My lord," I protested, as the liquor caught my breath; "it seems that I am

never to see you but you try to strangle me."

"Come," he said, "that is more like the old Simon!"

Then he demanded this, and that, and the other thing, and principally why I had not gone to the moorland Inn on my release.

"I could not go there," I cried, throwing out my hands. "How could I go to Jessie like this?"

My lord looked hard at me and then at my lady.

"Well, well," he said, "I can understand; but it was unfortunate. We did not know of your troubles till a year was nearly past, and now we must try and make you amends for them."

"Yes," assented my lady. "We will never forget what you did for us, and we will try and make our good fortune yours. Would you like to be our steward?"

Our old steward has just died, and my lord has been searching for another."

My lord made a queer face, and I giggled; I could not help it: the strong wine had run to my head. Then my lord became grave, and this tickled me the more, and I laid myself back on the stones and burst into laughter. My lord could not resist me; he caught up the laughter, and carried it on till we had to hold our sides.

"I know," said my lady smiling, "that is how you laughed in the firwood!"

"Well, Simon," said my lord, "my lady shall have her way, and if you make free with a half-year's rents——"

"It will go to pay for the hedge-stake," completed my lady.

But there is my wife fretting lest the supper be spoiled. Coming, Jessie! Coming!

THE QUEEN

By ALICE ASKEW

THEY spoke of the King as they sat at their spinning.
Of his riches, his power, his crown—
The Queen was sitting amongst her maidens,
Proud in her cramousie gown;
Weary to death of watching the spinning.
Weary of sceptre and crown,
Proud in her cramousie gown.

They spoke of the Knight as they sat at their spinning.
Of his falcon, his hound, his curls—
The Queen was sitting amongst her maidens,
Blushing before her girls,
Lost to sight and sound of their spinning,
Dreaming of nut-brown curls.
Blushing before her girls.

They spoke of their dreams as they sat at their spinning,
Of lovers and loved and fate—
The Queen was wiser than all her maidens,
Pale in her robes of State,
Bowing her head to the whirl of the spinning,
Dowing her soul to fate.
Pale in her robes of State.



THE MAIN FALLS.

THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI

By EMIL LOCH

THE visit of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, during this month, to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi will impart a special interest to this article and the accompanying illustrations.

The first question always asked on returning from a trip to the Zambesi is: How does this compare with Niagara?

To my mind, there can be no comparison possible so long as the Victoria Falls remain in their present primitive beauty. At Niagara the grandeur of the Falls is cheapened and vulgarised by the tawdry "Earl's Court" style of the surroundings. The town is quite close, and signs of civilisation (?) obtrude themselves at every turn. You can hire a waterproof to protect you from the spray, or buy souvenirs of the Falls, portraits of Captain Webb.

etc., while in case you should need refreshment on the way large posters proclaim the superiority of —'s whisky over all rivals.

But at the Victoria Falls all is (as yet) solitude and grandeur—wild, open country—and, in spite of the works for the bridge, with but little trace of man to mar its beauty.

From the hotel you look across a stretch of barren veldt of sand where the river has worn its way deep among the rocks, and a good view can be obtained of the cloud of spray which hangs over the Falls day and night. This is especially beautiful at sunrise and sunset, when, owing to the position of the sun, it is coloured like a rainbow.

The thunder of the Falls can always be heard, and forms an unceasing obligato to

life in the vicinity. Later in the season, when the volume of water is much increased, this grows more noticeable, as does also the spray, which rises high above the land from the depth of the fall 400 feet below.

The native name for the Falls is "the smoke that sounds," and well describes the wonderful cloud that coils and twists, driven this way and that by the slightest breeze. At one time standing in front of the "Main Falls," nothing can be seen save an impenetrable curtain of mist—then in a moment it is blown aside and the full glory of this great wonder of nature bursts into view. But only for an instant. The next, the "smoke," swirling up, blots everything from sight, and again you are standing in a heavy rain of spray that obscures the sun.

Below the actual Falls themselves, the river has cut its way in a series of deep, V-shaped gorges for no less a distance than thirty miles, and there are clear indications that changes have taken place in its course; and some gorges, once filled with its smoking torrent, are now completely dry and empty.

The upper reaches of the river are not entirely covered with water, especially in July, when the Zambesi is rapidly decreasing. But after the end of the wet season, i.e., from about the end of May, its volume is so greatly increased that, with the single exception of Livingstone Island, the whole mile and a quarter is one huge fall, and the island cannot be approached owing to the current.

It is a great advantage, throughout a visit to this neighbourhood, to be able to stand on the brink of a deep ravine and, looking down into its depths, watch the wild wilderness of waters far below. In this respect "Danger Point" is an example of what is lost by not having a "good head." The rock which here lies scattered over the ground is always wet and slippery, but once having gained the Point, which requires little skill—only care and no haste—you obtain a better view of the great chasm than from any other spot.

Directly opposite, the Zambesi makes its great leap, and to do justice to the contrast between its quiet waters seen

above the ridge, flowing between huge rocks, and the grandeur of the falling torrent, would require a Turner to paint and a Dante to describe.

The Fall here consists of hundreds of small falls, and in the morning the sun shines full on your face, making the water to glitter and flash, and rendering any attempt at photography impossible. "Danger Point" is itself in a cloud of spray, and only at intervals do you see the effect of the sun, when the curtain drifts aside, moved by the wind made by the mass of falling water. To right and left stretches the great chasm, and the sun shining through the spray produces hundreds of rainbows of wonderful colouring. Wherever you turn new ones appear, and in many cases bridge the distance between you and the falling water. The sense of power displayed is wonderful, and grows with a better knowledge of the river.

The water never seems to hurry, and after watching it through powerful glasses this impression is heightened; each stream appearing to fall almost lazily, forming a striking contrast to the roar which rises from the abyss below.

Walking on the left, you enter the "Rain Forest," so-called because, the everlasting spray, falling like rain throughout its length, keeps the trees in leaf and nourishes the palms even in such a time as the month of August, when within a hundred yards of this favoured site the land is parched and dead for lack of moisture. The forest is tropical in nature, and rejoices in large ferns many feet in height, huge palms, and every kind of undergrowth; while the air is hot and very moist, making the necessary waterproof a great burden. The ground is saturated under foot, and you often sink deep into the soft earth, but all trouble and fatigue is forgotten when, having passed through half its length, you come out opposite to what is known as the Main Fall.

This Fall is really much more of one mass of water than the other, being hemmed in by Livingstone Island, and, therefore, covering comparatively little ground.

To describe its beauty is impossible.

It was here, perhaps, more than anywhere else that the advantage of seeing the Falls when the river was low was most clearly shown. Later, the spray is so heavy that only at rare intervals can the whole be seen. When we were there this was not the case, so for some minutes together I had an uninterrupted view of the whole length, and a huge rainbow that spanned the chasm

sight is impressive, but much more spectacular than any other part of the Falls.

A fine view is to be obtained from the Native Commissioner's Camp, though the walk is a long one, and the road sandy and very heavy. The Camp stands on a high conical hill, and from it you can look over a vast extent of country. Away on the left is seen the Zambesi at its best. The two streams



GOVERNMENT LANDING STAGE.



THE NORTH FALL.



THE MAIN FALL.

heightened the effect.

"The Devil's Cataract," which is situated at the extreme end of the "Rain Forest," is short and steep, and rushes down to the chasm in a succession of two leaps and a long fall. Foaming over its rocky bed, the



BOTTOM OF PALM GROVE.

that nearer the Falls are divided by a group of long, narrow islands here unite into one great river, which flows quietly on at an enormous breadth. The drift at Livingstone six miles above the Falls can be clearly



VIEW FROM THE HOTEL: THE RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.

seen, and the whole valley lies spread out at your feet.

Turning to the other side, the course of the river is hidden from view, but can easily be traced by the belt of luxuriant vegetation on either side. Away in the distance hangs the "smoke cloud," and a faint, a very faint, murmur comes across the five miles that separate the hill from the Falls.

The respect in which the Native Commissioner is held by the natives was illustrated in a striking way by our guide. Climbing the steep ascent to the Camp, and while quite a hundred yards away, and before we knew whether the Commissioner was there or not, this raw "boy" carefully took off his hat in respect to the majesty of the law, and remained bareheaded until we had descended the hill some half-hour later, although no white man was then present.

In passing, it would be ungracious not to remark with pride on the way in which the great work of Empire goes on in the lonely outlying posts far away from any central authority, and where no cor-

respondent will notice good work done and report it in headlines in the morning papers. Quietly here, and throughout the great territory of Rhodesia, the "white man's burden" is being cheerfully borne by young Englishmen, who devote some of their best years to work hundred of miles removed from what to most of us makes life worth living, and are content that good work, well and honestly done, shall be, in too many cases, their only reward. All honour to them, and I am glad I, also, have lived in what still remains practically a frontier country.

The engineers in charge of the Bridge Works have now thrown a cable across the gorge, and visitors are allowed to cross on this once a day in their trolley. A magnificent view of the Falls is obtained from this great height when in mid-air, and being able to cross at this point instead of having to go to Livingstone and return six miles, makes an excursion to the Palm Grove on the North Bank an easy matter. In an old gorge of the river, now dry, grow the finest collection

of palms to be seen anywhere in the neighbourhood. The descent is steep and rocky, and requires considerable exertion. A narrow path branches from the high land, and below, under your feet, as it were, are the tops of the palm trees; and beyond the river, at the point where, having emerged from the "Boiling Pot," it makes a turn under the spot where the Bridge will span the first gorge. Scrambling down this rocky way, the trees on either side soon shut out all sunlight, and the air strikes chill after the brightness above.

The palms grow to a very great height and are extremely fine, being covered in many cases with thick ropes of tangled creepers. Winding in and out among them the path rapidly descends to the level of the present river, but about a hundred yards before the water is reached the trees end, and you come upon great masses of lichen-covered rocks piled high upon one another.

After negotiating this somewhat difficult pass, you stand at last on a level with the

Zambesi. Above you towers the gorge, nearly 500 feet high; the trolley, passing on its wire rope from one side to another, looks like a small dot, and at last the magnitude of the undertaking which the Bridge represents can be fully realised.

Walking round the edge of this ravine, the "Boiling Pot" can be reached, and you stand at the foot of the Falls.

It is well worth the considerable physical effort needed to descend and re-mount this gorge, for from no other spot can an adequate idea of the height of the Falls be obtained, and the palm grove alone is well worth a visit.

The last day of our stay was one of the pleasantest. The acting-Administrator had kindly arranged for a boat to be placed at our disposal to take us up the river, and thus we had the great advantage of a Government canoe and Government "boys" to paddle, as they are picked as the best on the river, and everything has to give way to them.

Much has been said about the Falls—the river is too often forgotten. But its



VIEW FROM THE RAIN FOREST.

beauty was wonderful. Gilling with a noise, and darting among rocks and rapids without any apparent effort, the canoe made good way round the island in the centre of the stream, heading for the Camp on the North Bank. Some of the islands are beautiful, but others are mere sandbanks with trees.

The beauty of the river increased as the scenery grew wilder, and when we reached the point where the two streams joined the grandeur of the vast expanse of

in seeing it under such different circumstances. Once we sighted a "hippo" blowing, and put on top speed to out-pace this troublesome neighbour. Later, when the boys were becoming anxious, we found that he had dived, and we had the whole river to ourselves once more.

Natives dislike and fear these animals far more than they do the "crocs.," and not without reason. Hippo rarely attacks unless wounded, but if a canoe comes by chance among a "school" they are liable



THE DEVIL'S CATARACT.

water on which we seemed a mere floating speck was seen fully for the first time.

After landing at Livingstone for lunch and to give the boys a rest, we proceeded to the Rapids, some four miles higher up, passing through lovely scenery. Some of the paddling was beautifully done, especially the last mile among the shoals and rapids. Turning, we anticipated an easy down-stream journey, but the wind had changed, and blowing against the stream caused rough and broken water. But this new aspect of the river was very impressive, and we felt we had been fortunate

to throw the boat out of the water, and then there is small chance for the unfortunate people in her. During the day, however, they very seldom appear.

Long shall I remember that day on the Zambesi. No one who has not seen a river a mile wide—as this is near Livingstone—can form any idea how grand a sight such a volume of water presents. The Falls are indeed wonderful, and worthy of a long journey, but were they to vanish to-morrow I would gladly travel as far to spend a few days on the Zambesi alone.

OSCAR WILDE: A MEMOIR

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG

THE art of leaving the stage of life at the apropos moment has yet to be taught. To those who knew him intimately the climax in the career of Oscar Wilde seemed a fitting one. It is one of my fondest recollections that I appreciated the work and the personality of Wilde in his hey-day. "Nerves" is a malady with which we are all familiar to-day. The horny-handed navvy seems to be no more immune than the dainty lady in her boudoir; and Oscar Wilde was the acquiescent slave of morbidity. He was diseased in the will: he lacked the desire to be strong and healthy-minded. Human nature is builded upon two potential instincts—the predilection for the preservation of the ego, and the predilection for the propagation of the race. In Oscar Wilde these instincts were perverted, and the will diseased. So that the culminating point in the career of this genius was the inevitable one.

It has been suggested that health ought more fittingly to be "catching" than disease. In the world of letters health and saneness *are* catching; just as much as disease and moral leprosy can be disseminated by a suggestive book. Character is contagious, and pleasurable emotion is prevalent. And it is just because the books of Oscar Wilde are so terribly real in their delineation of his attributes that we value them so highly. The creed of Wilde is summed up in his own words from the witness-box at the Central Criminal Court of London, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895:—

"In writing, I do not consider in any degree the effect of creating or exciting either morality or immorality; I aim neither at good nor evil. I simply endeavour to make a thing with some quality of beauty. There cannot be morality or immorality in art. Either a thing is done well or it is done ill. . . . To reach the reality of self is the principal aim in life, and to arrive at this state of consciousness through pleasure is finer than through pain. An individual truth ceases to be

truth when it is followed by a crowd. What is truth, you ask? It is something so personal as to be only a reality to the person who holds it. A man can never be judged by an accepted code of ethics. Each soul has its own laws. . . . I never gave adoration to anyone except myself."

It is a tremendous day in the history of a man when he realises the truth of the saying, "To the pure, all things are pure." Sin is individual, and morality a condition of the mind.

"I know not whether Laws be right.
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law
That Men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan.

This too I know—and wise it were
If each could know the same—
That every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,
And blind the goodly sun;
And they do well to hide their Hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of God nor son of Man
Ever should look upon."

What a cry from the depths! I saw him first in 1894. He was then acknowledged to be one of our most promising playwrights, and "Lady Windermere's Fan" had captivated the critics. I was budding fifteen, and worshipped him as I worshipped many of his contemporaries—poets of the younger generation: Richard Le Gallienne, Stephen Phillips, William Butler Yeats, Laurence Binyon and Arthur Symonds—but with this difference: there was something aroused within me, by the rhymes of Oscar Wilde, which savoured more of astheny than robustness. I was curious to meet him; but will not give

the boyish letter sent to him, in reply to the one in which he thanked me for my admiration. Unfortunately, I have only retained two of his epistles.

In June, 1894, I visited him in London, and had the privilege of listening to his conversation over dinner at the Savoy. There was present, besides myself and Wilde, a young man of about twenty, whom he introduced as "Freddy" Atkins. He seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by our conversation, for with my serious precociousness I insisted upon discussing art and literature. Wilde must have found me vastly amusing, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I remember the remark, "I am feeling quite refreshed by you, Jackie. If I only had a boy of your calibre near me oftener, I might be a better man," quite well.

In March, 1895—little did I dream how imminent was the end of Wilde's meteoric career—I saw him again, and we visited Little College Street in company. No breath of immorality had touched me through the friendship of Wilde; and I recall the æsthetic pleasure and luxury of the cosy room, hung with heavy green draperies, with something of the old thrill. I forget the names of those present, but Taylor and Scarfe are two out of the number.

The case is too well-known to be re-told.

Oscar Wilde was born on October 16th, 1856, and was the son of Sir William Wilde, the eminent surgeon and archæologist of Dublin. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and then sent to Oxford, Magdalen College, obtaining the Newdigate prize for English poetry, and taking his degree in 1878. He married in 1884 a daughter of Horace Lloyd, Q.C., and his first volume of poems was published in 1882, when a young man of 26. He had two sons, who still survive. His wife died five years ago.

Oscar Wilde expired in Paris, under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, on November 30th, 1900.

I am still able to think of our friendship with vigour and regret. He was a poet of the first water, exuberant, fantastic, tuneful. I was too young in 1895 to gauge the weighty import of the trial, nor do I wish to condemn him now. There was in him,

as in his work, a suggestion of the unusual, the strange. I cannot help but think that those two years of sordid imprisonment prematurely killed him, and England has lost one of her most gifted singers. The crowd is not capable of judging a man's temperament, and he should have had a jury of literary confreres. Our poets are losing the true ideal—the Beautiful. William Watson sings sweetly, but there is a clamorous note of political discontent in his songs, and his neat sense of epigram and his sudden satire are obscured by his unbelief. Kipling is hidden in the Imperialistic war-cloud, and will soon need to publish a glossary of his slang. Arthur Symonds becomes sickly sensuous. Yeats is shadowy and intangible. Swinbourne is our greatest living poet, but his music is often thin. Edmund Gosse has ceased to soar. And Richard Le Gallienne's passion is as unreal as it is assumed: he merely makes a pose. England is becoming the home of the middle-class.

The morbid life of Oscar Wilde appears to me as the result of our social Philistinism. We did not understand his aims, and misconceived his Art. In most dramatists we have the grossness without the vice—the vulgarity without the passion. Any lewdness may be suggested so long as open avowal is withheld. Many a music-hall song is impregnated with a sinister indecency which is revolting—and yet we sniff at "The Picture of Dorian Grey," or rather, should we say, that their suggestiveness is builded upon and panders to the public's love of the obscene? For who can deny that prurience comes from within? Evil can be found in the most innocent of words, if the listener be but of immoral calibre. Art does not conceal—it reveals. One is inclined to think that modern wit (as demonstrated in our music-halls) has nothing to reveal, so simply makes a vulgar show of covering something which does not exist. The references to things sensual, in our modern plays and poems, are generally as stupid as the thoughts are gross. How we long for the refreshing avowal of a Wilde, instead of the inane evasion of an intricate situation. English ladies, who would look askance at a Palais Royal farce, will shake their undraped shoulders in high glee at the suggestiveness of a problem play. The re-

spectable middle-classes would not be seen with a volume of Oscar Wilde's keen epigram in their hands, and yet laugh heartily at the tawdry and indecent anecdotage of our weekly journals: generally of a pink colour, but decidedly blue in their tendencies. And if a writer's sense of morality takes an erratic turn, or is coalesced in any audacious disregard of social rule, he is condemned as a filthy fellow. The sensuous pursuit of any pet theory of morals is the sin unabsolvable. The only present-day plea for daintiness is to pretend to be coarse.

I have never gone about the world with the eyes of the critic, and when I hunted up the poet, whose wild fancies had filled my years of adolescence with dreams, at his rooms in the Rue des Beaux Arts, a year after his release. I found him still the gentlemanly man of letters he had always been. I had prepared myself not to see anything lurid or dreadful: sin is individually relative, and Oscar Wilde's erotical nature was not so revolting as some superficial thinkers imagine. I thought only of the hideous confinement endured during the Autumn of 1895, all 1896, and the Spring of 1897, and of the gross round of duties he had been compelled to perform in his prison cell:

"We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And rank by rank, we reaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,
We turned the dusty drill;
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,
And sweated on the mill:
But in the heart of every man
Terror was lying still."

—the living and sleeping in one small room, with white-washed walls, blank, hideous; the denial of God's blessed sunshine, the utensils that had to be polished daily, the solitariness of confinement, the enforced attention at service, the insolent arrogance of warders, with "souls beneath the ken of things divine," and the tears gathered thickly on my lashes as I ascended the stairs to his room.

That he was poor I knew, and that he would have difficulty in continuing his

literary career I guessed. At first I hesitated to knock. Then I heard him stirring within, and tapped gently. He opened the door himself, and at sight of his face—so piteous in its suffering, so anguished in its settled despair—I recoiled. The same stalwart figure, tall and commanding, but slightly bent, the hair tinging into grey, and the forehead wrinkled with premature age. But I held out my hand instantly, and said as steadily as I could, "May I shake your hand again, Mr. Wilde, as a token of my esteem and unchanged devotion?" He drew me within without a word, and looked at me keenly. There was a tigerish gleam in his eyes, and I felt vaguely frightened and abashed. I have wondered since whether he had suffered thoughts of mad anger and revenge to thrill him whilst in Reading Gaol, and when looking backward at his trial! But he had not forgotten me, and his welcome was as sincere as it was touching. So we sat beside the fire and talked.

His face grew more animated as we conversed, and throughout it was lit up by a pleasant smile. His old lightness had not forsaken him, and he quoted from his essays with all the enthusiasm of earlier years. The manuscript of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" lay upon his table, and I read several stanzas with growing appreciation. I asked him how he had fared, and he recounted the indignities to which he had been subjected. I spoke of the restfulness of his attaining the third stage, when lighter tasks would be apportioned to him, and he would become privileged to receive books. He stretched out a hand deprecatingly, and reminded me that his sentence had been one of "continuous" hard labour. "But the books," I protested. His voice was harsh when he replied:

"Do not, I pray you," he cried. "Of what use to me was the namby-pamby stuff of Reading Gaol? During those first few weeks I lived in a Hell of thought. I have suffered almost all that a man can suffer—except that" (he pointed to the "Ballad" lines 'The man had killed the thing he loved and so he had to die') "and I am inclined to the belief that we find our surest sense of life in poignant pain. The

only real passions, whether they be pleasurable or tormenting, are frenzies of the brain. Feeling vanishes once it is realised. There are moments in the lives of all when we become conscious of being but idle dolls in the hands of some strange incomprehensible Force, and my imprisonment has been one long chain of such terrible moments of consciousness."

I doubt whether I should be right in giving expression to all his sentiments that night. When I left him he was crooning softly over the fire, a cigarette between his lips. We had been talking as of old, and I had quoted several of my favorite pieces of imagery. I looked back at him, noting again his clear-cut profile, the sunken forehead, the mobile mouth.

He glanced round, and said musingly: "Good-bye, Jackie. Luck to you! Don't let my thoughts run away with you. Each soul is the centre of the universe, remember. High or low, rich or poor, each soul see faults in its contemporaries. And the hunchback, deformed, hideous, is right in declaring his lack of esteem when he views the plaster-cast of Apollo. Don't altogether forget me in England."

I did not see him again, nor do I know how he passed his last few days. Let us realise how much of infinite pain, how much soul-distraction, how much self-condemnation went to make up his books, and appreciate and sympathise—not avoid and reprove.

Even in declaring himself a decadent, Oscar Wilde was a man to be loved. As "Heart's Brother" he was known to the favoured few who were admitted into the inner circle of his life. The most precious poet is not he who brings the laughter bubbling to our lips; nor is it he who moves us to tears by his pathos. It is he who makes his sorrow, his pain, his passionate longings most beautiful and most musical to our ears. It is he into whose rhymes has crept that incommunicable something called "self": that element of æsthetic delight in one's own attributes which would render a dunghill full of sweet odours. What Keats calls the "sensuous life of verse" must rule the fancy of every writer of poetry. Edgar Allan Poe was occasionally drunk. Oscar Wilde was occasionally a moral debauchee; but what

years of sober and restrained labour went to make "Tales of Romance and Fantasy," on the one hand, and the keen epigram of "Intentions" on the other! Which is the true Oscar Wilde—the moral leper, the gibe of the man in the street—or the strenuous artist, the man who cried:—

"Methinks no flower would ever bud in Spring,
But for the lover's lips that kiss, the poet's lips
that sing?"

The morals of the poet are always misrepresented, misunderstood. The most ascetic of our singers lay themselves open to condemnation if we read their lives too critically. The light that beats around every action of the man of note, the frank confession beaming from the thoughts of the poet, reveal the soul itself. I can vouch that the average morality of Oscar Wilde was superior to that of many of his contemporaries. For the poet's imagination must be fervid, and the æsthetic value of Oscar Wilde's work depends less upon the character of the man than upon the genius of the artist. Oscar Wilde is entitled to a niche in the world of letters, and I hope sincerely that the obloquy which has so long obscured his memory will ere long be lifted. In claiming his right to immortality I do not hesitate. The man who could write this *Requiescat* was not wholly bad:—

"Tread lightly, she is near,
Under the snow;
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

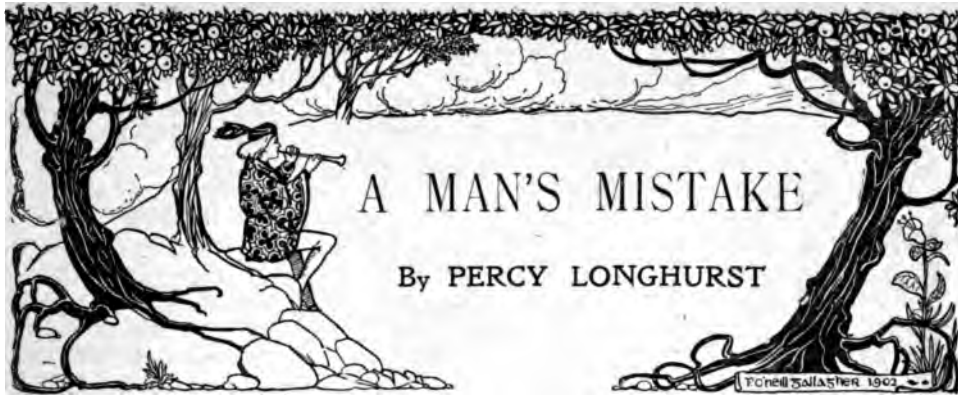
All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust;
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone
Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet;
All my life's buried here,—
Heap earth upon it."

That God may rest his soul in peace, and give him that true *love* which he so madly sought, and so wrongly misconceived in this world, is my heart-felt prayer.



“**M**ORDIENNE!” The oath slipped from between Mme. de Montespan’s red lips with an ease begot of frequent repetition; “Mordienne!” ’Tis infamous. To think his Majesty should be so overcome by the ardour of hunting a paltry stag that he should forget my very existence, and allow me to lose myself in this hateful forest,” and hot tears of anger forced themselves into the black eyes, whose witching brilliance had already cost Louis the Magnificent more than he would have cared to admit.

Madame was thoroughly angry; not only had the King neglected her, but in her pique she had galloped her high-mettled chestnut—Madame despised any creature whose spirit was not as active as her own—along so many grassy glades and woodland paths that now she had emerged from the cool greenery of the forest to the glaring whiteness of the highway, she was as utterly uncertain of her whereabouts as if she had suddenly found herself in the moon.

The chestnut was as angry as his fair rider; so many liberties had been taken with his mouth and his legs during the past two hours that when Madame, after gazing vainly up and down the dusty road for someone to assist her, suddenly made an angry clutch at the rein, his patience gave way. Tossing his head, he seized the bit between his teeth, and, with a bound which almost unseated his rider, galloped headlong down the road.

Madame screamed; her agitated nerves at last gave way, and scream after scream rent the still air. Her breath had almost left her, another minute and she would have fallen from the saddle, when from

round a bend in the road came a *deus ex machina* in the form of a young man on horseback, with a couple of big, rough dogs trotting by his side.

With a single glance the young man took in the situation; slipping from his horse, he threw himself in the path of the runaway and seized the bridle. With an upward thrust of his strong arm, the chestnut’s head was jerked in the air, and he was brought to a sudden standstill and hurled back almost on his haunches. Without releasing his grip the young man stepped forward, and throwing his left arm round Madame’s waist, drew her gently from the saddle, and she dropped fainting on his breast.

“So ho! thou brute; quiet, quiet, I say,” thundered the young man; and, unencumbered by his burden, he pushed the chestnut backwards until the side of the road was reached, and he was able to hook the reins over a broken branch. Then he placed the lady gently on the ground, and, as if the restoration of beautiful fainting women were a daily habit, drew from one of the pockets of his leather jerkin a capacious flask, and dropped on the white forehead and parted vermilion lips a little of the contents.

“Mon Dieu! how beautiful she is,” he whispered, as he watched the colour come back to the pale cheeks, and, as if in answer to the involuntary compliment Madame’s lids were raised, and her eyes swept wonderingly across his admiring face. Then with a pretty sigh and a shudder Madame de Montespan came out of her faint, and, drawing herself from the young man’s arm, sat upright on the mossy turf.

"Mademoiselle is better?" queried the young man timidly, rising to his feet and removing his cap with a courteous, old-fashioned bow.

"Monsieur, you have saved my life. I thank you," and she smiled as she did at Louis when a favour was to be asked, causing the young man's heart to thump violently and his brown face to become a dull crimson with embarrassment.

"Mademoiselle's horse ran away; I stopped it. It is nothing," he stammered awkwardly.

The lady smiled again, somewhat scornfully. He had saved her life, and nothing, not even her ascendancy over the King, was more dear to her.

"Monsieur is an hero," she said softly, and the hero's confusion was terrible to see.

Had a magician offered to procure Madame the desire of her heart at that moment she had asked for a mirror, but as that was impossible she contented herself with replacing, at random, a curl or two that had strayed from under her broad hat, and arranging the lace ruffle at her throat.

"Will Monsieur not sit down and tell me whom I have to thank for this brave deed?" she asked, when she had arranged the curls and the ruffle as well as circumstances permitted.

The young man sat down at a respectful distance. "My name, mademoiselle? I am called Pierre de Merévy."

"You live here?"

"All my life, Mademoiselle."

"And dost know who is your debtor?"

The youth shook his head; so beautiful was she, he told himself, that were she the Queen of France he would not be surprised.

"Hast never heard of Madame de Montespan?"

"Madame de Montespan? Nay, Mademoiselle, I know not the name."

Half vexed, half amused, by such rustic ignorance, the King's favourite smiled. "Art young, monsieur, but not so young ye might have heard the name." A sudden thought came to her: she would amuse herself at this rustic gallant's expense. "Now I," she continued, "I am waiting maid to Madame de Montespan, her fav-

ourite maid, and she would have sorrowed greatly if I had been killed."

The young man gave a fleeting glance at the smiling face. Was it possible one so beautiful could be but a waiting maid? True, his own mother, the Baronne, kept a maid, but not such an one as this. Still, there was less timidity in his voice as he asked, "Then ye are of the court, Mademoiselle?"

Madame smiled again. "Ay, I have seen somewhat of the Court."

"And Mademoiselle knows Paris, too?"

Again that bewitching smile. "Yes monsieur, 'tis in Paris I live."

"Ah, I have ne'er seen Paris. 'Tis the dream of my life, yet Father Geoffrey, our chaplain, says that Paris is a wicked city."

"And all therein are wicked, I suppose," she mocked. "Truly, monsieur knows how to pay a compliment."

Pierre de Merévy's face was ludicrous in its expression of dismay and confusion. "Nay, I meant not that; and if all there be like you," he continued boldly, "then it must be Paradise."

Madame laughed. "Did I not say Monsieur knew how to pay a compliment?"

As his admiration increased de Merévy's timidity grew less; and when, as the sun sank lower, Madame, who was getting hungry and wearied of this tête-à-tête, desired to be directed to the road to Versailles—she forbade the young man to do more than point out the road—he lifted her boldly into the saddle, and seizing her hand pressed it to his lips.

"Adieu, monsieur, and remember I am your debtor for life," cried Madame de Montespan gaily, as she touched the now quiet chestnut with her heel. "Adieu." But it was "au revoir," the young man whispered to himself as he waved his hand in reply; and, when she was out of sight, he drew from his breast a dainty riding glove of soft perfumed leather of which he had possessed himself, and pressed it passionately to his lips.

A week later a young man mounted on a magnificent sorrel horse rode into Paris and took up his quarters at the famous cabaret of the Fox, in the Tuileries Gardens. It was Pierre de Merévy, and the object of

his coming to the forbidden city was, of course, to find the owner of the perfumed glove which rested inside his jerkin. For a week he had dreamed of his fair acquaintance, and then, unable and unwilling to fight against the novel and delicious sensations which filled his breast, he determined to seek her in Paris, and, when found, to declare his love. In his simplicity, he imagined that the finding would not be difficult, nor, as a matter of fact was it.

He was sitting at one of the tables discussing a measure of wine, which the heat of the day and his dusty ride of the morning demanded, when there entered two gentlemen. Musketeers of the King's Guard, though of that de Merévy was unaware. Having ordered their liquor, they sat down within three feet of the interested young man, and commenced to discuss persons and matters connected with the Court with a freedom and levity of speech that astonished their listener.

"Another vacancy gone, friend Gaston," said one, setting down his measure after a mighty draught. "The Montespan hath wheedled the King into giving the lieutenancy to some beggarly relation or cast off lover of hers, and thou and I will have to wait again."

The Musketeer's companion swore with remarkable fluency when he heard this piece of news. "Mort de ma vie! It has ever been thus since that beautiful devil had a finger in the Court-pie," he said, when his feelings were somewhat relieved. "Here is thou and I, Raoul, put aside because Madame had someone to recompense or conciliate."

"Or that has money to spare," suggested the other significantly. "Believe me, Gaston, de Montespan ne'er does aught for naught, and those who receive gifts through her pay dearly for them."

The Musketeers grumbled in concert, de Merévy listening with some indignation to this impeachment of the honesty of his innamorata's mistress; and so absorbed was he in the thoughts the conversation brought into his mind, that he lost the commencement of the Musketeers' further talk. He was awakened from his brown study by a loud burst of laughter from the younger and more devil-may-care of the pair.

"Ha! ha! ha! and what said his Majesty to that pretty tale, eh?"

"Nay, I know not; 'twas Marie, de Montespan's maid told me the story; but it finished there, for Marie heard a noise, and fearing to be seen, stayed no longer, and so I lost the rest."

"Lost, ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Musketeers again: "lost, Parbleu! I shall die with laughing. Why, when Madame loses herself she does so with a purpose. Eh, Raoul, I'd give a month's pay—if I had it—to know who was the companion she was lost with."

De Merévy's ears tingled with horror. Madame de Montespan, whose'er she might be, was, he understood, a great lady, and yet these soldiers were speaking of her as if she were no better than a fish-wife. His face crimsoned with indignation, and it was all he could do to prevent himself from taking the Musketeer by the throat and casting the lie in his teeth. Not for what he had said concerning Mdme. de Montespan; that might or might not be true. It was nothing to him, but this sneering ruffian had actually accused madame's maid of listening outside the door. That is to say, he had accused the lady whom he, Pierre, had befriended, and to whom he had lost his heart, of a disgraceful action. It must be she, for was not the perfumed glove next his heart marked with a M. and had not the rascal said his informant's name was Marie?

"Mordieu!" gasped the young man. "let me get away from here ere I commit murder," and hot with rage he stumbled from the cabaret and into the street.

By the aid of many enquiries, and at the expense of many sly winks and derisive smiles, de Merévy at last found himself outside the magnificent hotel where Louis the Fourteenth had installed his beautiful favourite. Taking his courage in both hands he boldly passed through the great gates, and found himself in a large room, through which a constant stream of serving men, waiting maids, lackeys, and tradespeople were continually passing. For a time he stood with his back against the wall, not knowing to whom to address himself, while no one deigned to take any notice of him, beyond eyeing with some curiosity his plain and somewhat rustic attire.

At last a lackey came to him and demanded, somewhat contemptuously, his business; but on being told that the gentleman desired to see *Mdme. de Montespan*, the fellow stared rudely, laughed, went away, and forgot all about him. For half an hour Pierre waited, and then a pretty-looking girl—she was the source of the story which had so excited *de Merévy's* indignation—who, each time she had passed through the room, had eyed the young man's stalwart form and brown face with open approval, approached, and smilingly begged to know for whom he was waiting.

"*Mademoiselle*," said Pierre colouring, "I am anxious to see *Mdme. de Montespan*, if it be possible."

The girl looked doubtful. "Madame receives so few," she said, "unless the business be important. Can you not tell me what it is?"

Pierre hesitated; he did not like taking anyone into his confidence. But he could see no other way of getting what he desired. "I am anxious," he said slowly, "to secure Madame's influence with the lady who owns this glove," and he drew the object in question from his breast.

The smile faded from the girl's lips. She stared at the glove, with its well-known *M* embroidered in azure silk at the inner corner, and then at the young man's face. Snatching the glove from his hand, she said hurriedly, "I will take it to Madame at once," and darted away before Pierre could make an attempt to recover his property. Before he had recovered from his surprise she was back again. "Follow me, monsieur," she said more respectfully; "madame will see you."

"*Monsieur de Merévy*," announced the maid, and shutting the door of the boudoir retired, and Pierre, with nervous feet, advanced towards the woman whose reputation he had heard discussed so freely two hours before.

Anastasie de Montespan was seated before her dressing table, on which lay the dainty passport which had secured Pierre the audience he desired. Apparently, his appearance had interrupted the progress of her toilet, for madame was dressed in a voluminous white silk wrapper smothered with lace, and lavishly trimmed with knots of azure ribbon, while her black hair

straggled in bewitching curls over shoulders of a whiteness like to ivory. No one else was in the room, but then madame was nothing if not daring.

"Thou hast found Paris, then, my rescuer of maidens in distress," she exclaimed, turning her head as *de Merévy* advanced.

Pierre stood stock still; he was petrified with astonishment, and his eyes remained fixed on *Anastasie's* face as if unable to credit their own vision. To return the laughing greeting was a sheer impossibility, for his tongue absolutely refused its office, even if his bewildered brain had been able to dictate the words.

"Come, monsieur," exclaimed madame in a tone of anger and reproach to which her laughing eyes gave the lie, "am I so hideous that thou art changed to stone as if I were another *Medusa*? Have I altered so in the past few days?"

Power came back to his limbs if not to his tongue, and dropping on one knee Pierre pressed his lips to the beautiful hand extended to him.

"Thou art astonished, monsieur," said the beauty smiling. "Thou hast looked to find the maid and discovered that she is the mistress. Art thou disappointed?"

"Aye, madame, that I am," Pierre answered sorrowfully, at last finding his speech. "*Pierre de Merévy* had thought himself good enough for the maid, but alas! he knows he may not dare raise his eyes to the mistress."

"And has monsieur so little knowledge or experience he does not know that love knows no distinction between the prince and the peasant?" and madame's fine eyes rested tenderly on the young man, causing his heart to throb and his nerves to thrill with a passionate violence that exceeded any sensation he had yet experienced. He did not notice the mockery behind the glance or in the melodious voice, and hope and exultation filled his breast.

"Love may come, madame," he said timidly. "but dare one always let him remain?"

"And why not, monsieur, unless, of course, one be faint-hearted?" and her eyes told him she could not count him as a coward.

"Then am I not to cast out love, now to the Fox he returned, and after a hearty meal again sat himself down to try the quality of the host's famous Beaune. A dozen or more men occupying one of the larger tables, who had commenced the business of drinking some time before Merévy's entry, had now reached that stage of conviviality which demands a song, and one of them, a big, swarthy-complexioned fellow with a rich deep voice, trolled out a song which would have procured him a life-long habitation in the Bastille had it come to the ears of the lady whom it celebrated. But as there was no one in the room beyond his boon companions and the rustic-looking fellow de Merévy, the singer chanted boldly:—

"Monsieur, what a question to ask me. How can I advise thee? Yet, I had thought thee a brave man."

"Then I will not," he cried joyously. "I will feed, and not starve my love; I will not suppress it and try to cast it out, but encourage it; and it shall increase, although e'en now it is great enough to overwhelm me, and ere long it shall be so strong it will sweep all before it, and claim its prize, the cause of its being," and in the flashing of his eyes and the ringing tones of his voice, Madame de Montespan could read the honesty and ardour of his passion.

Truly, Pierre was different from all the other men with whom the mistress of the King had come in contact, and she was forced to realise that her estimate of his character was scarcely a correct one. Such fire and resolution she had never expected in this simple country squire, and a slight feeling of nervousness was coming to her. What she had begun in mockery, this young man had accepted as earnest, and this was likely to prove dangerous. While Pierre, no longer nervous or ill at ease, poured forth the tale of his love and devotion, she was seeking for some means to control the spirit she had aroused, when there came a hurried knock at the door, and the maid entered and whispered a few words in her mistress's ear.

Madame's self-control was superb. "Monsieur," she said regretfully to Pierre, who had not risen from his knee. "Monsieur, the time has passed so quickly in your company that I had forgotten the hour of an appointment with my physician has come. I must bid thee farewell."

Pressing his lips passionately to her hand, Pierre, guided by the maid, left the room by another door than that by which he had entered. As he left the hotel a huge carriage, lavishly decorated and gilded, was drawing slowly away from the great gates, and on the panels his eyes noticed the Royal lilies of France. His mind, however, took no heed of the circumstance.

De Merévy's exultation at the thought that he was a favoured suitor of the lady he so passionately loved did not prevent him from feeling uncommonly hungry, so

to the Fox he returned, and after a hearty meal again sat himself down to try the quality of the host's famous Beaune. A dozen or more men occupying one of the larger tables, who had commenced the business of drinking some time before Merévy's entry, had now reached that stage of conviviality which demands a song, and one of them, a big, swarthy-complexioned fellow with a rich deep voice, trolled out a song which would have procured him a life-long habitation in the Bastille had it come to the ears of the lady whom it celebrated. But as there was no one in the room beyond his boon companions and the rustic-looking fellow de Merévy, the singer chanted boldly:—

"Qu'est ce qu'est aimé par le roi?
Malgré qu'elle n'est pas en la loi,
Qu'est aimé par tout avec l'argent, Ma foi!
C'est Madame de Montespan."

"Qu'est ce qu'est"—the singer had gone no further into the second verse when the rustic looking fellow was out of his chair, a single bound brought him to the long table, and the song was brought to an abrupt conclusion, for his clenched fist smote the singer full on the lips and hurled him backwards over his chair. De Merévy, his hand on the hilt of his sword, drew back, and faced the astonished roisterers with flashing eyes and burning cheek.

For a moment the entire company sat speechless with amazement; then, as the singer scrambled to his feet, they rose as one man. In a moment their swords were unsheathed, and they crowded around the champion of the King's mistress, amid a babel of oaths and threats and angry shouts.

"The song is a foul slander, a lie, as I will prove by my sword," shouted Pierre. "Gentlemen, I will fight you all, one after the other, and God will protect him who upholds the right."

They stared at him in wonder. "Listen to him, he is mad or drunk," said one. "Mad or drunk," shouted a voice thickly, "I will slay him for that blow," and with the blood dripping from his wounded mouth the swarthy-faced singer pushed himself through the ring. "En garde monsieur."

De Merévy's blade flashed from its scabbard; the others fell hurriedly backwards, and in the clear space between the long table and the wall the two swordsmen set to work.

The soldier attacked immediately, his crushed lips mumbling curses as he thrust and lunged with furious strength; fury had robbed his hand of its skill, but had added to its power. Another man had given way before his fierce attack. Not so Pierre. His arm was as firm and rigid as a bar of iron, and, fierce as was the onslaught it was met by a defence so sure and so strong that his opponent's sword arm was almost numbed by the force of the parries. Nor was he backward with his ripostes. The lust of killing, which lies in the heart of every man, had been aroused by the gross insult given the woman he loved, and he was determined to slay the insulters, fighting with a cold ferocity more dangerous than the other's passionate anger. In less than a moment a vigorous parry sent his opponent's rapier flying towards the ceiling; he lunged fiercely, and the onlookers heard the horrible drawing sound of steel passing through flesh, and the dull thud of his sword guard as it struck on his opponent's breast bone. The soldier threw up his arms and fell to the floor, with three feet of encrimsoned steel protruding from between his shoulder blades.

Withdrawing his rapier, de Merévy stood upright and steadily faced the dead man's comrades. "The next gentleman," he said calmly; but none came forward. They were all men of courage, and he had killed their friend, but they feared to face this young giant, in whose eyes gleamed murder so plainly.

For a minute de Merévy waited; then thrusting his sword into its scabbard, he walked steadily past them and out of the room. The conversation he had overheard in the morning, the smiles and winks which had met his requests for direction to Madame de Montespan's house, came back to his mind, and were jumbled in hopeless confusion with the words of the song sung by the dead man. Across his mental vision came pictures of Madame as he had seen her, so innocent, so guileless, and so beautiful; and follow-

ing these across the panoramic sheet of his mind came the gilded coach with its decorated panels.

Straight to the magnificent hotel he went. He found no need this time to enquire the way, and passing through the gates, and then the long ante-room heedless of those who gathered therein, and who stared at him in alarm, he reached the stairs. Here a lackey strove to bar the way, but Pierre put him aside with one hand and ascended. Before he had gone half way the astonished servant had mounted behind him, seized him by the jerkin, and tried to drag him backward. A single blow freed him, and the unfortunate man fell to the foot of the stairs and lay there without movement, while Pierre reached the corridor and searched for the door with its panels decorated with pink roses, by which he had entered the boudoir a few hours before. Then he came in confusion, with beating heart and nervous limbs, but now his heart scarce seemed to beat and his foot was firm and steady. He turned the handle and entered.

Reclining on a low ottoman was the woman he had come to see, and whose smile of welcome died from her rouged face as she recognised her visitor. It was someone else she was expecting. As he advanced, Mme. de Montespan sprang to her feet, and there was more of anger than alarm in her voice as she cried. "Monsieur, what means this intrusion? Who has allowed thee to come hither?"

"I came, madame, to ask a question, which I pray thee to answer. Art thou loved by the King?"

Madame stared, but she did not reply; she made a movement towards a table on which stood a small silver bell, but de Merévy interposed and caught her bare beautiful arm in his right hand. He did not mean to hurt her, but, nevertheless, she winced beneath his grip.

"Will ye answer my question, madame? I have heard rumours and stories: I have but now slain a man who dared asperse thee, and I demand an answer. Are ye the King's mistress?"

"Release my arm, monsieur: begone; I will cry for help. Begone, I say." No

one had e'er yet accused Mme. de Montepan of lack of courage, but the devil in de Merévy's eyes was bringing fear into her heart.

Pierre's grip tightened. "Madame, I beg for your answer. Is it true? I loved you: God only knows how much, and I demand to know, or I will strang'e you in this room."

The eyes of the man and woman met. For a moment Madame's were resolute beneath his stern, pitiless gaze; then they wavered, and, bending her head, she faintly whispered, "Yes." She had met a spirit stronger and more unconquerable than her own.

For a moment de Merévy looked down on the bowed head; he shuddered and hesitated as if irresolute, then he cast her from him roughly, and she fell sobbing on the ottoman.

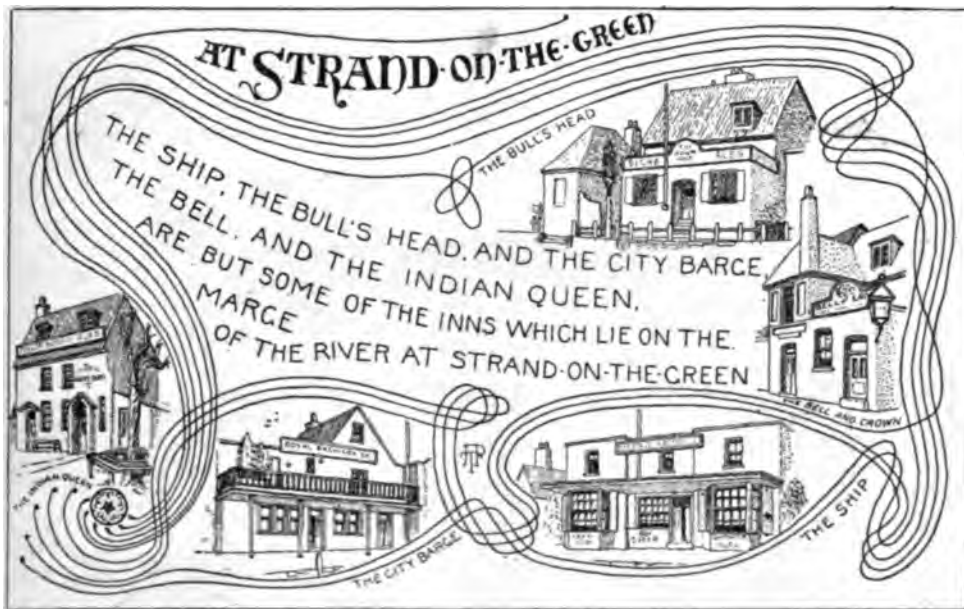
"And I loved her," he muttered, and left the room without a glance behind him. As he passed from the hotel a carriage approached and stopped outside the gates. A gentleman dressed in white satin stepped out and entered the hotel,

with the manner of one who goes into his own house.

De Merévy watched his entry, and to a passer-by he said, "Is it the King, monsieur?" and the man replied, as one who answers some ridiculous question, "The King? Why, of course, m'sieur; who else should it be?"

At the Fox all was in a state of confusion when de Merévy returned, and his host stared at his re-appearance. "If m'sieur is wise he will leave Paris at once," he said. "The dead man has been carried to yonder room, where h's friends are; they are awaiting the bier. They have vowed vengeance, and they are many."

Straightly Pierre strode into the room through the angry, wondering Musketeers, and, reaching the table where lay the corpse, he laid his hand on the dead man's breast. "God pardon me, comrade," he said sorrowfully, "for killing thee. for thou wert right, and 'twas I who lied. Now, gentlemen"—and, straightening himself, he walked towards the slain man's comrades—"ye may do with me as ye will; I admit that I was wrong."





Give me thy hand?
Nay, 'tis a sorry part!
Love will not be content without the heart!



Give me thy smile?
For I to thee confess
That life without it is a wilderness!

Give me thy lips?
Ah! me, 'twere bliss
To lay upon their sweetness
just one kiss!

Give me thyself?

I ask no more
Than brave men asked of ladies fair,
in days of yore!



SOME TYPES OF RUSSIAN ALIENS.

Drawn from the life in the East End of London

By JOSEPH O'BRIEN.



KERRY COTTAGES, KILLORGLIN.

WESTERN KERRY

By HENRY A. FRANCIS

A FAINT, sweet smell of the peat fires of early morn, borne off land by the soft summer breeze, a bold brown shore fringed by a lace of white foam, a white, sturdy, sentinel lighthouse watching over a black reef of hungry rocks, tells us that our passage, luckily smooth, from Bristol port, is ended, and Cork city is nigh.

Sweeping round at a right angle and passing under the frowning forts guarding the harbour's entrance, Queenstown Bay throws wide its spacious expanse, studded with merchant shipping intermingled with Britain's ironclads, who look down with stern rigidity and contempt upon the fusily-panting pleasure steamers rushing from one portlet to another. Sweeping past Queenstown, fairer afar off than near, but crowned by a noble Cathedral, we glide under the shadow of the guardship, which condescends to drop its ensign to our salute. Passing up the beautiful River Lee, the towers of a stately Church rise in the distance, and soon Cork's fair city is reached. A yelling mob of car drivers, frantically trying how near they can back

their cars to the quay edge, yet miss such utter destruction, claims our practical attention, and having made one happy we drive off, scattering pigs, poultry, and Paddies with equal impartiality. Racing up the quay side over St. Patrick's Bridge, paternally watched over by the statue of the Temperance Apostle, Father Matthew, who ever contemplates the element he loved so well, we charge up Patrick Street, stop for a few hurried minutes to purchase fishing tackle and flies, and then return to the steamer, get our luggage, and catch the train for Western Kerry. Booked for Killorglin, we proceed at a fair speed to Mallow Junction, where we change into the branch train, and then travel very leisurely to our destination.

Killarney lies on our route, but, having visited it before, we do not alight, and can enjoy from our carriage the familiar spectacle of the perplexed tourist clamorously urged to choose his hotel, a nuisance which the Railway Company has now put a stop to.

The slow railroad journey gives us

plenty of time to talk over plans of exploring the lovely Caragh Lake, climbing Mount Carrantuel, and visiting the little-known, but wonderfully interesting Dingle district, famed both for its grand coast line and its archæological relics. Farranfore, another junction, is negotiated, and our little branch train crawls circumspectly along until our first abiding place, Killorglin, is attained.

dow embellished with a plaster of Paris egg-cup and egg, garnished with pre-Adamite dust, bore across its lintel the legend:

T. FOLEY,
EGG AND BUTTER MERCHANT,
WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTA-
TION.

Turning from these haunts of commerce, we leave the town and stroll along the



RAPIDS IN THE UPPER CARAGH RIVER.

Fairly comfortable quarters await us and in the evening we explore the town. Situated on a hillside, one principal street runs up it, crossed at the top, like the letter T, by another. Rough cobbles pave the roadway, and one tiny thatched cabin with mud-carpeted parlour opening on the sidewalk, and a microscopic four paned win-

banks of the broad, shallow River Laune, watching with interest the sight of fourteen fine salmon being hauled for the London markets. The fishermen tell us that some little while ago an old dog seal came with two of his harem, and diving below and into the net deliberately tossed every fish it contained to his wives. The Arms Act



LOWER CARAGH LAKE.

prohibiting rifles, the net men were powerless to arrest the thief, and the seal, when satisfied, simply rushed the net and swam away. The story is confirmed by another countryman, who adds that "the talk of them salmon boys was mighty strong."

The Laune fisheries, having netting rights over several other rivers, send during the season large quantities of salmon daily to England. The persistent hauling of Irish rivers and waters, however, spoils greatly the sport of the rod-fisher. Judging from former experience, I know how comparatively scarce the salmon are getting. In one pool on this same stream nine salmon were taken by the fly in one day, now it would be an event to take one salmon there in nine days.

A night's rest and a good breakfast the next morning prepare for a reasonably early start for the climb of Carrantuel, and although urgently pressed by the head waiter of the establishment to remain one night more, "as it is Fair-day, and there will be great sport to-night in the smoking-room," yet we resist, and engage a car with a driver who, probably spurred on by the hope of sharing in the sport, does his duty gallantly, and lands us at Mrs. Breen's Hotel, Glencar, in ample time to climb the mountain and return before sunset. One

ascent is much of a kin to another. It is only a song of degrees; no hairbreadth escapes happen, and the usual mist lies on the very summit, but through gaps of it, sufficient is seen to disclose a splendid land and seascape. Easterly spreads out the range of the McGillicuddy's Reeks, embosoming Killarney's lakes. Southwards the bay of Kenmare shines through a far-away haze. Apparently, at our very feet lies fair Caragh's lake; beyond the Bays of Castlemaine and Dingle; yet further, Mount Brandon and, in the dim distance, rolls the Atlantic. To the north, the valley and plains of the Laune and Maine rivers run out to the Tralee hills, whilst in the very mountain's heart nestle green lakelets feeding mountain torrents glistening in sunshine. Three hours we take to gain the summit, 3,414 feet above the sea, two and a half to return to the hotel, where a good dinner satisfies well-earned appetites.

Two days are devoted to exploring the beauties of Glencar, and in vainly trying to lure a salmon from the Caragh river. One solitary rise of a doubtful nature is the sole reward, but if we cannot get a bite, yet the more blessed office of giving is ours, as swarms of midges claim their toll of Saxon blood. One morning is spent in

a fruitless search for a specimen of the Killarney fern, legended to have been found here, hunting for which we climb the charmingly fair but damp course of an infantile waterfall.

The filmy ferns, both *Hymenophyllum*, *Tunbridgense* and *Wilsoni* we find in plenty, and the tall *Osmunda* covers every crevice and tiny glen with imposing fronds, but *Trichomanes Radicans*, if ever there, had withdrawn herself from covetous eyes. Trees, ferns, and grassy glades with lovely Fritillery butterflies darting to and fro, bold rock and scarp with sunbeams silvering the dainty streamlets falling over them make, however, a picture that atones for our disappointment.

The upper Caragh river, to my thinking, is one of the most beautiful in Ireland, running between wooded banks, hemmed in with heather covered hills, and broken into chains of foaming falls and rapids, it finally rushes under Blackstones Bridge, and after a mile, more or less, of smooth current opens into the no less beautiful Lough Caragh, through which we take boat to catch the train at Caragh station, en route

for Dingle, viâ Tralee. Caragh Lake is about six miles in length, narrow in its upper half, and almost cut in two midway by two bold spits of land reaching out to each other. Avoiding these obstructions, it swells out into a broader basin, but, like many a successful humanity, loses romance by prosperity.

The waters of the upper Caragh all but wash the towering steeps rushing sheer from the narrow beach. Brightly coloured rocks relieved by green fern and tree, wherever tree can anchor root, depict a scene unsurpassed by even famed Killarney.

Bold, rugged headlands, jutting out, lend relief to the frowning cliffs, and on one mighty precipice, till lately, a solitary pair of eagles built their eyrie, and tyrannised over the wild fowl haunting the waters. The craggy shores are outflanked by massy boulders carved by the ice plough of bygone æons into fantastic shapes. One monolith, halfway in the lake's course, from shape and blackness, has earned the title of "the coffin of the O'Donoghue." Caragh, however, has another claim for notice. Trout are plentiful, and salmon not



BLACKSTONES BRIDGE, GLENCAR.

scarce, and the many fishers who frequent its waters find their wants well cared for in the Castle Hotel.

A couple of hours leisurely spent by our oarsmen take us to the landing stage for the roadside station, and a slightly monotonous ride ends at the metropolis of Kerry, Tralee. Thence the light line rail running for the most part alongside the public road conveys us to the most westerly town in Ireland, Dingle, little known to the ordinary tourist, but well worthy his visit, being, perhaps, the centre of the most interesting district in Europe. Pity it is that more Englishmen do not search out the resources of their own lands, benefiting their own kinsfolk, and helping to link our Islands in closer bonds, rather than spend their money in foreign hotels, enriching those to whom they are simply so many strangers to be fleeced.

Dingle has, perhaps, the most magnificent coast scenery in the world, and its antiquarian remains have earned for it the title of "the Baalbec of Ireland." From the hour Tralee station is left until the day of return, scenery and relic rival each other: even the rail journey—well! whoso has not travelled by light line rail to Dingle has missed a good thing. Climbing up one mountain side with glorious views over Tralee Bay, pausing for a few minutes on the summit ere descending an equally precipitous steep overlooking mountain, moor,

and sea, plenty of time is given to drink in the magnificent landscape, and, moreover, to appreciate the remarks made by sarcastic car drivers, who, overtaking and passing us on the road, suggest the delivery of sundry messages to the good folk of our destination or generously tender a tow to the engine. The guard and driver are also most accommodating, and would, probably, raise no serious objection to the stoppage of the train, so that passengers might gather mushrooms, and certainly do not

hesitate to delay a little extra for a conversation with their numerous friends and relatives. In one instance so prolonged a halt is made that an irate third-class remarks out of his window that "maybe that when the gentleman who drives the machine has finished cooking his dinner he'll drive on." All things end sooner or later, and in about four hours we cover the thirty odd miles, despite an errant cow, which, in true national obstructive spirit, selected the railway



ROADWAY, CARAGH LAKE.

sleepers whereon to take her siesta, and on being disturbed appealed to her owner, a lady of varied but scanty clothing, emphatic in voice and gesture, who in a fluent hybrid of Gaelic and English pleads her quadruped's rights, calling upon the aid of all the ancient saints in her calendar, but finding them alas! powerless against the modern fire-eater, with vague threats to carry her wrongs

WESTERN KERRY

to the law, whacks off her cow and clears the line.

All Ireland is studded with ancient monuments, but the climax is attained in the Dingle district; to quote the roll-call of one section—the Barony of Corkaguiny—about the size of a medium English parish, will suffice. Eleven stone cahers, three carns, forty calluraghs, or ancient burying grounds (now only used for the interment of unbaptised children), ten castles, eighteen artificial caves, twenty-one Churches in ruins, and nine Church sites,

no evil-smelling or dank crypts have to be sought out by flickering candle light; all lie open to the sunlight, unhaunted by special microbe troublers, unhaunted by that worse enemy, the officious guide, for, wherever you journey in Ireland, saving those spots where the usual ruck of tourists have forced the breed into existence, the peasant is uniformly courteous, ready to give information when asked, but never intrusive. I know Ireland well, and I have yet, in her comparatively unknown parts, to experience a rudeness



BRANDON CREEK, DINGLE.

two hundred and eighteen cloghauns, or bee-hive shaped stone houses, sixteen cromlechs, twelve large stone crosses, three hundred and seventy-six earthen raths or forts, one hundred and thirteen gallauns or immense rude standing stones, forty-four monumental pillars (mostly bearing Ogham or like writing inscriptions), fifteen oratories, nine penitential stations, sixty-six wells, many dedicated to some saint, and twenty-nine miscellaneous remains.

Legends hover round these as the doves flutter round the stones of St. Mark's of Venice. All, moreover, can be explored while drinking in the pure Atlantic breezes;

by word or deed from an Irish countryman.

Dingle until the last few years was, except by sea and car, cut off from the rest of the world. The nearest railway station, Tralee, being thirty-three miles away, the car road ran through a bleak and mountainous country, and no halt, save to change horses, broke the long drive. The probability of rain daunted the pleasure-seeker, although to the hardy native rain and storm enough to have driven the average mortal to a dog kennel for shelter seemed but an episode to be commented on but not avoided. I can recall one day while travelling on the car, the rain, im-

pelled by a sudden change in the strong wind, varied its monotonous perpendicular fall to a horizontal rush. I, in desperation, took temporary refuge with car and horse in an old shed. Therein stood a Kerry man, a driver of a mob of ponies, who had taken off his clothes to "dhry himself." Carefully he wrung the excess of water out of each garment, and, replacing his attire, informed me that "it was a fine soft day, but the weight of water in his clothes made them heavy to walk in," and, lighting his pipe, he unconcernedly faced again the wrath of the elements.

The township of Dingle is fairly large, moderately clean, and possesses two good hotels. It has a good harbour, and is in weekly communication with Cork by steamship, which, carrying back fish, the staple trade of the town, returns with "notions" to supply the inhabitants and trawling seamen. A handsome Roman Catholic Church is situated in the centre of the town, and a most interesting Protestant



ANCIENT HOUSE, BEE-HIVE SHAPE, AT PERFECT.

Supposed to have been built by Phoenician Metal Workers.

Church is well worth the investigations of the antiquary. Crime is rare in the district, the principle business of the magistrates being to fine publicans, who are many, for being open during unlawful hours, and also to settle the personal

family disputes of the townsfolk. We were invited to inspect the Hospital and the Workhouse, a very fine one, by the way, but, preferring stone ruins to human ones, the day after our arrival at Dingle we began by inspecting the Oratory of Gallerus, supposed to be the most ancient Christian Church in Ire-



GALLERUS ORATORY, DINGLE.

Most ancient Christian Church in Ireland.

land. It is in perfect preservation built of enormous roughly hewn stones placed together without cement. The doorway, about five feet four inches high, is of the Cyclopean type of architecture, and at the east end of the building is a small window, sufficient to admit light and air. It is a strange sensation to stand inside the ancient building, antecedent, according to Dr. Keane, to the advent of St. Patrick, and remember how many races and changes that plain building has survived. The land it stands upon is classic ground. Not far off, and clearly in view, is St. Brandon's mountain, with its holy wells at its summit, to which, legend tells us, the saint

Ireland, and were, by order of Lord Crey and Sir Walter Raleigh, after surrender, slain to a man. Charles Kingsley, in the stirring pages of "Westward Ho!" tells well the tale.

About a mile from Gallerus stands the ruined Church of Kilmelkedar, or St. Melkedar, an old building, erected about the twelfth century, on the site of an ancient heathen temple, the shrine of the Golden Moloch, the Phœnician god, whose worshippers are credited with the erection of many of the buildings in this locality. This Church is remarkable for being the earliest known Christian Church in Ireland that had a cross on the roof. The



RUINS OF KILMELKEDAR CHURCH—ABOUT THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

every morning made his pilgrimage. From the bay below the hill, St. Brandon, with a faithful few, sailed on his momentous voyage, and, tradition states, discovered America. His wondrous adventures are recorded by the monkish chronicles of the middle ages. Amongst other strange sights, the weirdest, may be, was his encounter with Judas Iscariot, who, for one day in the year, is released from torment because he once shared half his coat with a naked beggar.

Immediately facing Gallerus, about a league off, is the famous Fort del'Or, where the Spaniards made their last stand in

cross is still to be seen over the chancel; another large cross in the churchyard is an object of great veneration to the country folk. To the extreme left of the photograph is a remarkable Ogham Stone, pierced near the top with a hole; this is a stone of blood-guiltiness, a pillar of refuge, in fact. As of old, the Jews had their cities of refuge, so, also, had the ancient inhabitants of Ireland. Once a man, guilty of shedding his fellow's blood, could reach the stone and place his hand or finger into the hole, he was safe from the slain man's kindred. Other stones of this character exist in Kerry; a

very fine one, I believe, near Sneem. An Irish oath to the present day is, "I swear by the hole in the stone." The Church is still used for burials, and the tourist is advised to take heed to his steps lest he tread upon some poor relics of mortality as bones and skulls are too much in evidence, the shallow graves the Irish dig, in the course of a few years, wearing away and uncovering their contents. My friend peered into one of the vaults; he made no remark, but looked white for a few minutes.

Close to the Church is an old monastery, erected, probably, about the fourteenth century, containing a window, which, from its construction, was probably used as an open-air pulpit. On our return to Dingle we pass a group of the old bee-hive houses, but these, although curious, were not in as good preservation as others we afterwards inspected. A curious trait in the Irish character was experienced at Kilmelkedar. A country man walked up to the church-yard gate, his friends attending him; hardly had he crossed the bounds, when, rushing to a newly-made grave, he flung himself on his face, keening, moaning, and tearing up the earth with his hands. His friends tried to drag him away, but as often as they partially succeeded he burst from them and renewed his attempts. At length, by main force, he was borne back. Once outside the sacred confines his grief departed, and, lighting his pipe, he departed also.

Inside Kilmelkedar Church, and leaning against one of the pillars, is a curiously-engraved stone, the inscription being partly written in ancient Irish characters and partly in Roman.

Near Dingle, leading westerly over the mountains, and ending in Brandon Bay, is a very ancient roadway, called the Fahan road or the Thief's Highway. It has its course marked out by upright stones placed at certain distances apart, and it was, undoubtedly, used in old times as the roadway of the freebooters. At different points in its track are remains of the ancient bee-hive houses, some in good preservation; one near the summit of the Scrag Mountain in perfect condition. This house, in common with many others, is built of roughly hewn stones placed in a circle about 38 feet in circumference at

outside base; the wall about four feet thick, and rounding to the top, about seven feet high in the centre. Access to the interior is gained by a doorway measuring two feet six inches square. Alongside many of these houses are little chambers, probably for the shelter of their watchdogs. Some of the dwellings are quite isolated, but many are in groups. The solitary ones seem to have been used as sentry-boxes, as they are placed in the best position for observation. In nearly, if not all, of these buildings at regular intervals stones are left, with their ends jutting out from the sides of the structure, probably to allow the occupier or, perhaps, sentinel to rapidly ascend to the crown of the roof; or, it may be, the houses were thatched, and the projecting stones so left in order that the thatch ropes might be attached to them. The architects of these domiciles are unknown; rumour attributes them to the Danes, but a more probable surmise is that the Phœnician metal workers were their builders. They are much the shape of African kraals. It is known that a large traffic in wrought metal was carried on with the North of Africa; probably then the now bare hills were well wooded, supplying fuel in abundance. A smelting forge was discovered near Mount Brandon with the remains of long-spent charcoal fires.

The most remarkable find in recent years was discovered in an old chamber not far from Sleah Head in the Fahan Highway before alluded to. The archæologists, on removing the flat paving stones, found the existence of a lower chamber about nine feet square, and in it, leaning against the wall, a small oblong stone with the head of a sphinx or Pharaoh rudely engraved on it. Evidently, from its position, it was valued by its ancient owners, and is a striking link with the Phœnician past. The stone is now preserved in the Dublin Museum.

I have mentioned but a very few of the wonderful records of antiquity scattered about this marvellously-interesting district; the county is full of them. Scarcely a field but contains some relic of old. Many hundreds of old dwellings have been destroyed and the materials used in fences, but now the Royal Irish Academy has intervened in their behalf, and is having

the country properly surveyed with a view to their protection. Many days are pleasantly passed in tracing out these monuments of a nearly-forgotten race, and also in endeavouring to lure a few trout from the streams.

But Dingle fishing is not to be compared with that of many other spots in the West. Streams are small, and trout agree both in size and quantity.

Leaving stones and streams, we arrange for a farewell excursion round Slea Head before we depart homewards. Selecting a fine day, a long tramp past Burnham House, the home of Lord Ventry, through Ventry village, and along its magnificent golden strand, brings us to the headland, and before us stretches the mighty Atlantic Ocean, studded with the sixty islands and rocks of the Blasket group. About two miles away, the Great Blasket Island frowns down upon its smaller brethren, and 500 feet below us the sea, restless even on that windless day, frets and foams over purple beds of wrack and golden sand. Far below us scream and hover thousands of sea fowl chasing their finny prey, which harassed by pirates below, spring into the sunlit air, flashing like bars of silver as they vainly seek for safety, denied them in their own element. One solitary porpoise rolls and tumbles beneath us, the whole forming a picture alone worth the journey to Ireland to view.

We visit the Creek of Brandon, a curious crack in the sea cliffs, where once a large barque was hurled by the gale, and so wedged in by its narrow walls that it remained almost unbroken and upright for some time, while the fortunate crew crept along its bowsprit to dry land. Lucky it was for them it struck where it did, as there is no other opening in the rocks for miles on either side. We are sorely tempted to climb St. Brandon's Mountain, but can find no guide, and have not the experience of the saint who daily ascended it to say his prayers, so have to abandon the attempt, although we wish greatly to verify the statement that on its very summit two wells of water exist. We cross by a rickety wooden bridge the Brandon River where the saint obtained his salmon, and, returning to Dingle, take for the present our last rest in Ireland, leaving by the morning's train for Cork in time to catch the steamer for Bristol. For those resident in other parts than the West of England, the Bristol route, may be, is not a convenient one, but given a fair ability to resist the prostrating effects of twenty-four hours' ocean rocking, the direct passage from Bristol to Cork is inexpensive and the least troublesome. The boats are clean and fair-sized, the catering plain but satisfying. Other routes are via Milford Haven with a ten hours' passage, or, of course, the time-honoured but tedious railway journey via Holyhead and Dublin.



FAYE HANSON.



By L. M. CHURCH.

SHE came across the gleaming, yellow field, a tall, slender, white-robed figure, humming a gay air the while. Through the vine-covered lattice of the summerhouse he saw her come up the path, and smiled a tender, amused smile as he watched her turn this way and that, like a great white butterfly, and heard the low hum of her voice. As she drew near he turned back to the table covered with papers and continued his writing.

At the door she paused, glanced at the grave, earnest face of the man at the table, who kept on writing, then knocked lightly on the casing.

He did not look up. The pen travelled a trifle faster across the paper and a slight frown gathered on the writer's face. She hesitated a moment, then bravely entered.

"I suppose you are busy?" she ventured.

He looked up and solemnly greeted her, and answered the question with the same silent bow.

She sighed a little as she seated herself on a corner of the table. "Everybody is busy. Mother is in the kitchen with Rebecca, trying some recipes she has just read in a magazine. They don't want me, and I feel just like talking to some one."

The pen scratched on across the sheet. There was no answer.

"Is the sermon nearly finished?"

He drew his chair a little closer to the table and shook his head in reply.

"It seems as if I must talk to some one."

A long pause.

"Don't you like to have me talk to you, dear?"

The man placed his pen between his

teeth and turned to a reference book at his elbow. Silence reigned.

"Dear man, aren't you glad to see your wife?"

He closed the book, took the pen from his teeth, and resumed his writing.

For some minutes she sat gazing out into the sunny field. Then, turning to him appealingly, she asked: "Do you wish I would go?"

He smiled at her affectionately.

She stood up and looked at him a minute as he wrote forever on and on. "Very well, I will go," she answered, sadly, turning to the door.

At the threshold she paused. "Perhaps I shall never come back," she darkly suggested.

No sound came from the busy man.

She passed out into the sunlight. "Good-bye," she called as she faced about.

Gravely, soberly, he bowed his head without lifting his eyes from the paper.

And the tall, white figure slowly moved away.

The faint fragrance of the wild rose filled the air, borne by the summer breeze, and sweet was the song of the meadow lark beyond the brook. All the world seemed gay and glad, but still the man worked at his papers, nor seemed to notice that the bright sunshine and the breeze and the meadow lark were all calling to him to come out and rejoice with them.

Once he stopped an instant and passed his hand through his hair as he thought, and as he paused a low, murmuring sound attracted his attention. It was regular, like the buzzing of a bee, but rose and fell in musical cadences. With curi-

osity at last he parted the vines over the lattice and peeped out.

A few yards from the summerhouse there partly reclined against a large rock the white figure of the woman, in the cool shade of a near-by maple. One elbow leaned on the gray stone, while in her hand was a spear of grass, which she nibbled now and then.

The man smiled as he laid down his pen and tiptoed softly out of the summerhouse and a little way down the path.

"My dear man is so busy this morning on his sermon he won't let me talk to him," she was saying. "I interrupted him, and he doesn't like to be interrupted this morning, and I would like to interrupt him better than anything on earth. Some mornings I like to sit on the verandah and sew or read and do things in the house, but to-day I feel so happy, just bubbling over to express myself to an agreeable companion. If I had been writing that sermon, and he had come to me, I would have said: 'My dear wife, it is a beautiful day, far too beautiful to stay in and work, and as it is only Tuesday my sermon shall wait. We will take Dolly and the phaeton and drive off across country and talk and sing and have a glorious holiday and not come home till the sun is down.' That's what I would have said. But his heart is hard, his duty is stern and real, and his wife and the world are filled with frivolity." She concluded with a sigh and dropped her gaze to a more common altitude.

A faint spicy odour came from the house. She sat up straight and the man hastily backed a few steps toward the summerhouse.

"The ginger snaps—they are done," she murmured, and drew in a deep, full breath. "And they are good," she added. "And I will get some and bring to him to soften his heart. But if I just take them to him he will accept them without speaking. No, I know what I will do. I will ask him what I have brought him and hide them so he won't know. I'll hide them right here, by this rock, and give him three guesses, and by the time he is interested and talkative I will come and get them, and then he will be won. Hooray!"

The man waited to hear no more, but ran softly and quickly back to the summerhouse before she rose and turned about. He was hard at work again in a minute, and only peeped through the vines in time to see the white gown flash down the path and into the house.

Then quickly he seized a large, blank sheet of paper and wrote on it in plain letters:—

MY DEAR WIFE: It is a beautiful day, far too beautiful to stay in and work, and as it is only Tuesday, my sermon shall wait. We will take Dolly and the phaeton and drive off across country and talk and sing and have a glorious holiday and not come home till the sun is down.

Swiftly he ran out to the big rock with what he had written and placed the sheet in a conspicuous spot on it, holding it down by a small stone. Then with soft, rapid steps he ran back to his work, and with a smile on his face was soon writing away on the unfinished sermon.

Beyond the field was the orchard, and back of the orchard was the house, whose open doors and windows exhaled the fragrance of the oven. It was some time before the screen door closed with a slam, and a splash of white could be seen among the trees.

The man heard the door, and with a wide smile of anticipation laid down his pen and gave himself up to the enjoyment of watching her approach.

In her hands she held a blue plate, vivid against the white of her gown, and on it were piled the fragrant brown cookies. Tall, graceful, her face flushed and eyes dancing, like a goddess of joy and plenty she came, and did not notice as she tripped lightly up the path that the rock was inhabited. A few yards away she saw it—the patch of white shining in the sunlight—and with eyes widened with wonder she hurried on.

The cookies were hastily deposited, the paper was in her hands in a moment, and the man behind the vine-covered lattice watched with an ever-widening grin—watched the expressions of surprise, interest, wonder, and joy pass over her face; then as with a cry of elation she ran toward the summerhouse, he took up his pen and sobered his face.

With a rush she entered, the papers were scattered in the air, the pen was knocked to the floor, and rapturously she infolded him in a mighty hug, he whose eyeglasses were left to dangle, but who tried to look stern.

"Dear, *dear* man, do you mean it? Shall we go? Now? Right away?" she breathlessly demanded, aglow with excitement.

He carefully readjusted his eyeglasses, then looked down into the eager, flushed face.

"We shall go"—he slowly, kindly answered—"we shall go before long."

"Oh!" she cried, in disappointment. "You said the sermon could wait. Why can't we go now, dear? Can't we go now?"

Very soberly, very tenderly, he lifted the anxious face and gazed into the troubled eyes.

"Dear heart, we shall go," he answered, "just as soon as I can find it possible to——" He paused, as if he could go no further.

"Oh, dear, *what*? Just as soon as what?" she asked, in grieved tones.

"Just as soon," he went on seriously, kindly, "as I find it possible to"—he smiled a little at her growing impatience—"just as soon as I find it possible to eat the ginger snaps that are on the blue plate behind the big rock."

With a wild cry of relief she flew out of the door, while the man gathered his papers, put them away, and locked the drawer.

